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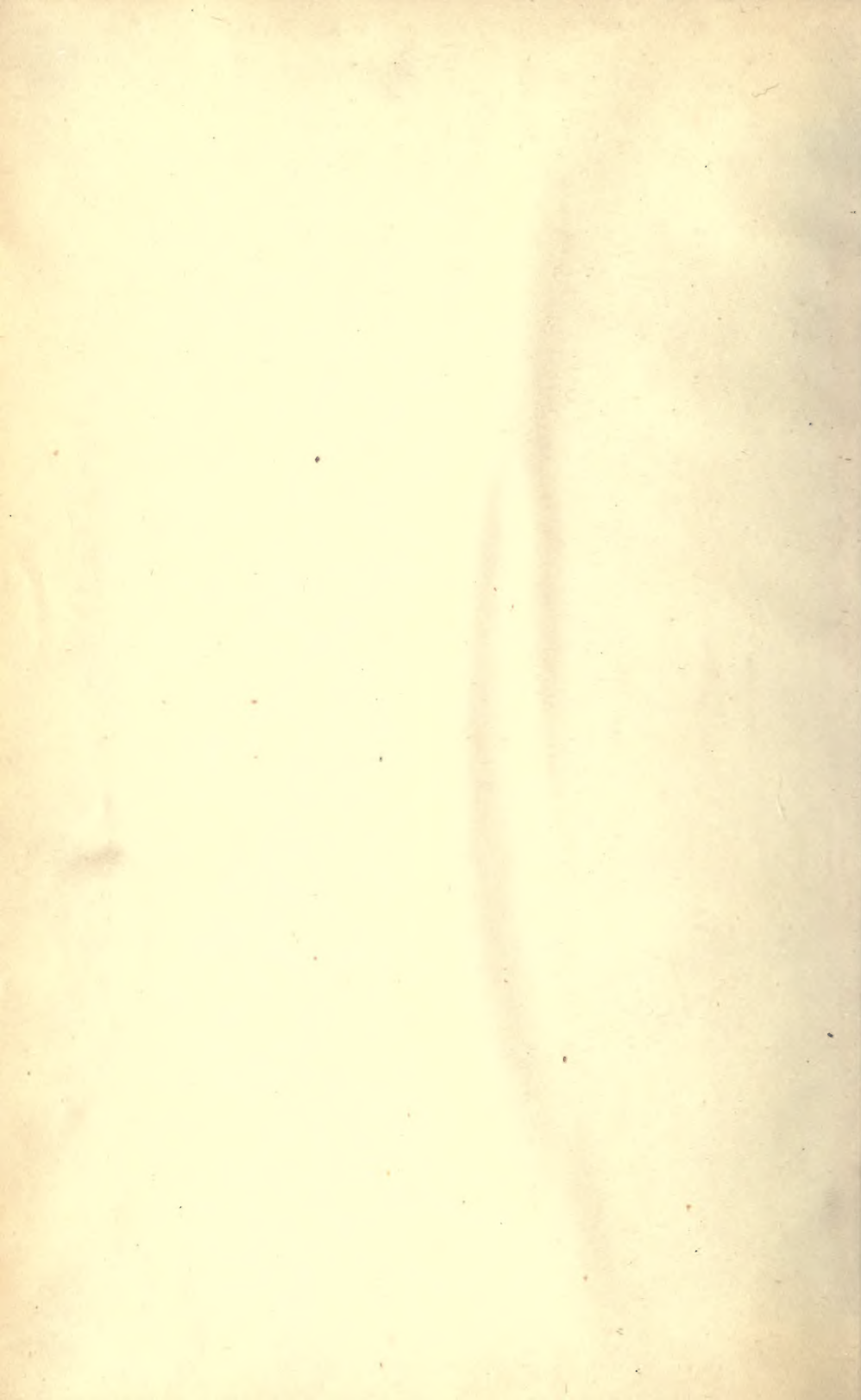
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BAPTIZED DEMOCRACY.*

TWENTY secret societies could not do so much to overturn a European monarchy as this one book. Its two red covers hold more dynamite in smaller bulk and of deadlier force than any bomb yet invented. The resources of civilization for blowing up the remnants of feudalism are here brought to the highest point of efficiency. Mr. Carnegie proves the case against monarchy and aristocracy by the success, the triumph of democracy. His argument is that in America the poor man grows rich and the rich man richer because all men are equal. The form of government and the traditions of freedom give every man a fair chance; the result is such a prodigious development of nature's gifts as the world never saw before, and such a fair distribution of them as would seem utopian were it not simple fact. One chapter after another on trading and educating, manufacturing and home-building, mining and voting, tilling the soil and recreating the mind, life among the lumbermen and life among the journalists—all about more than half a hundred million of people who live happily together, yoked only by their own laws; trade together unhindered by restrictions; fight together but once a century and are at peace profound in half a decade afterwards; sovereign in one indivisible nation, sovereign in nearly twoscore indestructible States, sovereign in individual freedom—such (to catch the glow of the author's own style) is America; such is democracy.

* *Triumphant Democracy; or, Fifty Years' March of the Republic.* By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

What he proves by figures, what he demonstrates by calculations (though with a wonderful deal of bragging), he sums up as follows:

"Here is the record of one century's harvest of democracy: 1. The majority of the English-speaking race under one republican flag, at peace. 2. The nation which is pledged by act of both parties to offer amicable arbitration for the settlement of international disputes. 3. The nation which contains the smallest proportion of illiterates, the largest proportion of those who read and write. 4. The nation which spends least on war and most upon education; which has the smallest army and navy, in proportion to its population and wealth, of any maritime power in the world. 5. The nation which provides most generously during their lives for every soldier and sailor injured in its cause, and for their widows and orphans. 6. The nation in which the rights of the minority and of property are most secure. 7. The nation whose flag, wherever it floats, over sea and land, is the symbol and guarantor of the equality of the citizen. 8. The nation in whose constitution no man suggests improvement; whose laws as they stand are satisfactory to all citizens. 9. The nation which has the ideal second chamber, the most august assembly in the world—the American Senate. 10. The nation whose Supreme Court is the envy of the ex-prime minister of the parent-land. 11. The nation whose constitution 'is the most perfect piece of work ever struck off at one time by the mind and purpose of man,' according to the present prime minister of the parent-land. 12. The nation most profoundly conservative of what is good, yet based upon the political equality of the citizen. 13. The wealthiest nation in the world. 14. The nation first in public credit and in payment of debt. 15. The greatest agricultural nation in the world. 16. The greatest manufacturing nation in the world. 17. The greatest mining nation in the world."

But, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, do you not perceive that such a summing-up might be made by your atheistical neighbor, who believes not in God nor in a world to come? Tell me, sir, is any nation great whose sum total of greatness can be swallowed up by the dismal grave? True, you have a chapter on religion, but only a scanty one, with a little share of statistics; you plainly show that if that topic has been given a place in your book it is only because you are too kindly a calculator to reject any applicant having lists and tables to offer, and in summing up you leave religion altogether out of reckoning.

In truth, the author has not got at the main question. He has told us what democracy can do for the farmer, for the manufacturer, the author, the artisan, the miner, the inventor, the secular educator. But what can democracy do for *the man*? That is the main question. In the judgment of the majority of mankind secularism at its best and broadest is but one side of our nature, and that not the brightest side; it is the lining, and not

the garment. The American citizen does not change money, delve the soil, spin cotton, dig for iron, grind flour as the expression of his manhood. No; nor is the exercise of sovereign authority at the ballot-box the highest human act. The highest expression of manhood is the effort to reach the ideal end of man—the infinite and eternal God. God is man's ideal, not money-getting or president-making.

The weak point in Mr. Carnegie's book is that he has left democracy without a head on its shoulders. The true destiny of the democratic citizen is the chief problem he has to solve. To this the author barely adverts. His one chapter on religion, the very shortest in the book, treats this highest question flippantly, showing as much weakness here as power elsewhere. As to education, he knows nothing but the school without God or immortality. He forecasts, and wisely, the material future of the republic; but as to future movements in the realm of the highest aspirations of the human soul he has little to say, and we fear that he has thought little of what is going to become of his democrat in the endless hereafter. He has done well, but his work is not up to its subject till he supplies a proper chapter on religion. And we are compelled to record our impression that his manner of mentioning Spencer, Huxley, and other such doubters indicates his tolerance of, perhaps his tendency to, Agnosticism. In respect to religion he is rather an American-Scotchman than a Scotch-American; we suspect that in his make-up the substantive part is the European sceptic, and only the adjective part is American. Will Mr. Carnegie permit us to say that he cannot write seriously of human progress and jump the question of man's future destiny?

For the democratic man naturally tends to positive belief in the higher truths of reason; he joyfully welcomes the ennobling doctrines of the Christian revelation. Does not the unfettered human mind, under guidance of divine grace, instinctively long to be more ennobled by the highest truth? Abraham was a typical man. God said to him: "I am the almighty God: walk before me and be perfect." What so becomes a free man as the firm persuasion that his nobility is rooted in the infinite majesty of the Deity in whose image he is created? What man is so profound a contrast with the slaveling as he who will have no king but Christ? That is our view of fundamental democracy, and it is plainly a better democracy than Mr. Carnegie's. It is baptized democracy. He seems to place the triumph of democracy mainly in its superior capacity for getting wealth. We extol a

democracy which can be triumphant and poor, and we affirm that it will never be really triumphant till it has assured the triumph of its manhood over greed for money and over every inordinate desire for material progress; till then money is its king and its god—"the almighty dollar." We are far from accusing our author of consciously making wealth the test of true democracy; but the trend of his book is that way. Nor are we apologists for shiftlessness, under cloak of even religion. But we claim that the triumph of democracy is that in this age it is the form of government peculiarly favorable to the harmony of man's higher and lower nature by the grace of God in our Lord Jesus Christ. Furthermore, our democrat must hourly answer most pressing questions of the soul about practical right and wrong involving time and eternity, or he becomes a slave to the most arbitrary and fickle of despots—doubt. In the highest view of life a democracy without the true religion, or an honest purpose to get it, cannot yet claim to be triumphant; is in danger of becoming a defeated democracy, helpless and enslaved. Its noblest spirits will struggle in vain with interior difficulties which embitter the life of any rational man and make, in his case, the epithet "triumphant" a mockery. To know the divine principles on which our manhood has been constituted, and to live in conformity with them, is the liberty of the inner man. To unshackle reason by the power of God's truth is emancipation: prejudice holds reason down, passion enslaves it, ignorance blinds it. Until prejudice, passion, and ignorance are overcome there is only slavery of the man, though the animal may riot in every license.

In reading of the great physical achievements of our people we are ever asking, What will not the American democracy do when it turns to God? While the mass of our fellow-citizens are seemingly quite absorbed in what they shall eat and drink and wherewith they shall be clothed, there are wiser and better ones among them who will feel the impulse of the Holy Spirit, and will be the first to show what democracy can do for religion. We will see in the future the fulfilment of not only Mr. Carnegie's prophecies as to material progress, but, better, what a baptized democracy can do. The world has been waiting for nineteen centuries for a more perfect matrix for the reception of Christianity; perhaps it will at last find it in the democracy of the American people. If it does not find it here, where else can it hope to find it? Is this what Mr. Carnegie is struggling to express? There is not a pleasant sound nor a lovely sight in the

universe but a religious mind will make it minister to its higher nature and put it into the worship of God ; why not, then, these magnificent capabilities of the democracy ? And how will the American people turn fully to God ? What will be the characteristics of their religious activity ?

In answer we remark that the practical character of our democracy is conservative, as our author plainly shows. Theoretically, democracy is progressive ; and, indeed, the last form of all that is good in the civil order is to be had in American democracy or nowhere. Yet practically this people are more bent on preserving than acquiring liberty ; they have grown conservative. They look to the bolts and locks, though it be for the treasure's sake. What will prevent the individual from misusing his liberty by unjustly monopolizing ? What will steady the rush of popular passion ? What will make the public life of this people orderly ? What will make popular movements centripetal ? These are the live problems of the American people. The answer is, organic unity ; unity with authority, which always accompanies it. Unity produces authority, and authority produces force. Without force thus legitimately produced there is neither public order nor individual liberty. Americans feel that democracy needs a controlling influence which makes for unity. The public life of a great democratic people needs to be organically one. The individual is secure enough, will be secure enough, if his rights can be made one with the common welfare. Is not this a dominant idea of the American people ? Does not Mr. Carnegie's book prove it ? How gladly does every patriot welcome any influence drawing men together into brotherhood ! We must have such a unifying power. In order to influence this people steadily and in the long run to maintain their common lot, a sentiment of unity stronger than any political sentiment is plainly necessary. Something more sacred than any civil bond must draw the dominant minds of a nation together, or party rancor will in course of time again divide us, or local interest, or sectional narrowness. What can offer this sacred bond, this higher law of unity ? Religious sects cannot do it. When the strain came they broke before the state ; they gave out the first ominous sound of the snapping bonds of political unity. It is their nature to borrow from the state, and not to give. Long before the disrupting of the nation Webster, in one of his great Union speeches, lamented the breaking-up of Methodism as a portent. The other great sects soon followed. Instead of helping us to hold together, the religious sects pre-

cipitated disruption. Americans were earlier at civil war and the conflict was more bitter because they were not religiously a united people. The religion we held as a people had no grace of healing.

But the Christian religion possesses a unity organic, fruitful, and divine. Practical men will be attracted to that form of Christianity in which they perceive doctrines and an organism which are an exhaustless reservoir of the very element which is an essential requirement of a free and great people. Whatever can unite the children of every race into one brotherhood, by methods at once of divine origin and representative of the people, cannot fail to elicit the admiration of men whose ambition is to live in a commonwealth as vast as it is free. This will be especially the case with men who seek the public good from motives of religion and philanthropy. We adopt the views of a recent article in a religious quarterly as being elevated and voicing the wishes of religious men generally:

"Secularism, in its best sense and in its broadest scope and most humanizing significance, is but one side of the life of the race. Religion and the church are on the other side, and make up a primal factor of all social progress." . . . "Hence the call for greater unity along with increased zeal and energy. Besides, the rising moral and social issues of the time will have to be met. Marriage and divorce, as these have been allowed to run, require serious and effective control. The education and practical enfranchisement of the colored people, and the industrial training and Christianization of the Indians, need the guardianship and aid of a united Christian people. The rapid increase of the ignorant and dangerous classes in our large towns, cities, and business centres warns us that we must join hands in bringing these people under proper religious and moral influence. The liquor-traffic is a monstrous evil and an aggressive power; it will have to be met and corrected by a no less powerful and determined popular will. Pauperism and a multitude of other social problems are already knocking at our doors and are asking for a rational solution. These matters belong to the civil government, but they cannot be left to its exclusive management. It will be difficult enough to get them under satisfactory control when the civil powers are backed up by all the moral support a united Christian constituency can give them."*

We think that Mr. Carnegie could learn something, from such an observer, of the office of religious unity in the triumph of democracy. The regulative principle without which liberty is but free to its own destruction is authority, and authority springs from unity.

So far the practical American. But another class among us

* *The Reformed Quarterly Review*, July, 1886, "The One Sign," by the Rev. J. E. Graeff.

will be turned towards religion from a higher motive. The Catholic Church will sooner or later attract those noble souls who long to live solely for the ideal. Oh! when will we become aware that in the church and out of it there are souls who can live only for the ideal? God calls them only by that sublime way. They are not many, but every one of them is a type of a large class of their fellow-beings. They will seek for the ideal religion; none but the best will satisfy them. It must be one that brings God nearest to man; that will be its most essential requisite. But, in addition to that, it must be one which answers in the spiritual order the ideal of democracy—a religion based on truth and the dignity of man, aiming at universal brotherhood. Now, what religion so much as pretends to these notes except one? By baptism the Catholic becomes a child of God. From this flows the brotherhood of the race in the highest sense. Understood of the natural man as a creature of God and made in his image, the brotherhood of the race is the cornerstone of our democracy: it has been laid by Divine Providence. All men are created equal: understood in its right sense, understood as Americans understand it, this makes the democratic citizenship of the nation an outgrowth of nature. The religion of nature is true but insufficient: it looks for a perfect—that is to say, a supernatural—religion. The democracy of the free state is but a suggestion of the divine brotherhood wherewith Christ has made us free. That all men are brethren makes the American democracy a true realization of native human dignity. But to be brethren with Christ in the supernatural state of children of God is the boon of Christ's true church to man, and it accepts and strengthens the equality of citizenship in the free state. That men may be co-heirs with Christ of celestial glory, partaking with him of the Godhead, he essentially and naturally, we by adoption and supernaturally—these are the fruits of the organism called the church of Christ.

Democracy is founded on the natural brotherhood of men. Catholicity is founded on a higher brotherhood than that of nature: it is given us through the divinity of Christ. The first leads up to the second, and can only by it best secure its results. The Catholic Church contains the ideal of the democracy, and in the long run will be found necessary as well for its preservation as for its continued advance towards perfect human brotherhood.

For this people to become mainly Catholic is the chief work of Divine Providence in this age. How shall this work be done?

What shall be the methods and who the instruments? Not, dear Catholic reader, angels from heaven, but you and I and every one of our faithful Catholic people must be the apostles of America. Nor does this Gospel need other miracles than the perennial one of our good lives and the resistless truth of the cause of Christ.

But what shall be the methods? What shall we do? How shall we make our faith most presentable? Shall we "*minimize*," paring down and paring down till we cut the quick? Shall we present the church to our fellow-citizens like a shorn sheep bearing everywhere the mark of the shears? Will you treat honest men and women as you do your sick babies, and attempt to give them the truth of God as if it were a doctor's pill, coating it over with sugar, slipping it in between the honest democrat's teeth as if afraid he would bite you? Will you treat him to religion as you serve medicine to children? Or shall we "*maximize*"? Shall we model after some national type of the Old World? Shall we stand so straight that we lean backwards? Shall we force our customer to carry home not only the fruit but the indigestible wooden measure to boot? Shall we be so suspicious of God's persevering grace that we shall not let our neophyte begin his course till we clutter up his big young limbs with "opinions," and "views," and "devotions," and "tendencies" which have long since failed to attract the active spirits of even the Old World? In truth, it looks as if some consider the apostolic office to consist nowadays in an exhibition of the religious antiques of Europe. Shall we transport the failures of Europe to the New World, and set them to work on our people? Is this what you call "*maximizing*," even orthodoxy? Then there is an immense difference between sentimental orthodoxy and rational orthodoxy.

No; we shall neither "*maximize*" nor "*minimize*." If we wish to succeed it can only be by delivering the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Not "*minimize*," except you so call the cutting-away from about Catholicity what has grown up from the roots of nationality; what has grown up from the roots of Catholicity itself must remain. Whatever was an adaptation of Divine Providence to far different or long-past human environments, racial, national, or personal idiosyncrasies, must be minimized. To cherish every essential product of the divine action in the church, to domesticate it all, to make it at home among us and among our people—this is maximizing in the true sense, unfettered by inverted commas.

What is French or Irish, Italian or German, is for its own race Catholic, but it is not Catholic elsewhere; we shall do the will of God if we minimize it for Americans. What is everywhere and at all times Catholic, to give this a fuller development is to maximize wisely.

Let us discriminate. Does this or that particular devotion attract Americans to any thoroughly Catholic sentiment. Let it be propagated with every zeal. Is there question of ritual? Let us not suppress it and freeze it up, but bring it out with greater splendor, so as fitly to symbolize the inspiring *dogmas of the faith*. Religion must ever furnish a sufficient symbolism for any people in their worship of God; their nature requires it, for they are physical and spiritual in one personality. But where there is a choice, let us discriminate between what bears directly on *dogmas of the faith* and what is the accompaniment of a particular or a national devotion. As to doctrines, it is our duty to preach them, write about them, and converse about them, each one in his sphere as a man instinct with the Holy Spirit; and let it be doctrines, and not probabilities or opinions: leave opinions to the schools.

It is ourselves that we have got to liberalize, and not our Catholicity; and to liberalize ourselves by the development and maximizing of Catholicity within us and around us.

It is astonishing how much more liberal the Catholic religion is than Catholic people. Where is the Catholic man who will say that he is as liberal as his religion? The highest encomium that can be passed on a man is to say that he is as broad as the doctrines the Catholic Church teaches.

A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER I.

ALONE IN THE BUSH.

ARTHUR DESMOND, an Irish gentleman, left, in the year 18—, his native country under unhappy circumstances, and found his way to Minnesota, where, following as far as white settlers had then ventured, he took land, built himself a wooden house, and began life in solitude. Though quite a young man, a gray look of blight on his countenance and a dejected droop in his walk told plainly that whatever might be the mainspring of the energy that kept him laboring from morning till night, and from night almost till morning again, with little sleep and no recreation, hewing down the woods and turning up the virgin soil for future harvests of gold, there was *at least* no hope in his toil. Young though he was, he was a broken man, who, with a canker in his heart that could not be cured, had isolated himself voluntarily from the society of his fellow-men.

Hope put out of the question, the motive for his persistent labor was not far to seek. A man of keenly sensitive organization, of fine rather than strong brain, he had wit enough to know that for one like him a load of unsurpassed mental agony is not to be borne except face to face with nature, alone in some of her magnificent solitudes and under the yoke of such bodily toil as leaves little leisure for consecutive thought. Obeying the instinct for self preservation, he had taken hold of the only means that could save him from the doom of insanity.

He had brought nothing with him to the backwoods but his workman's clothes and tools, the miniature likeness of a woman, and a packet of letters which he wore sewn round his neck till they began to crack in the folds and fray at the edges, and, later, deposited in a small box of pine-wood carved rather skilfully by himself. He never looked at the miniature and he never read the letters, but when he came in from work his first glance was towards the casket, and at night it was placed with his revolver by the side of his lonely bed.

His beard grew long and untrimmed, and white hairs began to creep in among his dark locks. He held little intercourse with

men, yet whenever a human being passed his way, whether white traveller going to or from St. Paul, or Indian straggler from far out on the prairie that stretched from his door to the horizon, the wayfarer was sure to receive kindly hospitality from the lonely squatter in his log-built home. The cries of animals, the songs and calls of birds, and the ring of his own axe were often the only sounds he heard for weeks. Sometimes the concert of the woods and the murmured, exquisite music which Nature makes for herself in her great solitudes charmed the gray look of blight from his face, or the sumptuous coloring of the primeval scenes around would fascinate his eye and smooth away the furrow that agony had already dug deep between his brows. And it was these momentary relaxings of too taut a string, these almost unnoticed yieldings to the great mother's power to soothe, that saved his reason and enabled him to give continuity of purpose to his work.

Whatever may be the motive of long and determined devotion to labor, it is generally rewarded by a harvest of success. Arthur Desmond saw his work begin to prosper and its profit to teem upon him before he had realized that any other result was to be expected from his toil than the dulled state of memory which had enabled him to keep sane. All that he had touched seemed to turn to gold, and, as he saw it pour into his hands, he asked himself bitterly: "Of what use is this to me? What am I going to do with it?" He flung it into the earth again and forgot it, but when another year had passed it returned to him doubled and trebled. Again he buried it in his wider and wider-spreading meadows and fields, and again it found its way back to him with an increase that made it more burdensome than ever.

Master of a vast and teeming territory, he still lived in his log-house, content with that rude harbor for his own person, while his granaries and farm-buildings multiplied and extended. No comfort came to him with his success, no joy in his riches, nor hope for happiness in his future years. To his farm-servants he was a liberal and kindly employer, to those with whom he dealt in business upright and fair, but no man grew intimate with him or called him friend.

At last an event occurred which made a change in Desmond's forlorn life. Returning one evening after a solitary day with his gun in the woods, he found two travellers at his door waiting to ask his hospitality for the night. They were father and daughter, had come from St. Paul, and were on their way

far out into the Indian country. The man was a travelling merchant, who had dealings with the Indians, and the girl was his only child. Both had evidently seen better days, were refugees from more civilized lands, belonging to the large class whom folly, wrong, or misfortune reduce to beggary every day. The girl was beautiful, with that peculiar, delicate beauty which speaks eloquently of gentle blood. Arthur Desmond, seeing her standing at his door, with the setting sun burnishing her golden hair and lighting up her pale face, was struck by her loveliness, but only as he was struck daily by the grace of the flowers that sprang up through the grass on the prairies. Had the heart within him not been dead he might have fallen in love with her. As it was, he looked at her with interest, and his melancholy brow unbent as he led her into his home.

She was ill with weariness, quite unfit for the journey she had undertaken rather than remain behind her father in the wilderness about St. Paul. Next morning she declared herself able to proceed; but the two men, looking at her, saw that if she did so it would probably be at the cost of her life. The father was deeply distressed and uncertain of what course to pursue, but his host came to the rescue.

"Leave her here," he said, "and she will have time to rest and recruit her strength while you are away. Your journey accomplished, you can call for her as you return. The wife of one of my most trusty servants shall wait upon her, and she shall have every care so rude an establishment as mine can afford."

This seemed the only reasonable solution of the difficulty, and, though the girl wept and clung to him, her father insisted on her accepting Desmond's hospitality. Promising to return soon, he mounted and travelled away across the prairie, looking back and waving his hand to her till he was out of sight. And then the girl crept trembling to her seat at Desmond's fireside.

The delicate courtesy with which her host treated his young guest proved that he had been born for other scenes than that of the wild prairie and the backwoodsman's hut; and as the girl gathered strength and was able to walk a mile, hoping to meet her father returning from his journey out West, and as week followed week and the father did not appear, Desmond forgot his own sorrows in devising means to occupy her mind and keep her from observing the unexpected and unaccountable length of his absence. It was long before the terrible likelihood dawned upon her that he had met his death among the Indians, and that she should see him no more. At last passing travellers from the

Indian country brought certain news that he had been killed by some of the savages, whom he had been imprudent enough to offend.

After the first agony had exhausted itself the desolate creature raised her head and proposed to set out with her broken heart for St. Paul, there to seek a livelihood for herself. But as little as a dove is fit to fight among hawks, so little able was she to carry out her gallant intention. So thought Arthur Desmond, looking on her stricken face and transparent hands; and yet he knew not what to advise. She could not stay with him, and there was no woman to whose care he could think of confiding her.

On the night before her proposed departure for St. Paul, as she sat opposite to him at his fireside for the last time, with her slight hands folded in her lap and a look of patient determination on her child-like face, a strange trouble for her came down upon Desmond and a sense of remorse, as if he alone were driving her out into the dangers and miseries of a hard world from the safe shelter of his home. Violently agitated, he rose up and went into the woods, where he wandered all night, a prey to the most unhappy thoughts, beset by intolerable memories, torn with the struggle to cast off the claims of a cruel past, to free himself from the power of its dead hand, which, after so many years, still clutched murderously at any pale hope that might venture to spring up in his heart. Flinging himself on the earth, he sobbed in the solitude and darkness, not even a star to witness or a bird to overhear, nothing to intrude on the sacredness of a strong man's secret agony. At dawn he rose up with the marks of the conflict on his face, and went slowly back to his dwelling, where at the door stood already the conveyance which was to take his visitor back to St. Paul.

"My dear," he said, taking her by the hand, "I cannot bear to see you go. There is one way by which you can stay with me, if you will. I am a careworn, broken man, and you are a young, fresh, and lovely girl, but we are both lonely and unfortunate. Can you make up your mind to marry me?"

The young wife bloomed across her husband's desolate life like a wind-flower in the fissure of a rock; and though she could not bring him actual happiness, yet the sweetness of her nature and her tender adoration of him comforted his starved and frozen heart, and his gratitude for her love and faith in him amounted to passion. She knew little of his early life, and, understanding that the subject was painful, did not press for further

information. With a woman's instinct she had divined that some other woman had broken the heart of which the noble wreck was her own; but that any darker cloud than that cast by a cruelly disappointed love had ever rested on him she did not live long enough to find out. After one happy year she bade good-by to the forest shades, the sunny prairies, and her idolized husband—leaving an infant daughter in her place.

When Bawn, the child, was ten years old, Fate made another raid on Desmond's small store of hard-earned happiness. For his girl's sake he fell into one of those sad blunders which men in his position so often stumble upon. At a distance of some miles from his own possessions a family of French settlers had established themselves, and of the group was a middle-aged spinster of bustling and active turn, who soon showed a lively interest in Desmond and his motherless daughter. Looking on his far-spreading fields and teeming granaries, the thrifty Jeanne quickly resolved to share that extraordinary prosperity which seemed so little appreciated by the melancholy Arthur. How she managed it is needless to relate, but in a very short time after she had made up her mind she became stepmother to Desmond's little girl.

Desmond soon discovered that in his solicitude for his child he had been led into an irretrievable mistake. Jeanne was a masterful woman, and rather than fight with her the man of hapless fortune was fain to let her have things her own way. The wooden home which had satisfied him and his girl was deserted, and a fine new dwelling-house was built. All the ways of life were changed for father and daughter. Servants were scolded and well looked after, abuses corrected, waste was put an end to, and peace for ever banished from the Desmond fireside. A governess was engaged for Bawn—not a day too soon, certainly—all the prairie maiden's pretty, wild ways were condemned, and a good education was energetically administered to her.

In submitting to the new state of things Bawn was influenced by her all-absorbing love for the father whose sole consolation she knew herself to be. She was now a woman, emancipated from her stepmother's control, yet living on the most friendly terms with her father's wife. Within the big house Jeanne reigned paramount, and every one bowed to her will; but deep in the wild woods, lost in the lonely wildernesses of the forest, father and daughter held their meetings and their councils, and were as happy as Desmond's recurrent fits of melancholy occasionally permitted them to be.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

"BAWN! Bawn!"

Mrs. Desmond was calling loudly in her deep contralto tones to her stepdaughter from the front door, shading her eyes with her hand from the strong sunlight that flooded the land—light that intensified the beauty of everything, suggesting corn, wine, and oil, overspreading flowers, teeming fruits.

"Where can that girl have got to, and her father out of the way as well? I don't know what would have become of Arthur Desmond's goods if I had not taken them in hand! Shouldn't wonder if she was over in the log-house encouraging him, as usual, in his whims."

Jeanne crossed the flower-laden sward towards the old wooden house, smothered in bloom, which still stood at an opening of the woods some distance from the new house with its gardens. Jeanne, though quick and energetic, was plump and portly, with a swarthy skin, keen black eyes, and intensely black hair. She was dressed in a calico wrapper of red and white stripes and a large Holland morning-apron with pockets, in which she jingled her keys, and looked neat, thrifty, active, and aggressive.

"Coming, Mother Jeanne!" cried Bawn from within the log-house, where she was busy arranging her father's books, weapons, and various belongings, and beautifying the place in a way of her own. Desmond had forbidden the old wooden home to be swept away, disputing on this one point the will of his wife; and he used it as a sort of den, his only substitute for a club.

"A pretty state of things!" panted Jeanne. "Here is a man from St. Paul about wheat, and nobody to speak to him but myself. I'm sure if I did not work myself to death I don't know what would become of us all."

"Is not the steward to be had?"

"Oh! of course, if you leave it to servants. Give me the man who looks after his own business."

"Father labored long years, and now his hair is white," said Bawn, with a pathetic vibration in her voice. "I think we may sometimes manage without troubling him."

"Well, I'm sure it's not for my own benification I trouble!" snapped Jeanne, who, having all her life been accustomed to French on one side and English on the other, often unintentionally coined words of her own to suit her momentary convenience.

"And pray, is it by your father's ordeal that you spend so much time in this old hutch?"

Bawn laughed. "Come, now, Mother Jeanne, look at these exquisite roses. Smell!"

"It's no kind of use talking to you, Bawn. Here is a question of so much for wheat, and—and there you are offering me roses to smell, as if nothing was needed in this world but a nose! But you are too old now for my tutition."

"The business is done by this time, I warrant," said Bawn, placing the despised roses in a glass on her father's reading-table, where, amid a litter of his favorite books, stood the old wooden casket which he had fashioned and carved so many years ago. "And you know, Jeanne, even if sixpence a bushel less than possible is had for the wheat, we can well afford the loss—better, perhaps, than the dealer who buys it."

Mrs. Desmond drew back a step from her stepdaughter and eyed her with contempt.

"I do believe," she said, "that you are at heart a Communist, or a Vincent de Paul, or something of that kind. You don't know how to grasp your own and hold it tight when you have got it. You would let every one be as rich as yourself. You seem to think whatever you have got more than you actually need must have been taken from somebody else, and that you are bound to retribute it."

"Jeanne, Jeanne! I can't help laughing. Fancy what you would do to me if you caught me at it! But seriously, dear, you know we are actually rolling in money."

"And if we are, how much of it is owing to my care? Not, I'm sure, that I want it for myself. I've no children to think of, and it is only for your father and you I need toil. From morning till night I wear the flesh off my bones—"

Bawn bit her lip to hide a smile. A good deal of the said flesh still adhered to the framework of Mrs. Desmond's abundant person, but Jeanne could not have been happy without her chronic grievance of perpetual overwork.

After her stepmother had bounced away Bawn went on smilingly with her occupation, and, when it was finished, set out to meet her father on his return from the forest, where he had been wandering alone since morning. This had been one of Desmond's bad days, when the ghost of his past—a ghost that would not be laid—dogged his steps, voices none but himself could hear tormented his ears, and faces long unseen pursued him, gazing on him with eyes of hate or turning away from him in loathing. On

such days all the old agony grew young again within him, a cruel mist rose all round him and shut out his actual world, blotting out even Bawn's comfortable countenance. His gun and dog were the only companions he tolerated at these moments, and, ranging the woods from morning till evening, he did battle in solitude with his foes.

Now, toiling homeward through the forest, he carried the marks of the conflict on his face and in his gait, in the dull pallor of his skin, the sunken, dark eye, the fine-drawn lines of pain hardening a mouth naturally sweet, the pinched look of his features. Yet even with this blight upon him he had a peculiar air of nobility all his own. The snow-white hair waving over a forehead which was that of an idealist, and the dense darkness of his eyes and brows, would alone have given him distinction in a crowd.

Coming slowly through a long aisle of shade, he looked up and saw Bawn waiting for him in the full sunset light at the nearest opening.

"Thank Heaven!" he sighed to himself, feeling like a man who, having toiled all night through stormy breakers, finds that he is suddenly in sight of shore.

"My darling, I almost took you for a goddess of the woods, what with that white gown, your May-blossom face, and all this shining hair!"

"That comes of reading poetry and romanticizing in the forest, Daddy dear," said the girl, giving him a loving hug. "I wonder is there a goddess of Matter-of-fact among their deityships? Look here!" And, linking her arm through his, she drew him forward.

A fire had been kindled on the ground, and a steaming gipsy-kettle was slung above it. On a little stand near were cups and saucers and a dish of newly-baked cakes.

"Your favorite cakes, sir, and the tea is just made. Now sit down and give an account of yourself, you unsociable, rambling, unaccountable darling of an old Daddy!"

"Give me your tea first. Thank Heaven for tea! No, I cannot tell you where I have been. So many miles away, my girl, that you never could follow me."

"Ah!" said Bawn quickly, "if you would only try me."

Desmond looked at her in surprise, and the hues of life that had stolen back to his face paled away again. It was the first time Bawn had ever hinted at a desire to intrude on his secret.

"No, no, do not mind me," she cried, seeing the effect of her

words. "I would rather break my heart than give you one extra pang."

"My little girl! my poor little girl!" said Desmond, startled at her passionate tones. "You break your heart! That would be the worst thing that Arthur Desmond, with all his ill-luck, was ever guilty of."

"My heart is pretty strong," said Bawn stoutly. "It could bear a good deal, if a good deal were laid on it. Emptiness is the one thing that could hurt it—like Mamsey's boiler, that cracked with heat because it was not kept properly filled."

Desmond rose and paced up and down for a few moments, a flush on his thin cheek and a strange excitement burning in his eyes. Bawn went up to him presently and put her arms round his neck.

"You shall not tell me anything, if it distresses you," she whispered.

Desmond clasped her in his arms and looked fondly in her eyes.

"My only joy and comfort! there is much I would willingly confide to you, if I thought my confessions would not damp and blight the young glory of your life. 'You are still so young—'"

"I am twenty," she said quickly; "and I feel so old that I cannot believe I shall ever grow any older. Trust my ripe age, father—at least if it will help you, as I often think it might, to share your painful memories with another. As for damping me—why, I am not easily crushed. Jeanne says I am like an india-rubber ball: the harder you try to put me down the higher I spring up again."

"I have always intended you should know my whole story, Bawn—after my death. You know the wooden box that stands on my table?"

"Yes."

"It contains papers that will be yours when I am gone; letters belonging to my youth, a portrait which you will cherish, and a statement written out in my own hand—my history, jotted down from time to time on sleepless nights. If you strongly desire it you shall have that statement to-morrow, and after you have read it we will talk the matter over, if so be you do not shrink from or suspect your old dad."

"Father!" flinging herself into his arms. "Shrink from you! Suspect you of anything but what is noblest and best!"

"Ah! Bawn, there were others who loved me, and yet cast me out."

"Fiends!" muttered Bawn, tightening her soft arms round his stooping neck.

"No, not fiends, dear. Stanch, true men and a sweet, soft woman like yourself."

"Are they still alive?"

"I think so. I hope so; yet for my own sake I ought not to wish it, seeing that released spirits may, perhaps, know all truth."

"Is there no way of making it known to them before their release?"

"None. And if there were I would not seek it now."

"But I would."

"You?"

"Do you think," said Bawn, unclasping her arms from his neck and linking her hands behind her back, while she leaned forward and looked into his face—"do you think I could live in the world for the fifty years or so I may possibly stay in it, without finding out those people and making them ashamed of their conduct? If there be a lie against you living in the world, I will take it in my own hands and strangle it."

She laid her white, firm palms together as she spoke, and knotted her fingers as if she were in reality wringing the life out of a viper.

Desmond smiled his sweet, melancholy smile.

"Now, who could think there was so much passion in my smiling Bawn? My dear, you speak of an impossibility. The error went too deep; has strengthened its roots in the soil of time. There are lies, Bawn, that will walk up to the judgment-seat clothed like truth, and only at the crack of doom shall their faces be unveiled."

Bawn looked away into the depths of the twilight forest with an obstinate light of determination in her deep gray eyes.

"Daddy," she said presently, putting her hands on his tall shoulders and bringing her face close to his—"Daddy," kissing him, "what do they call the thing that you were accused of? Don't"—kissing him again—"be afraid to tell me. I can't wait till to-morrow."

"It was murder," said Desmond, with a blanching face.

"O the fools!" cried Bawn, holding her warm cheek firmly against his. "The fantastic idiots! To think of a man like this in connection with such a crime!"

"No, Bawn, none of them were fools."

"Then there was a villain among them," insisted Bawn.

"May be so, my dearest—may be so. But all that lies among the mysteries that will never now be solved."

"Why?"

"Because death is always sealing up the lips of truth."

"Are *all* the actors in your story dead?"

"I told you just now, my daughter, that I do not know. For long years I have not had the heart to make an effort to inquire. Very long ago I used to receive, from time to time, letters from one who promised to send me word if anything in my favor came to light. As his letters ceased, I believe him to be dead. In the course of thirty years death will have reaped a big harvest from every inhabited land of the earth. He will not have spared the spot where the tragedy of your father's life was enacted."

They walked up and down together, Bawn with her cheek against his shoulder and her hands clasped over his arm. The round, yellow moon rose above the darkening tips of the trees and cast a misty radiance over the distant prairie. Odors of cultured flowers mingled with the sweets of hay, and the breath of cattle stole towards them at times, and the low, burnt-out fires of the sun smouldered and died in the forest thickets.

"I know all this happened in Ireland, of course," said Bawn. "It was not in your own south, where you were born? Was it in those beautiful northern glens you have sometimes told me of?"

"It was there. On an evening as lovely as this, in the midst of scenery far more beautiful, more picturesque, in the flush of my youth—a youth full to the brim of happiness and hope—my bitter doom came down upon me. But ask me no more to-night, my darling. To-morrow everything shall be told."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT PANCRATIUS—A.D. 287.

PART II.

PANCRATIUS' grandsire left him ever free.

"If good the heart," the man was wont to say,
"Feed it with lore, but leave it liberty ;

The good, wise heart will learn to choose its way :
Virtue means courage : man must dare and do :
Who does the right shall find at last the true."

The boy, though gay, was studious ; swift to learn,
To him the acquest of knowledge was delight,
For his was still the instinct to discern

How high true knowledge wings the spirit's flight.
The youth of Rome no comrades were to him :
Triflers he deemed them, fooled by jest and whim.

Often on that great plain which circles Rome

He spurred his fiery courser ; oftener far
In that huge wood which girt his lonely home
Sat solitary, while the morning star
Levelled along some dewy lawn its beam,
Or flashed remote on Tiber's tremulous stream.

Pacing its glades at times, he seemed to hear

Music till then unknown, a mystic strain
That sank or swelled alternate on his ear
Like long, smooth billows of some windless main.
"Is this a dream?" he mused ; "if not, this wood
Houses some Spirit kind to man and good."

One day he sat there, sad. The year before

That self-same day his parents both had died.
"Where are they now? Upon what distant shore
Walk they this hour?" For them, not self, he sighed.
"They have not changed to clay ; they live : they must.
But ah ! their state I know not. Let me trust !

“What loyal love maintained they each for each!
With what bright courage met they peril's hour!
How just their acts, how kind and true their speech!
They never drave the outcast from their bower:
Some great belief they must have held! In whom?
Believe I will! My altar is their tomb.”

Wearied with grief, the orphan sank asleep,
And, sleeping, dreamed. In dream once more he heard
That mystic music sweeter and more deep
Than e'er before; and now and then a word
Reached him, he deemed from shadowy realms beneath:
At times that word was “Life”; at times 'twas “Death.”

Then, o'er the sheddings which the west wind's fan
Had strewn beneath the pine-woods, he was 'ware
That steps anear him drew; and lo! a man
Beside him stood. The sunset touched his hair
Snow-white, down-streaming from that reverend head,
And on his staff cross-crowned a splendor shed.

The dream dissolved: upright he sat, awake:
The Apostolic Sire of Christian Rome
Beside him stood—Cornelius: thus he spake:
“Fear naught! I come to lead a wanderer home:
Thou mourn'st thine earthly parents. They are nigh
More than in life, though throned in yonder sky.”

“God's angel brought to each in life's last hour
That Truth they sought, both for their sake and thine:
They left thee in the flesh: since then in power
With love once human only, now divine,
Have tracked thy wandering steps: this day, O boy,
Through me they send the tidings of great joy.

“That God who made the worlds at last hath spoken:
The shadows melt: the dawn of Truth begins;
That Saviour God the captive's chain hath broken;
Reigns o'er the free: our tyrants were our Sins:
He reigns who rose, that God for man Who died,
Reigns from the Cross, and rules—the Crucified.”

He told him all. As when within the East
The ascended sun is glassed in seas below
So that high Truth with light that still increased
Lit in the listener's mind a kindred glow
Because that mind was loving, calm, and pure
With courage to believe and to endure.

In blank astonishment he stood at first,
By Truth's strong beam though raptured yet half-dazed :
As when upon the eyes of angels burst
Creation new created, so he gazed :
He questioned ; but his questions all were wise :
Therefore that Truth he sought became his prize.

Later he mused ; then spake : " Whilst yet a child
Something I heard—my memory is not clear—
Of Christ, and her, His mother undefiled :
Alas ! it sank no deeper than mine ear.
An old nurse whispered me that tale. Ere long
She died, some said, for God. Her heart was strong."

An hour gone by, Pancrati^{us} made demand,
" That heavenly music, came it from above ?"
Cornelius then : " The persecutor's brand
Rages against us : not from fear but love,
Love of Christ's poor—the weak, the babe—we hide :
If found we die : to seek our death were pride.

" Men scoff at us as dwellers 'mid the tombs :
Beneath your grandsire's woods, till late untrod,
Extends the largest of the Catacombs :
There dwells the Christian Church, and sings to God :
Our hymns betray us oft. Descending, thou
One day wilt hear them—When ?" He answered : " Now."

That twain in silence passed to where the mouth
Of those dread caverns yawned ; they stooped beneath :
Instant upon them fell that heat and drouth
Which Nubian sands o'er way-worn pilgrims breathe :
Red torches glared the winding ways among ;
To roofs low-arched the lingering anthems clung.

Their latest echo dies : the Lector reads,
Then speaks : plain, brief, and strong is his discourse :
"Brothers ! each day ye know the martyr bleeds ;
What then ? Does any fear that fleshly force
Can slay the soul ? God dwells that soul within,
And God is Life. Death dwelleth but with sin.

"This day ye heard of David. Who is he
That strides o'er earth brass-armed, six cubits high ?
And who that shepherd ? Think you he will flee,
Unarmed, a boy ? A brook goes warbling by ;
Its song is glad ; its pebbles laugh : 'twixt whiles
That shepherd eyes his giant foe and smiles.

"He bends above that brook ; a stone he lifts ;
He binds it on his sling ; he waves it round :
The giant spreads his hands ; he shifts and drifts
Like drunkards. Dead, he lies along the ground.
David unwounded triumphed ; sang ; reigned long :
The martyr reigns in death, and deathless is his song."

That eve Pancratius mused : " 'Mid yonder vaults
God holds His court, and love, and peaceful cheer :
Who rules in Rome ? There Vice her crown exalts
Shameless yet sad ; beside her, Jest and Fear."
That night his dream was of that Shepherd Boy,
The sling, the stone. He wakened full of joy.

Then, with a solace never his before,
His thoughts reverted to his parents dead ;
"That Truth," he said, "they sought, yet missed, of yore,
Is theirs this hour : its crown is on their head ;
Its sword within their hand. That Christ whom we
Discern through mist they in God's glory see.

"Thank heaven, my grandsire lives !" Straight to his ear
He brought his tale. Upon that Roman's brow
Hung thunder-cloud : the things supremely dear
To him were these, Reverence and Rule ; and now
A boy, a child that daily ate his bread,
Had heaped dishonor on his hoary head.

“Renounce thy madness, boy, or hence this day !”

Pancratius answered, with that winning smile
Dear to the sad man’s heart, “Not so : I stay !

There cometh one your anger to beguile ;
I told him you were good : thus answered he,
‘Good-will means Faith : the Truth shall set him free.’”

Thus as he spake the mitred Sire of Rome,

Without disguise, his pastoral staff in hand,
Entered : “I seek, great sir, your ancient home,

By you unbidden, at this youth’s command :
If this molests you, you can have my head :
The law proscribes, the Emperor wills me dead.”

Silent the Roman noble sat : anon

A glance on that strange guest at random thrown
Wrought in him change : then first he looked on one

Of presence more majestic than his own.
“Cornelius is your name ; unless I err,
Yours is that ancient stock Cornelian, sir.

“Within this mansion I abide recluse ;

I with the Emperor slight acquaintance boast,
None with his court. Such things may have their use ;

They pass us quickly. As becomes a host
All guests alike I honor, old or new ;
I war on no man, but converse with few.

“Perhaps you come with tidings : if from me

Aught you require, speak briefly, without art.”
Cornelius smiled, then answered placidly,

“To each the self-same tidings I impart :
Beside your house a gold-mine lurks ; with you
Remains to sink your shaft or miss your due.”

At first that Roman sat, yet scarcely listened ;

Ere long he gave attention : by degrees
The strong, imperious eye now flashed, now glistened ;

Point after point he seemed in turn to seize.
He proffered question none ; he spake no word,
In mind collected, but in spirit stirred.

Lo! as some statued form of art antique,
Solon or Plato, sits with brow hand-propt
And eyes the centre of the earth that seek,
So sat he, when that strain majestic stopt,
In silence long. He raised his eyes, and then
Spake thus alone: "In three days come again."

Three days went by; in that dim room once more
Cornelius spake: inly Pancratius prayed;
His grandsire listened mute. His message o'er,
The Venerable Sign the Pontiff made
Above that low-bent forehead. With it grace
Fell from on high and lit that hoary face.

Then questioned thus that old man staid and grave:
"What was the birthplace of this Creed decried
Which in all lands attracts the meek and brave?"
To whom the Roman Pontiff thus replied:
"Juda—not Greece! Fishers, not seers, went forth;
They preached that Creed, and died to prove its worth."

His host: "This Faith is then at least no dream—
No dream, not even the loftiest, noblest, best,
In depth of thought, in breadth, of love supreme;
Pity 'tis new! 'Tis Time doth Truth attest."
The answer came: "This Faith is old as man:
'The Woman's Seed.' It ends as it began.

"This is that Faith which over-soars the sage
Yet condescends to him, the shepherd's boy:
This is that Hope which brightest shines in age
All others quenched: this is that Love, that Joy,
Which all retrieves; to patriots worn that cries
Thy great, true Country waits thee in yon skies."

The Roman next: "The Creeds of ages past
Lived long; yet most have died; the rest wax old:
Yours is the amplest: it will prove the last:
For he who, having clasped it, slips his hold
Shall find none other. Of the seas of Time
This is high-water mark, stamped on the cliffs sublime.

"Not less that question, 'Is it true?' recurs.

What Virtue is, by virtuous life is shown :

She lights the paths she walks on ; no man errs

Who treads them. Would that Truth might thus be known !

Sir, I must ponder these things. Agèd men

Perforce are slow. In ten days come again."

In ten days more that Christian priest returned :

The Roman Noble met him at the door,

But altered. "You are welcome! I have yearned

To see your face and hear again your lore.

At times I grasp it tight : but I am old :

Close-clutched it slides like sand from out my hold.

"Mark well yon Sabine and yon Alban ranges !

The north wind blows ; clear shineth each ravine :

Thus clear stands out your Creed : the north wind changes ;

The clouds rush in, and vapors shroud the scene :

Thus dims more late that Creed. My end draws nigh :

Honest it were Truth's Confessor to die."

Cornelius answered, "Sir, not flesh and blood

But God's own Finger wrote one sacred word

Upon your heart when by you first I stood :

That word was 'Christ.' Brave man ! In this you erred,

Not seeking then and there that conquering light

Which shines, like sunrise, on the baptism rite."

Hour after hour, and far into the morn,

Those two conversed of God. That saintly sage

Witnessed, not argued. "Truth," he said, "is born

Alike in heart of childhood and of age,

A spirit-birth. Invoke that Spirit by whom

God become Man hallowed the Virgin's womb."

To all demands he made the same reply :

Within that old man's breast—by slow degrees

Stirred like Bethesda's waters tremulously—

God's Truths put on God's splendor. "Men like trees

Walking," in mist at first such seemed they ; then

They trod the earth like angels, not like men.

Sudden that old man rose ; he cried, " I see !

Thank God ! The scales are fallen from mine eyes !

I see that Infant on His Mother's knee,

That Saviour on His cross, man's Sacrifice.

It could not but be thus ! From heaven to earth

That Cross fills all ; all else is nothing worth ! "

At sunrise he received baptismal grace ;

And ever from that hour its radiance glowed

A better sunrise on his wrinkled face,

For all his heart with gladness overflowed,

And childhood's innocence returned ; and all

His childhood loved seemed near him at his call.

Once more the aspirations of his youth

About him played like pinions ; by his side

More sweet, more fair than when her nuptial truth

To him she pledged, beside him walked his bride ;

And to that love he bore his Land returned

That hope, long quenched, wherewith it once had burned.

Still as of old his country's past he praised :

" Numa revered one God ; no idols crowned ;

Two altars—holy were they both—he raised ;

One was for Terminus who guards the Bound ;

One was for Faithfulness who keeps the Pledge :

These spurned, he taught, all rites are sacrilege.

" A matron wronged dragged down the race of Kings ;

A virgin wronged hurled forth those Ten from Rome :

Omen and auspice these of greater things :

Of Truth reserved to make with her its home.

Man needs that aid ! The proof ? Man lives to act ;

And noblest deeds are born of Faith and Fact."

Yet, though before him ever stood the vision

Of that high Truth which gives the human soul

Of visible things sole mastery and fruition,

More solid seemed he, and in self-control

More absolute, than of old ; and from his eye

Looked lordlier forth its old sobriety.

In him showed nothing of enthusiasm,
Of thought erratic wistful for strange ways,
Nothing of phrase fantastic, passion's spasm,
Or self-applause masking in self-dispraise :
Some things to him once great seemed now but small :
In small things greatness dwelt, and God in all.

Three months gone by, he freed his slaves ; above
That rock, the portal of that Catacomb,
He raised an altar " To the Eternal Love "
Inscribed : more low he built his humble tomb :
" Not far," he said, " repose God's martyrs ; I,
Albeit unworthy, near to them would lie."

In one month more serene and glad he died ;
An hour ere death painless the old man lay,
Those two that loved him watching at his side :
" In Christ, yet not for Christ," they heard him say ;
" This is the sole of Faiths, for which to bleed
Were wholly sage. My son had loved this Creed."

The tidings that a noble of the old race
Had spurned the old rites transpired not till that hour
Which laid him in his woodland burial place ;
'Twas Diocletian's day : the Imperial power
Had made decree to trample to the ground
God's Church. A worthy victim it had found.

For when about the dead the Romans thronged
Much wondering at the unwonted obsequies
Nor pleased to see their old traditions wronged,
Pancratus answered, " Christian rites are these " ;
Then made proclaim to all men far and nigh,
" My grandsire died a Christian : such am I."

Two pagan priests to Diocletian sped :
" Yon man who died an Atheist left an heir ;
Asian he is, a Christian born and bred :
Shall that new Faith with Jove and Cæsar share ?
Usurp a Roman noble's place and pride ? "
" Bring here that youth," the Emperor replied.

That Emperor looked upon the Gods as those
Who shared his reign. In majesty and mirth
They sat enskied above the Olympian snows:
The Goddess Rome, their last-born, ruled the earth;
The Roman Emperor was her husband. He
Partook perforce in their divinity.

The inferior Gods of barbarous realms scarce known
Rome's latest conquests in the utmost East,
Revered the Roman Gods. One God alone
Refused with them to traffic, share their feast;
His votaries served Him only; Gods beside
They banned as Idol-Gods, and Rome defied.

That Emperor was not cruel; from the height
Of that imagined greatness gazing down,
To rule he deemed his duty as his right;
The world his kingdom was, and Rome its crown:
Who spurned that crown he deemed as sense-bereaven,
Rebel 'gainst earth, and blasphemous 'gainst heaven.

Next day at noon within his judgment court
He sat, by all his pomp of majesty
Compassed and guarded; lion-like his port;
Then whispered man to man: "That terrible eye
Without yon Lictors' axes or their rods,
Will drive the renegade to his country's Gods."

Pancratius entered—entered with a smile;
Bowed to the Emperor; next to those around
First East, then West. The Emperor gazed awhile
On that bright countenance; knew its import; frowned:
"A malefactor known! Yet there you stand!
Young boy, be wise in time. Hold forth your hand!

"Yon censor mark! It comes from Jove's chief fane;
See next yon vase cinctured with flower-attire:
Lift from that vase its smallest incense-grain;
Commit it softly to yon censor's fire:
Your father, boy, was well with me; and I
Would rather serve his son than bid him die."

Pancratius mused a moment, then began :

“Emperor, 'tis true I am a boy ; no more :
But He within me changes boy to man,
Christ, God and Man, that Lord the just adore.
A pictured lion hangs above thy head :
Say, can a picture touch man's heart with dread ?

“Thou, too, great Emperor, art but pictured life :

He only lives who quickened life in all :
Men are but shadows : in a futile strife
They chase each other on a sun-bright wall.
Shadows are they the hosts that round thee throng ;
Shadows their swords that vindicate this wrong.

“What Gods are those thou bidst me serve and praise ?

Adulterers, murderers, Gods of fraud and theft.
If slave of thine walked faithful in their ways
What were his sentence ? Eyes of light bereft ;
The scourge, the rope ! Our God is good. His Name
Paints on His votaries' face no flush of shame.

“Exteriorly, 'tis true, thy Gods are great,

They and their sort : this hour they rule the lands :
Ay, but, expectant at an unbarred gate,
A greatness of a different order stands,
The Babe of Bethlehem's. He thy Gods shall slay
Though small His hand, and rend earth's chain away.”

The Emperor shook : as one demon-possessed

He glared upon that youth ; his wan cheek burned :
With wonder dumb panted his struggling breast :

Silent to that Prætorian Guard he turned ;
He pointed to Pancratius. “Let him die !”
Pancratius stood, and pointed to the sky.

That night a corse beside the Aurelian Way

Lay as in sleep. Hard by, two maidens fair
Now knelt and lifted high their hands to pray,
Now bent and kissed his cheek and smoothed his hair :
Two daughters of a Roman matron these :
A grove not far shook, moonlit, in the breeze.

O fair young love—for when could love show fairer?
O maids, should earthly love e'er house with you,
With love thus heavenly may that love be sharer;
Like this be cleansing, hallowing, self-less, true!
Thou too, O boy, love's guerdon hast not missed
Though young; by lips so pure so kindly kissed.

A youth he lay of fourteen years in seeming;
A lily by the tempest bent, not broken:
Round the lashed lids a smile divine was gleaming;
And if that mouth, so placid, could have spoken
Surely its speech had been: "Thank Heaven, 'tis past!
The secret of the skies is mine at last."

Softly those maidens with their mother bore
Pancratius to that grove, and made his grave:
O'er his light limbs the radiant scarfs they wore
Softly they spread. Such wreaths as grace the brave
On him they strewed next morn, and buds of balm;
And by that grave planted the martyr's palm.

Near it the Roman Walls ascend, and Gate
Aurelian called of old, Pancratian now,
Honoring that youth who smiling met his fate
So soon, so gladly kept his baptism vow.
King Numa's "Faithfulness" in him was found;
Therefore old "Terminus" guards still that bound.

Some say that when that Gate to him was given
A mystery therein was signified:
Earth hath her "Holy City"; but in heaven
A holier waits us; one that aye shall bide:
Twelve gates it hath: each boasts high trust and fief:
The Gate of Martyrdom of these is chief.

Yea, and the Martyr is himself a gate,
Since through the fiery ether of his prayer
Which Vision blest kindles and doth dilate
Who strives for heaven finds help to enter there.
O Martyr young, by Death made glad and free,
In Death's dread hour pray well for mine and me!

JEREMIAH SULLIVAN BLACK.

" All my life long
I have beheld with most respect the man
Who knew himself, and knew the ways before him ;
And from amongst them chose considerably,
With a clear foresight—not a blindfold courage ;
And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursues his purposes."

—SIR HENRY TAYLOR, *Philip Van Artevelde*.

IN the mid-summer of 1883 a large funeral cortége left the spacious grounds of Brockie, a few miles from York, Pennsylvania, and passed through its thronged and silent streets to the cemetery just beyond the limits of the town. That York was for eight months the seat of the Continental Congress in the last century, and was the place of residence and of burial of a distinguished publicist in this, are the two historic facts which give to the ancient town an especial interest. In the transition from one to the other are involved all the memorable scenes which connect the first and the second centenary of our years as a nation—from the stirring associations which the early days of the Republic awaken to those revived by the career of the illustrious dead whose obsequies now hushed the busy shops of York and rendered the historical retrospect doubly impressive. The remains thus conveyed to sepulture, amid a silence so profound that it seemed augmented by the very tolling of the church-bells, were those of a great American, known far beyond the town in which he lived, the commonwealth in which he was born, and the country which he so faithfully served in a most critical period of her history—Jeremiah Sullivan Black, a name identified with the highest juridical learning of this age and of this land.

" O thou beloved and most merciful Father, from whom I had my being and in whom I have ever trusted," he said a short time before his death, " grant, if it be thy will, that I no longer suffer this agony, and that I be speedily called home to thee." Thus confident as a little child in his faith he died, and thus followed by mourning citizens of every class he was buried. But his work lives after him, and his voice is still potent among men in the volume of his writings collected by Mr. Chauncey F. Black, his accomplished son, who has made an honorable fame

as lieutenant-governor of Pennsylvania. Other and larger claims for recognition among the master-minds of our country than that of eminence in the jurisprudence of his age will suggest themselves when the career of Judge Black is calmly and impartially considered, and so long as true greatness is held in honor, so long will his name occupy a lofty and enduring place. Whatever may be the dominating motive moulding the destiny of man, it is certain that true greatness can never be dissociated from loyalty to principle—that hostage which fame exacts as the ultimate criterion of character, and without which there can be no real success. Putting aside the popular distinctions with which our common speech confuses the ethical quality of courage, moral and physical, in the integrity of life, we know, as George Eliot has so admirably said, that it is an “inexorable law of human souls that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character.”* Fidelity to noble aims and worthy purposes is not only the pledge of reputation but the test of inspiration in the conduct of men. The memory of Judge Black is hallowed, and an estimate of permanent value placed upon his writings, because he looked beyond the excitement of the times and the dictates of self-interest to the supremacy of the essential truth for which he strove and to its conservation as an integral force in the body politic.

The early settlements in Pennsylvania† exhibit a fact kindred to that seen in the history of other States in colonial and subsequent periods—the large and influential Irish element which has left the traces of its genius and power in every department of American life and thought. Logan, the friend of Penn; Allison, provost of Pennsylvania College; Ramsay, the historian of South Carolina; Barry and Stewart, of the navy; Wayne and Hand, of the army; Fulton and Colles, in the art of navigation; Binns, in journalism; and Carey, in political science, are but a few of the distinguished men of Irish birth or ancestry who have shed lustre on the annals of the State. And when the future historian records the deeds and the fame of those of Celtic lin-

* *Romola*, chap. xxiii. p. 206.

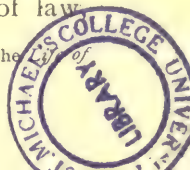
† Mayor Grace, of New York, in his interesting lecture entitled *The Irish in America*, speaking of emigrants prior to the American Revolution, says that they “were widely scattered and leave no definite trace behind them until we come to the settlement founded at Logan, in Pennsylvania, which at that time (1699) was a colony that afforded much greater freedom of religious thought than others under British control” (p. 6). He adds that “Pennsylvania continued to be a favorite point of destination, though various settlements were made in Maryland and Virginia, and even in North and South Carolina, and in Kentucky.”

eage, among the foremost on the roll of Pennsylvania's sons will be her venerable publicist, Judge Jeremiah Sullivan Black. In him the traditions of the fathers of the republic have been borne on to a new epoch, and he was the last of that brilliant galaxy of statesmen of a former generation whose memory is the glory of our own.

Judge Black was born a few miles from the county-town of Somerset, in the rich region lying between Laurel Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains. He sprang from a good old Irish stock, for the names of Patrick Sullivan and Jane McDonough are on the list of his honored ancestors. Of Black's early education in the ordinary schools of the neighborhood but few incidents are preserved; but, whether his advantages were great or small, a decided taste for special authors in Latin and English was soon manifested, and Horace and Shakspeare became what they will always be to a boyhood in which the intellect predominates—the companions of studious hours. From them he assimilated thus early a profound knowledge of the actual elements of human life, its violent contrasts, infinite joys and infinite woes, its subtle motives and discordant philosophies, its moral grandeur and its appalling weakness—a knowledge which usually comes at a later period, and from contact with the world rather than with books. Like most boys brought up under the influences of a refined Protestant home, the King James version of the Scriptures was the daily manual from which he was taught his duty to God and his duty to man, and it was for ever connected with all that was gentle and pure and strong in his spiritual growth. What Father Faber graphically describes as its “uncommon beauty and marvellous English” left an impress on the mind of Black as deep as the supernatural truth which its text imprinted on his soul. Neither change nor strife of professional years effaced the seal of its validity. As the Oratorian says of every Protestant who has any religiousness, the English Bible was “his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled.” *

The quiet and isolated life of young Black, broken only by occasional rambles over the long sweep of highland enclosing his home, developed a genuine appreciation of natural phenomena which in later years influenced his choice of a permanent abode at Brockie. The play of the winds, the hues of the sky, the march of clouds, the gathering storm, and the succeeding calm unfolded to his observant eye the unswerving dominion of law.

* “The Interests and Characteristics of the Lives of the Saints,” prefixed to the *St. Francis of Assisi*, p. 116, vol. xxv. of the Oratory series.



and nature thus became to him the sanctuary of the supreme Law-giver. At the age of seventeen he entered upon the study of the law under auspices which would have promised success even to one less suited for the legal profession. Two brothers, prominent figures in the politics and at the bar of western Pennsylvania at that day, were Chauncey and Walter Forward, and with them Mr. Henry Black, father of Jeremiah, being an associate judge of Somerset County, was united by social as well as professional ties. He selected the office of Mr. Chauncey Forward in which to place his son, and under the tuition of this wise preceptor the future jurist laid the foundation of his legal greatness. It is hardly necessary, in view of his subsequent professional eminence, to recount how diligently he worked for the mastery of those principles of the law which either narrow or expand the mind of the student, producing on the one hand an adept in the cunning arts of the mere advocate, and on the other the judicial temper of the enlightened jurist. Ten years later we find Black not only in the full tide of prosperity which his pre-eminent abilities had so speedily won, but recognized, while yet a young man, as a leader by the older generation of lawyers at the bar of which he was a member. Having married the daughter of his instructor, and having attained thus early the realization of his dreams, happiness, domestic and professional, seemed spread before him like a feast. He loved his vocation and labored in it manfully, but with less worldliness of motive than is commonly to be met with in the paths of forensic life. A chief characteristic of the man was a sustained and elevated dignity in which he was preserved from the temptations besetting a legal career. His heart, steeled against ignoble purposes, kept him undisturbed by petty jealousies which torment the lives of professional men. In the refined seclusion of a home made happy by the affection of friends and the devotion of his wife he gathered strength for his daily work. From her who was the centre of that home, "through all the world's clamor, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace." *

In no profession does there exist a greater disparity as to success among its members than in the law; and a career at the bar more than any other contradicts the theory that all intelligences are equal, and that the differences among men are those occasioned by industry. The world is always full of aspirants whose natural gifts are so apparently inadequate for the work under-

* Ruskin, *The Crown of Wild Olive*, lecture iii, p. 124.

taken that, unless they are endowed with that nameless talent, insisted upon by the late Sir Arthur Helps,* which enables its possessor to get "into one or other of the main grooves of human affairs," failure results from their best efforts. Natural faculty and aptitude, other things being equal, are worth more than labor, however much Carlyle may glorify it as the modern evangel, and however much success in life may depend upon its right direction. The next decade of years in the life of Black determined the place he was to occupy among men, and exhibits an example of that which the world, whether it comprehends its own process of reasoning or not, is always interested in—a man whose intellectual and moral powers justify his desires and are commensurate with whatever objects he elects to accomplish. The bench sought him, and not he the bench; and no jurist has ever, at so early an age, attained greater celebrity among his brethren for a scientific knowledge of the law and a luminous presentation of its principles. Later still, more important preferments than president judge of a judicial district awaited him. In 1851, under the amendment to the State constitution, he was elected justice of the Supreme Court, and his fame became associated in the jurisprudence of Pennsylvania as *primus inter pares* with that of Gibson, Lewis, Lowrie, and Coulter. Mr. Buchanan called Judge Black in March, 1857, to the position of attorney-general; and henceforth till the day of his death he was before the public eye, a colossal figure in the moving drama of American politics. Walking amidst perils of which comparatively little is even yet known, the target of envious factions and intriguing foes on every side, it would seem almost impossible that he should not contract something of the Machiavellian spirit of the times, or the statecraft engendered of the political dissensions preceding the civil war. But the transparency of his character, and of his methods as an official adviser of the President, shows that in no measure did he reflect the double-dealing then rife. The man of evasions is unstable in all his ways, and Judge Black was unstable in nothing. In private and in public, in the council-chamber of the cabinet and in the court of highest tribu-

* "Get, if you can, into one or other of the main grooves of human affairs. It is all the difference of going by railway and walking over a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses or set up one for yourself. You will see, if your times are anything like ours, very inferior persons highly placed in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got upon the line, and have moved on well with very little original motive power of their own. Do not let this make you talk as if merit were utterly neglected in these or any professions; but that getting well into the groove will frequently do instead of any great excellence" (*Companions of My Solitude*, p. 57).

nal, whether the dispositions of men were to be sounded or divergent interests to be conciliated, he always stood forth the same fearless champion of constitutional liberty. We have not the space at our command nor is the time yet ripe for a dispassionate discussion of the closing days of Mr. Buchanan's administration. The ordeal through which Judge Black then passed is the most memorable in his life; for the crisis had arrived which was to test the perpetuity of the union of States and of the republic among the nations. It was not uncommon at this period for blatant orators and impetuous writers to indulge in meaningless platitudes about the constitutional powers of the President and the methods to be employed in averting dangers then imminent. But many of these men, as Hallam says of Cromwell, had so "sucked the dregs of a besotted fanaticism" that its poison clouded their reason and drove them in utterance to the verge of madness. The principles enunciated by Attorney-General Black in his opinion entitled "Power of the President in executing the laws," rendered November 20, 1860,* are the only deductions attainable within the limits of the Constitution, and all who calmly read that document must admit that any other interpretation than that given would be extra-constitutional in its nature; for we must always bear in mind the fact that expositors of law, as Burke says, "have their strict rule to go by." Whatever may be the exigencies demanding a proclamation of martial law, a moment's reflection shows the self-contradictory character of the phrase. Taken apart it simply means that the term *martial* interdicts the right to legal trial, and the term *law* the right of a foe to all civilized processes of warfare. *Inter arma leges silent.* Martial law, therefore, can never appear to the eye of the jurist in any other light than that in which Sir Matthew Hale views it—"in truth and reality it is no law at all, but something indulged." Amidst the tempests of later times Judge Black was not only safe from attack, but he was even invoked as an oracle by those who, at the beginning of the war, would have been the first to denounce him. This change in the popular estimate of a character in itself unchanged, save in that steady progressive development which marks all great minds, is one of the many lessons to be derived from a study of his life and writings. It is also, in some measure, an exhibition of the worthlessness of public opinion created during its irregular and capricious currents, as it is a striking proof of the solid and invaluable services of the man himself,

* Ashton's *Official Opinions of the Attorneys-General*, vol. ix. p. 516.

who by sheer moral and mental force worked out his own justification in the face of his countrymen. Revision of judgments has already begun to sift contemporary reputations, and while the names of some are in the descending scale of ultimate decision, that of Black has reached its zenith. Under the verse of the poet lies a primal truth, and time demonstrates that

"The great soul of the world is just."

The writings of Judge Black, lately issued,* comprise under four general heads, as arranged by Mr. Chauncey F. Black, some of the most notable papers in the literature of American civil polity, and they illustrate the essential solidity and correctness of view taken by that eminent jurist. Philosophic in the foundation of his mind, there is a degree of skill in the constructive and destructive methods which Judge Black employs rarely to be met with in argumentation. Persuasive and eloquent as he may appear at times, all the links in the chain of his reasoning are carefully forged and welded together by a logic which is irresistible. Under the show of logic, as used by the mere dialectician, is visible the skeleton of defective combination, but a trained intellect like Judge Black's ranges around his subject its leading features with such exquisite tact that every fact and every argument follow in the strictest sequence, and, when complete, exhibit both a consummate power in art and an unrivalled perfection in presentation. Valuable as his writings must always be considered by those who have any appreciation of conservatism of thought, strength of conviction, and fearlessness of expression, they possess a still higher claim on our admiration. In every utterance of his life is discovered a breadth of thought and of charity which endears the memory of Judge Black in an especial manner to Catholic hearts not only in America, the land of his birth, but in Ireland, the home of his forefathers. Interesting as it would be to attempt an analysis of such a mind, so complex in operation, so various in acquirement, and so tolerant in temper, and to follow the manifestations of that mind through all the masterly expositions of national polity bequeathed to us in his *Essays and Speeches*, we must content ourselves in fulfilling a humbler part—that of recalling to the attention of our readers a few of the lines of thought pursued by Judge Black, especially in their relation to questions in which the Catholic citizens of the republic are deeply concerned. In portraying the career of one

* *Essays and Speeches of Jeremiah S. Black.* With a Biographical Sketch by Chauncey F. Black. New York : Appleton & Co. 1885.

not of his own belief, the Catholic critic now and then seems to act on the supposition that loyalty to truth demands that he should take cognizance of that which the non-Catholic ought to have thought upon subjects cognate to faith and morals, rather than of that which he actually did think. A negative portraiture may have its uses, but at best it is one-sided. If we would draw the picture in its entirety, the preference which Goethe has expressed in regard to Spinoza is a safe rule of delineation: "Ich immer varzog von dem Menschen zu erfahren wie er dachte, als von einem andern zu hören, wie er hätte denken sollen"; * and as far as possible we make it our own in reproducing the thought of Judge Black in its contact with Catholic interests.

No periods in our history are fraught with such shameless exhibitions of talents prostituted to evil purposes as those which have witnessed the outbreak of fanaticism masquerading under the disguise of zeal for liberty and religion. Among the advocates of wild sophistries resulting in the destruction of Catholic life and property by frenzied mobs the impartial critic must place those clergymen who, forgetting their calling, entered the political arena for the prizes it offers. They played for high stakes, but in a losing game; for however much the deeds of proscriptionists in times of unusual excitement may argue to the contrary, politics are not the religion of the American people, nor will they make religion, under whatever name professed, subservient to politics. A desperate effort was put forth to revive the Native American party under another name, but it was at once recognized as an old foe, particularly of the Irish Catholic, with a new face. It was natural that extraordinary means should be taken for the propagation of its principles in Pennsylvania, whose metropolitan city eleven years before had been the scene of violence in a political warfare against Catholics. The inscription, "The Lord Seeth," which was visible on the blackened walls of St. Augustine's Church † when the mad work of the mob was complete, ought to have been a salutary lesson for the future; but the blindness of hate could not read the writing, and the blindness of self-seeking would not heed its warning. In 1855 the Rev. O. H. Tiffany, a professor in Dickinson College, at Carlisle, delivered a lecture on the "Cultivation of the Christian Elements of Republicanism." The fact was noteworthy, as it was currently believed that he aspired to a seat in the United States Senate from Pennsylvania, and that he represented the

* *Aus meinem Leben-Wahrheit und Dichtung*, 4th Theil, 16th Buch, p. 209.

† De Courcy and Shea's *Catholic Church in the United States*, p. 253.

proscriptive principles of the new party seeking power in the State. In this lecture he indulged in the usual commonplaces of Protestant satire, and defended the existence of an American party "to meet the subtleties of Jesuitism and the insidious policy of foreign despotism."* Judge Black felt that when the schools of learning seemed smitten with the virulence of the new politics the time had come to utter protest, and, if possible, to recall academic thought to a higher plane of Christian ethics. Having been invited, a year later, to address the Phenakosmian Society of Pennsylvania College at the annual commencement, he chose for his theme "Religious Liberty," and gave one of the clearest and grandest interpretations of the spirit of the Constitution upon this question that ever fell from human lips. If in regard to a point or two of history we do not commit ourselves unreservedly to the views of Judge Black, yet as a whole his exposition appears to us unsurpassed in Protestant literature. The three heralds of freedom of conscience among the earliest settlers of America, whose portraits he draws with matchless skill, are Cecilius Calvert, William Penn, and Roger Williams. To the first he pays the following tribute:

"Lord Baltimore was, in some respects, a most fortunate man. He was especially happy in having a father to lay out his great work, and a son of rare ability to carry it on. To have been the author of the first statute that ever was passed to secure entire freedom of conscience gives him the most enviable place in the world's history. His high qualities of mind and heart made him worthy of that pre-eminent distinction, as a single incident will show. A successful rebellion, organized by those whom he had sheltered from the persecution of one another, deprived him for a time of his power, and the first thing they did was to persecute the church to which he himself belonged. When he recovered his authority he must have been tempted to retaliate. But with a greatness of mind which never deserted him, and with a fidelity to his own convictions which nothing could shake, he reorganized his government upon its former basis of equal protection to all."†

The position and the duties of this country as regards the subject of Judge Black's discourse are defined with a power and eloquence to which single quotations would be wholly inadequate; but as an appeal to the educated intellect of the nation the closing words are too striking to be omitted:

"That America should now give up the proud position she occupies in the front of the world's great march, and skulk back like a recreant into

* *Lecture on the Cultivation of the Christian Elements of Republicanism*, by Rev. O. H. Tiffany, A.M., Carlisle, Pa., 1885, p. 24.

† *Essays and Speeches*, pp. 56, 57.

the rear, is a thought which cannot enter an American mind without causing a blush of insupportable shame. She stands pledged to this principle in the face of the world; she has solemnly devoted herself to its championship; she has deliberately promised it, not only to her own people, but to all others who should fly to her for protection; and if she breaks her faith, it will be such perfidy as never blackened the brow of any nation before. To avert a calamity so grievous, and to prevent a disgrace so indelible, the country looks to her educated men. The unbroken and uncorrupted heart of the people will be always with you on the right side; but you are the body-guard of freedom, and it is your special duty to carry her oriflamme in the van of every battle. Perhaps no dangerous service will be needed soon. You may safely sit still while your enemies merely talk against the equal rights of all the people. But if at any time hereafter, during the long lives which I hope you will all enjoy, some great combination should arise to stir up the bitter waters of sectarian strife, and to marshal ignorance, prejudice, and selfishness into a body compact enough to endanger the bulwarks of the Constitution, then let your flag stream out upon the wind!"*

Among other benefits which the country derived from Judge Black, in restraining the extravagant utterances of the pulpit in times when the bad passions of men needed a pacific rather than an aggressive teaching, is the scathing answer to the Rev. Dr. Alfred Nevin entitled "Political Preaching." It was called forth by a letter of that divine in the year 1866, addressed to Judge Black through the columns of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*. Every paragraph of the reply bristles with epigrammatic force and pungency of satire, and from the annals of history, American and European, he summons illustrations to add pertinency to his argument.

"Can you think," says he, "that the Irish were invaded, and conquered, and oppressed, and murdered, and robbed for centuries, merely because the English loved and believed in the Protestant religion? I suppose you know that those brutal atrocities were carried on for the purpose of giving to political preachers in England possession of the churches, cathedrals, glebe-lands, and tithes which belonged to the Irish Catholics. The soldier was also rewarded by confiscations and plunder. The church and the state hunted in couples, and Ireland was the prey which they ran down together."†

Fain would we linger over the splendid passages abounding in the *Essays and Speeches* of this remarkable man, so magnanimous in thought and so loyal to conscience in all that he did and in all that he said; but the extract just quoted recalls the last time we saw him in life and heard his thrilling plea for that land which the present Secretary of State, Mr. Thomas F. Bayard,

* *Essays and Speeches*, p. 67.

† *Id.* p. 74.

fitly calls the "Island of Sorrows." In the spring of 1882 Judge Black visited the federal capital, and never had we found him more interesting. His mind was full of the theme of Ireland, her sufferings and her wrongs, her false friends and her implacable foes; and as he pictured the greatness of her children under adverse fortune, or exposed the hostility of English literary politicians like Froude and Goldwin Smith, the warmth of a Burke and the sarcasm of a Junius combined to animate the flow of conversation which we have never heard equalled. The Irish National Land League of Maryland had arranged to celebrate in Baltimore the centenary of Grattan's declaration of Irish independence, and Judge Black kindly invited us to accompany him thither. If it were appropriate we would gladly recall some of the memories of the trip made with such a man, who valued a friend, as Barry Cornwall says of Charles Lamb, "for none of the ordinary reasons, because he was famous, or clever, or powerful, or popular."* But personal incidents, however pleasing in the retrospect, become dwarfed by comparison with the august work in which he was now engaged. Concordia Opera-House, when Mayor Whyte introduced Judge Black, rang with the generous plaudits of Irish hearts, and the orator was at home with his audience and his subject. On that night, years before Mr. Gladstone, now without a peer among living statesmen, outlined his policy of Home Rule, this "greatest of American jurists," as the mayor of Baltimore so well characterized him, developed a plan for self-government in Ireland in harmony with the integrity of the British Empire. The address at the Grattan Centenary, if Judge Black had no other claims on the gratitude of the Irish people, would for ever unite his memory with that of her champions in all the centuries of her misrule. He sketched in vivid colors the long series of her wrongs, cruelty, injustice, and oppression, her struggles, her defeats, the English bigotry which was "merely simulated to cover English rapacity" in order to force upon the Irish a religion which they did not believe; and from the dark record he turned to ask:

"What concern have we in this contest? . . . We owe them a heavy debt, which we cannot repudiate without dishonor. They fought by our side on every battle-field of the Revolution, and after independence they assisted to frame our institutions. At least five times since then their exiles settled among us have aided to save our liberty from destruction."†

The close of the address embodies, as if by prophetic insight,

* *Charles Lamb: A Memoir*, by Barry Cornwall, p. 21.

† *Essays and Speeches*, p. 162.

the great question which is to-day foremost in the thought, not alone of England, but of the whole civilized world—Home Rule for Ireland :

"If the Irish people were in full possession of the right to administer their own domestic affairs, they could perform their duties to the empire a thousand times better than now. They would be the pride and the strength of England ; not what they are—the weakness, the misfortune, and the shame. When we consider how easily, cheaply, and safely this unspeakable benefit might be bestowed, it is literally amazing to see it withheld. It is but erecting one or more political corporations, which you may call states, or territories, or provinces, to make, administer, and execute laws upon subjects which concern nobody but themselves, and with such limitations upon the power as may seem necessary to prevent its possible abuse. If this, coupled with a satisfactory adjustment of land tenures, would not start Ireland on a career of peace and prosperity, then all history is false, all experience delusive, and all philosophy a woven tissue of lies. . . . Every established state, every supreme government of whatever form, has the right of *eminent domain*—that is to say, the power to take private property for public use upon making just compensation. It is a distinct and well-understood condition of all titles that they shall be surrendered upon those terms when the general good requires it. The sovereign authority may thus annihilate any monopoly which cannot exist, or is not likely to exist, without serious detriment to the public interests. The property of the Irish landlords comes directly within the range of this power. The exercise of it would not be agrarianism nor confiscation nor plunder. It could not injuriously affect the rights of any human being, but it would reach the one great end at which all honest government is aimed—the well-being of the whole community. I have said that the owners of property so taken are always entitled to just compensation. The Irish landlords should have that and nothing more. The rule for ascertaining what ought to be paid in any case is so plain that no fair-minded man could miss it. The actual value of land is not measured by the rent which a landlord could extort from a helpless tenant to whom eviction is death, but what a prudent and industrious man who cultivates it himself could make out of it over and above necessary expenses and full payment for his own labor. The taking would not include any property actually used by the landlords themselves for their own pleasure or profit, nor any lands leased for other than agricultural purposes. But the body of the land now under cultivation or in pasture, being taken by the public authorities, could be distributed among the people in suitable pieces, and held by them subject to a tax large enough to pay interest on the actual value. Upon those terms, easy to the tenant and just to the landlord, Ireland would be converted into a nation of small proprietors, independent and free."*

In closing this brief review of a life and work worthy the full tribute of an abler pen, we have but drawn the outlines instead of filling the canvas. To comprehend a character so strong, so rounded, so consistent, one must study his own utterances, which,

* *Essays and Speeches*, pp. 169, 170.

embracing, as they do, the widest range of human thought, have always one central idea—the liberty of man. The Milligan decision touching the *habeas corpus* is but one among the enduring monuments of his courage and his devotion to the Right. The record of them is before the world, and its perusal brings a renewed sense of irreparable loss in the departure of a great soul:

“ But nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.” *

IN THE JURA.

COMING up from the parched, sun-bleached plains of southern France in summer-time, how cool and delightful are the pine-forests and cloud-capped heights of the Jura—how grateful the fresh, balsamic air and the perpetual sound of running streams on every side! Most travellers pass these mountains by as a gloomy region of perpetual cloud and storm, and are perfectly satisfied if the sound of distant thunder will only justify them in repeating the hackneyed lines of Byron:

“ And Jura answers through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud.”

There is at first something stern and sombre about these mountains, to be sure, with their solemn gray ridges, and dark forests of evergreens, and narrow gorges where rage the imprisoned winds; but this severity is tempered by the brilliancy of the sun and the purity of the atmosphere, and the whole region is constantly surprising you with the varied charm of purple mountain, sun-lit slopes, valleys without number, sweet and verdurous, and little *combes* or basins of marvellous beauty, that well repay the explorer. Pines and firs generally clothe the upper heights, and lower down are broad wastes of purple heather and golden broom, with belts of beeches and chestnuts, and terraces covered with vines and thriving orchards, giving endless variety of leafage and color to the landscape. The upland pastures, too, are filled

* Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

with herds of cattle, sheep, and goats, enlivening the air with the sound of their tinkling bells; and in the sides of the mountains are countless fissures fringed with mosses and ferns, out of which trickle gentle rills that soon swell into furious torrents, and are beat into foaming cascades as they dash over the jagged rocks and leap with mad triumph into the valleys below. Here they go rushing away with perpetual song and laughter, and seem to invite you to follow their capricious windings till they come into broader valleys where the hills recede, the meadows widen, and the glowing sun has full play among the trees joyous with thrushes, and linnets, and the lark that "at heaven's gate sings." These romantic valleys are walled in by rocks and cliffs of every imaginable form and hue. On every point of vantage are the ruins of an ancient castle or some chapel consecrated by the devotion of centuries, and at every turn are villages that have grown up around a hermit's cell or the tomb of some unheard-of saint. In such places are gathered all the legends and religious traditions of the Jura, as well as curious folk-lore handed down from Roman or Celtic times. The ruined castles, too, have all figured in the history of the province, and are rich in countless stories of border warfare, the private feuds of one old baron with another, and the later but more destructive raids of the Swiss Calvinists of the sixteenth century, who frequently overran these mountains with fire, and sword, and rapine, and outrage of every kind.

One of the most striking and picturesque points in the Jura is the mountain of La Châtelaine, which belongs to the outer range. There is a village on the very summit, with the remains of a castle on the verge of an awful precipice eight hundred feet in depth, built by the old counts of Burgundy on the foundations of a Roman fortress. You can still see the broad, rock-hewn moat, now dry, around the only point of approach, and the once impregnable towers that flanked the drawbridge, dismantled centuries ago by order of Louis XI. And there is the Romanesque chapel, though in much better condition, where many a princess and high-born dame have worshipped, as well as more than one royal train; but it is now the parish church, and the clank of armor and the martial tread of knights have given place to the rustic clatter of the wooden *sabots* of the pious mountaineers.

The castle of La Châtelaine is mentioned in the monastic records of Arbois as early as 1053. In the following century it formed part of the dowry of Mahaut, widow of Count Otto of Burgundy, as well as of her daughter, Jeanne, the widowed queen of Philippe

le Long, both of whom resided here for some time. Mahaut was a princess of inexhaustible charity, and spent her widowhood in good works, according to the apostolic injunction. She founded here a hospital for the poor, and another at her neighboring castle of Bracon, gave a hundred ells of cloth annually to the destitute at Arbois, and fed the needy in every direction. Her granddaughter, Margaret of Burgundy, after her husband was slain at Crécy, also resided here a part of the time. She was very energetic in defending the country from the ravages of the Free Companies, and was remarkable for her generous style of living.

The crumbling ramparts of La Châtelaine afford a magnificent view over the surrounding country. Directly beneath is the beautiful Val d'Amaous, or Amour—a deep basin hollowed out among the mountains, into which you look down as through a veil of golden green, so brilliant is the verdure lit up by the noon-day sun. Through this emerald valley flows with ceaseless melody the Cuisance, one of the purest streams that ever issued with strong, impetuous dash from the innermost heart of a mountain. Towards La Bresse and Burgundy the undulating hills are covered with vines, and at the east are the jagged peaks of the inner Jura, looking as wild and solitary as when St. Romain sought a hermitage in their pine-forests nearly fifteen hundred years ago.

Descending into the Val d'Amour, you see far up in the side of the precipitous mountain of La Châtelaine a yawning *baume*, or cavern—a double cavern, in fact, bearing traces of its ancient consecration to Druidical rites. In its remotest depths is a dark, subterranean pool, restless and seething, and sending out deep sighs as of a soul in pain. This is the source of the Cuisance, which comes pouring out of the two openings with an awful roar, forming a double cascade that unites in the valley below, and goes winding off over a rocky bed through meadow and narrow defile, from one beautiful valley to another. The basin its first waters merits its poetical name of Val d'Amour, or Valley of Love, for it is, in truth, “hallowed with loveliness.” It would be difficult to find a spot that appeals more strongly to the imagination. The precipitous mountains that wall in the valley, the hanging woods on their sides once sacred to the Druids, the mysterious cave devoted to their secret observances, the strange torrent that issues from the mountain as if impelled by some giant force, and the wonderful verdure of the basin its waters, make up a picture of singular fascination.

In the centre of the basin is the village of Planches, at one

end of which rises the spire of Our Lady's chapel, where the patronal feast of her Nativity is annually celebrated with great devotion, attracting pilgrims from all parts of the Jura. The river is narrow here, but grows broader at the ancient town of Arbois, which stands further down between two mountains garlanded with vines to their very summits—vines all purple and green and gold, and famous for their vintage, fit indeed for a libation to the gods. To see the peasants come down with trailing vines and luscious grapes, shouting in merry chorus the gay songs of vintage-time, you would think them Bacchus and all his crew,

"Crowned with green leaves, and faces all aflame,
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley
To scare thee, O Melancholy!"

In another part of the valley are tall, gray rocks and pinnacles, some of which were undoubtedly associated with Druidical rites, such as the two needles that rise to the height of fifty feet on the way from Planches to Molain, and, farther on, the Crêt-du-Feu and the Roche Maudru, or Mount of the Druids. The whole Val d'Amour was, in fact, sacred to the Druids, like many other secluded valleys in the Jura, such as Vogna, near Arinthod, and, a little beyond, the Cirque or Vallon des Creux. These basins all lie deeply hidden among precipitous mountains, and have their consecrated grove, and torrent of limpid water, and uplifted peak crowned by ancient towers of defence. They are remarkable, too, for their singular verdure and freshness.

The most ancient Christian places of worship in the Jura were built on culminating points, partly for protection, no doubt. One of the oldest in this region is the church of St. Étienne, on the site of a pagan temple at Coldres, in the outer range of mountains, not far from Lons-le-Saunier. It stands on a lofty plateau at the west, where the trees in the churchyard may be seen many leagues distant. In early times this was the only church in the district, and when a station was to be held here it was announced to the whole country around by the lighting of a signal-fire on the highest point: a true *Lumen Christi*, proclaiming in a beautiful and significant manner the Advent, the Coming of our Lord in the Eucharistic sacrifice, in the silence and obscurity of the night—night, indeed, when Heaven was united to man, and God to earth, the Mass being generally celebrated before the full coming of day.

Near by are the remains of an old Roman fortification, from which you descend to the church by eight flights of steps.

Here is a magnificent view across dark mountains, valleys of tenderest green, dimpling lakes, and villages of romantic aspect which give a human interest to the scene. The church of Coldres itself, though important enough to be mentioned by Frederick Barbarossa in a charter drawn up at Arbois in 1157, is a very unpretending edifice, paved with flag-stones like the houses of the mountaineers, with a simple altar turned duly to the east. Its chief pride is the flamboyant window of the chancel and an ancient statue of St. Stephen, who is held in special veneration all through this region. Here died St. Désiré, Bishop of Besançon, in one of his apostolic rounds, but his remains were taken to his native place of Lons-le-Saunier. There they were reverently preserved for twelve hundred years in the crypt of the church which now bears his name, but were for the most part sacrilegiously burned by the revolutionists of 1793. His tomb, however, is still venerated, and his festival annually celebrated with great joy and devotion.

At Chevreaux, in the canton of St. Amour, is another ancient church on the top of a high mountain, once the centre of a vast parish where the offices of the church were likewise announced by signal-fires that cast their blaze afar.

St. Amour itself is a place of some religious interest, but is chiefly known for giving its name to Guillaume de St. Amour, one of the great schoolmen of the thirteenth century, and the friend of St. Louis' chaplain, Richard de Sorbon, with whom he was associated in founding the college of the Sorbonne at Paris. He returned to the Jura, however, and died at St. Amour in 1272. The town is beautifully situated at the foot of a mountain range, in the midst of luxuriant vineyards, and might well charm the eye of the most solemn old schoolman. It was named for a martyr of the famous Theban legion, whose body, with that of St. Viatre, or Viateur, was brought here in 585 by Gontran, King of Burgundy, and placed in a votive church he erected to receive these sacred relics. He was on his way home from a pilgrimage to St. Maurice of Agaune, and, his life being endangered by a storm in crossing Lake Lemman, he made a vow, should he escape, to erect a church and monastery in the first town he should arrive at in his own dominions, and there deposit the remains of the two martyrs. He finally came to land, and the road he took in coming from Geneva may still be traced—an old Roman road which is sometimes called the *Chemin de César*. The first town he arrived at was Vincia, and he immediately proceeded to fulfil

his vow by building a church out of an old temple of Mercury, which became so famous for its shrine that the town gradually took the name of St. Amour, and the lord-suzerain himself at a later day assumed it with pride.

The old Roman roads through the Jura, as well as the principal water-courses, were always defended by military posts in ancient times, established here and there on adjacent heights. One of the strongest of these fortresses was at the southern extremity of the Jura, on the lofty peak of Olierne, or Holierne, that stands like a gigantic sentinel overlooking the four valleys of the Ain, the Bienne, the Valouse, and the Ancheronne, and commands an extensive view of the hills of Bugey, the broad plains of Bresse and Burgundy, and the mountains of Switzerland and Savoy. Mt. Olierne is noted for its poetic legends and folk-lore of all kinds. In Celtic times it was almost divinized by popular superstition, and in all ages its woods and dells have been peopled with fairies and sprites and hobgoblins, who seem to have taken kindly to Christianity and kept their footing in the land, unlike their race in England, where, some pretend, the "Reformation" put an end to their rings and roundelays, as Bishop Corbet pleasantly laments :

"The fairies
Were of the old profession ;
Their songs were *Ave Martes* ;
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas ! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease."

Chaucer gives another reason for their disappearance, however. He says, with a tinge of spite, that the charity and piety of the holy friars, going about everywhere by land and stream, blessing the halls, chambers, kitchens, bowers, cities, boroughs, towers, castles, villages, barns, dairies, and sheepfolds, have caused the fairies to vanish :

"This maketh that ther ben no Faëries."

All Celtic nations have a lingering belief in fairy-land—the Scotch, the Irish, and many races on the Continent. It must be confessed, however, that the good *curés* of the Jura take a more severe view of such a belief than the poet, and zealously labor to suppress it in their parishes.

Strange, mysterious animals, too, haunt these mountains, such as the Vouivre, a winged immortal serpent, on whose forehead glows a carbuncle of extraordinary size and brilliancy, only to be found in the heads of these serpents or the dragon—a carbuncle of magic virtues that shines in utter darkness and gleams like a shooting star when the winged Vouivre flies swiftly down from the high watch-tower of Mt. Oflerne by moonlight to quench its thirst at the cool spring of Lanthenne. This serpent is to be heard of all through the Jura. One of the most noted lived for a long time in a grotto at the entrance of the romantic valley of Mouthiers, whence it came forth in warm summer evenings amid the curling vapors to bathe in the green waters of the Loue.

Moralists will have it that the Vouivre is merely the emblem of fickle Fortune, with wings

“To show her gifts come swift and suddenly.”

The jewel in its head, beautiful as

“The pearl which crested Fortune wears,”

denotes the brilliancy of her favors. Its serpent-like form and winding, uncertain course are indicative of the illusory nature of her gifts,

“Which if her favorite be not swift to take,
He loses them for ever.”

There are several more of these fabulous animals in this region, such as the *lièvre du vieux servant*, which the herdsmen often see moving slowly along before them, but are never, never able to overtake; and the *cheval gawain*, something akin to the Irish spirit-horse or Phooka—or “Pouke,” as the poet Spenser calls it—said to course along the banks of the Verne at the hour of twilight, but whose principal mission in these days seems to be, like that of the *loup-garou*, to terrify refractory children with.

The Roman defences on Mt. Oflerne, originally built to protect navigation on the Ain and the Bienne, were at a later day so enlarged and strengthened as to become an impregnable fortress, which, in the middle ages, was one of the four castles that defended the old monastic lands of St. Claude. Its most imposing feature is the formidable donjon, bristling with battlements, with walls two yards or more in thickness, which stands on the

sharpest peak, admitting approach only at one point, which could be cut off at pleasure by means of a broad, deep moat excavated in the live rock. Many strange tales are related of this stronghold. At one time it was held by a fierce old border knight, who levied blackmail on his neighbors after the bold manner of the Highland caterans, and made himself the terror of all the country around. The neighboring barons combined their forces to take him and his castle; but all known arts of war, and even of necromancy, then in vogue, were brought to bear without the slightest avail. The lord of Oliferne continued his forays through the mountains, and so skilfully eluded his enemies that he was believed to be in league with the very powers of darkness. His castle, too, defied every assault, and was only taken at last by bribing the warder of the draw-bridge. The baron, with his usual good-luck, made his escape with a part of his band, but his three daughters, left to their fate, were captured and most inhumanly thrust into a huge tun, garnished interiorly with sharp iron spikes, which was closed up and precipitated into the awful gulf below. In this horrid prison, pierced and rent at every turn, these innocent victims dashed from one ridge to another till they were finally buried in the rushing torrent. Their memory has been perpetuated by giving three sister peaks of unequal height on the other side of the Ain the name of Les Trois Damettes. But the old baron, if we are to believe the peasants, still scours the neighboring mountains, and may frequently be heard with peal of horn and cry of hound, and even seen, on certain nights of the year, coursing through the forests after the fashion of the Black Hunter of English legend, whose "dread voyce" may often be heard calling his hounds on stormy nights along the wild moors of Cornwall.

" And when his hound and horn and horse
The night-belated peasant hears,
Appalled he signs the frequent cross
As the wild din invades his ears."

Others assert that this *Chasseur Nocturne* is not the lord of Oliferne, but in reality King Herod, of awful memory, doomed to roam these dark mountains, where he may be seen the night before certain festivals, particularly that of the Epiphany.

Other lords of Oliferne, skilled in all chivalric exercises of the olden time, have left pleasanter memories behind, as victorious knights of the tourney, sportsmen in the greenwood, and gallant

woosers of gentle dames, which perhaps inspired the old romance of the fourteenth century entitled the *Courberan d'Oliferne*.

Sir John Froissart gives an interesting account of a knight named Agadinquor d'Oliferne, which sounds like a chapter from *Huon de Bordeaux*. This knight figured among the Saracen warriors at Tunis, clad in black armor, with a silvery scarf streaming from his helmet, and mounted on a fiery courser of great beauty that seemed to fly with him across the downs of the sea-shore. He always bore three javelins, well pointed and feathered, which he dexterously discharged at any opponent, and displayed such unusual skill and address in various other feats of arms, all for love of the daughter of the King of Tunis, that the French knights who served under the Duke of Bourbon's fair white banner of Our Lady regarded him with admiration and envy, and tried, but in vain, to take him captive. We are not told how this accomplished but renegade knight sped in his wooing, but it is very evident that he was a genuine offshoot of the race of the Black Huntsman of the Jura.

Beyond Mt. Oliferne are two rugged mountains, and between them is the old town of Arinthod, on the banks of the Valouse. All the characteristic features of the Jura are to be found here—the narrow valley shut in by precipitous mountains, the dark pines on the upper slopes, the bare, gray ridges, the rills and cascades of purest water, the tender green of the meadows, the chapel rich with sacred memories, and, towering above all, the majestic ruins of an ancient fortalice that once protected the valley. Here we enter the basin of Vogna, one of the most beautiful *combes* of the Jura, deeply sunk among the mountains, but radiant with sunlight and wonderfully green, where the cool sound of falling water pleasantly greets the ear, and the overhanging wood tempers the heat, dark against the sapphire sky. In Celtic times this valley was one of the sacred places of the Druids, and several of their monuments still remain, such as the Pierre Enon, a noted dolmen, around which the pale, shadowy form of the *Dame Blanche* may be seen gliding gently along at the witching hour of night,

“Between the night and day,
When the fairy-king has power.”

This fair apparition may frequently be met in these mountain valleys, reminding one of Scott's White Lady of Avenel. The latter, however, made her appearance at high noon, whereas the

Dames Blanches of this region, though similarly gifted, come only at twilight as if evoked from the silvery stream, and disappear as if by enchantment among the floating mists, which, as Mr. Ruskin says, are "changing their shapes for ever among the changeless pines that fringe the crests of the Jura."

A still more mysterious being is the *Dame Verte*, who haunts some of these fairy glens, and is perhaps more in harmony with their delicious verdure and the green waters of the mountain streams. She often appears by night, offering to guide the lost wayfarer through the intricate mountain-paths, and wonderful stories are related of her subterranean palace, with galleries and endless windings, where live fabulous animals with magic powers. But woe to the traveller who allows himself to be beguiled therein! This fairy tale reminds one of the *Fée aux Cheveux verts* in the Provençal ballad, who entices a fisherman to her crystal palace beneath the green sea with such fatal consequences.

At one end of the valley of Vogna is the steep cliff of Buans, at the foot of which is a remarkable rock, slender at the base, but swelling out above like a wine-glass, and so high as only to be ascended by means of a ladder. A seat has been hollowed out at the top, giving it the appearance of a pulpit. The peasants call it the *selle* or *chaise d Dieu*, and it is said to have been used by the early Christian missionaries when preaching in the open air. It was doubtless used before them by the Druids, who had a sacred wood near by, a remnant of which, called the forest of Chastain, surrounds the ruined tower of St. Colombe, a lofty sentinel that, on the top of an isolated peak, is still keeping guard over the narrow defile between Arinthod and Cernon.

There are several rude oratories in this neighborhood, held in great veneration, like that of St. Barbe—a mere cleft in the rock, where a statue of the saint has been set up. St. Barbara is invoked against thunder and lightning, so fearful and destructive in the Jura, and she seems, with uplifted tower, to be staying the power of the tempest. No mountaineer passes by without pausing devoutly to beg her protection for man and beast and the frugal harvests of these mountain-valleys.

South of Arinthod is the chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Rencontre, a small edifice of the twelfth century. It stands on the top of a cliff, and you ascend to it by winding steps cut in the rock. This is the great landmark of the district—the *milliareum aureum*, as it were—every part of the valley being spoken of with reference to its distance from the chapel. Nearness constitutes the

great mark of distinction; and the "Faubourg St. Germain," so to speak, is directly around the base of the cliff. The more remote inhabitants, however, have the advantage of a better view of the sanctuary. The parish church is on another height, with equally picturesque effect, and is quaintly spoken of as "going backwards," because its altar is at the western end.

Following the delightful road from Arinthod to Thoirette, you come to a pretty valley that opens to give passage to the Balme. One side of this valley is bounded by a steep mountain, on the summit of which rise the battlemented towers of Vallesin with true baronial pride. Here you come once more into the realm of fairy-land, if indeed you are ever out of it in the Jura, a land which no cold and doubting reasoner should attempt to enter. At one extremity are two gigantic menhirs, called "the Stone Man and Woman of Soussonne," which look like queer Egyptian statues; and not far off is the source of the Balme, a sacred spring in Celtic times, where the people went to purify themselves before ascending the height of Pyramont, on which stood the ancient temple of Fire, sacred to Bel, or Belinus, the great divinity of the Druids. Here, also, are traces of the old Romans, in the *Vie Armée*, or *Via Armata*—the path of Venus, which led up to her embowered altar. And crossing to the other side of Vallesin you come to Montgifond, where springs a plentiful fountain, once sacred to Cybele, mother of the gods, the waters of which were, no doubt, used in purifying her altar after the annual custom of the Romans.

Returning to the Valouse, on its banks is the village of St. Hymetière, which grew up around the cell of a hermit of that name who withdrew from the world early in the sixth century. In the course of time the oratory in which he was buried expanded into a large church, and his cell into a priory. The latter was destroyed by the Calvinists of the sixteenth century, but the church, one of the most ancient in Franche-Comté, is still in good preservation and greatly frequented on account of the body of St. Hymetière, which is kept in a beautiful shrine of carved oak, executed by the mountaineers themselves, who excel in such work. This shrine is annually opened for several days at Whitsuntide, drawing an immense crowd to venerate the sacred relics, and on Whitmonday is borne in solemn procession throughout the valley, affording an admirable spectacle of Catholic devotion. This saint is in great repute, not only in the Jura, but as far off as Mâcon, where he is honored under the name of St. Ythaire.

Like St. Barbara, he is the patron of forges, and is invoked against thunder and lightning. Near the church is the spring where the holy anchorite used to quench his thirst, gushing out of a rock on which may still be seen the impress of his hand—symbol of his zeal in uprooting the superstitions of the Druids, in the very centre of whose operations he had the courage to establish himself. Many other hermits of early times have left marks of their influence as deeply graven in the Jura, such as St. Pontius, who, with equal boldness, erected a cell in the Valon des Creux, hitherto occupied by the Druids.

There have always been more or less hermits in these mountains, and some of their cells are still inhabited, like the hermitage of St. Sorlin, on the south side of a height of the same name—a corruption of St. Saturnin. Over the entrance hangs a bell in its gable, inscribed *Cloche de pénitence*; and beneath, by way of admonition, is the scroll, *Ici on ne parle qu'à Dieu*. Everything here is steeped in the profound peace of religious solitude, that is only broken by the ringing of the bell, the songs of the birds in their leafy cells, and the tremulous bleating of the flocks on the green hillsides. On the top of Mount St. Sorlin is an ancient castle ruined by the army of Louis XI., with an isolated tower on the most precipitous side, only entered by a staircase wrought in the thick stone walls. This tower is abandoned to the Vouivre, which loves such old ruins in high places, and we lingered till the evening mists began to rise, hoping it would come forth at its favorite hour. But Fortune held us, as ever, in too much despite to afford us a glimpse of such good omen. We were amply compensated for the ascent, however, by the magnificent view up the broad valley of the Ain, which pours tumultuously along its rocky bed, passing village after village; now rapidly shrouded by the gathering mists, the everlasting mountains standing around in silent majesty, their outlines softening every moment in the waning light, and, bending over all, the purple heavens where blazed one solitary star,

“Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite.”

MARY STUART.

INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE CHARGES AGAINST HER MORAL CHARACTER.

II.

FROUDE attempts to establish the fact that there was between Mary and Bothwell a preconcerted collusion when the latter carried her away, apparently by violence, and married her. But there was no conceivable reason for a collusive abduction to be arranged between them, if she was so madly in love with him as her enemies represent. No one regretted Darnley, and there was no obstacle whatever to the gratification of what is described as her "burning, uncontrollable desire" to marry Bothwell. Mr. Froude asserts that a sense of shame prevented her. Shame? He forgets that he has throughout represented her as completely dead to that feeling, as "a woman duped by her own passions, which had dragged her down to the level of a brute." Where, then, was the obstacle? Bothwell was legally, if not justly, acquitted. Besides, he had the support of men of the highest station and greatest influence, and was publicly, officially, solemnly recommended by the chief nobility of the realm as the fittest person to marry the widowed queen, and they had, under their own signature, pledged themselves to aid him in accomplishing that end "for the good and welfare of the public interest." The queen, if she loved Bothwell, had nothing to do but to accept the advice and earnest counsel of the bishops, earls, and lords so opportunely tendered to her. Did they advise one whom they believed to be an adulteress and a murderess to marry her partner in guilt as a measure of national importance for a continuance of the long line of Scottish kings? What sense of shame could have prevented this woman, alleged to be utterly shameless, from marrying Bothwell under such favorable circumstances, and without incurring any reproach from her subjects and the rest of the world? Would not this open marriage, publicly and officially desired by so many magnates of the land, have been a better shield against even suspicion itself than going through the flimsy and thin farce of being waylaid and of forcible abduction? A distinguished Scotch writer, Aytoun, has

justly said: "It was a matter of surprise that a story so palpably absurd should ever have received credence."

Therefore Mr. Froude's version of the collusive abduction might be dismissed with slight comment. He tells us that the queen was moving at the time with a guard of three hundred men. The truth is, she had but an escort of twelve persons, among whom were the Earl of Huntly, Maitland, and Melville. On the other hand, he represents Bothwell as being only at the head of twelve men, thus exactly reversing the respective forces of the two parties, because it is established beyond dispute that Bothwell came with an attendance, not of twelve, but of a thousand men in full armor. Such mendacious assertions are overwhelming. He further represents Mary as saying, with singular composure, "she would have no bloodshed; her people were outnumbered, and, rather than any of them should lose their lives, she would go where the Earl Bothwell wished." Very humane indeed! But it is another stupendous fiction. Besides, it is a contradiction. How could "her people be outnumbered, if Bothwell had only twelve men and she an escort of three hundred?"

Hosack, commenting upon this passage, remarks: "This is the speech, not of the Queen of Scots, but of Mr. Froude, who has put it into her mouth for the obvious purpose of leading his readers to conclude that she was an accomplice in the designs of Bothwell."

Sir James Melville's account is: "The Earl of Bothwell encountered her with a great company and took her horse by the bridle. His men took the Earl of Huntly, Secretary Maitland, and me, and carried us captives to Dunbar. There the Earl of Bothwell boasted that he would marry the queen, *who would or would not—yea, whether she would herself or not.*"

Mary herself, after giving her own simple and modest narrative of the abominable outrage, concludes in these words: "Finally, finding us a helpless captive, he assumed a bolder tone. So ceased he never till, by persuasion and importunate suit, *accompanied not the less by force*, he has finally driven us to the end the work begun."

Melville says: "Then the Queen of Scots could not but marry him, seeing he had ravished her and lain with her against her will."

Morton's proclamation accuses Bothwell of violence to the queen, and finally the whole history of the foul outrage is spread out in a solemn act of the Scotch Parliament—whose members

were Mary's enemies—acting under the direction of the Regent Murray, after she was dethroned and a prisoner in England.

Walter Scott, in his *History of Scotland*, says "that not a spear was lifted, not a sword drawn to save Mary from the power of that atrocious ruffian."

The honest minister Craig, who was forced to proclaim the banns of the marriage after the abduction, records that he did it against his free will, and that he "protested against it as being odious and scandalous."

Mary's bridal robes were of deep black. It is recorded that "she was the most changed woman in the face that her courtiers had ever seen." The queen's attendants told Du Croe, the French ambassador, "that, unless God aided her, they feared she would become desperate"; and Mary herself told the ambassador "that she could not rejoice, nor ever should again. All she desired was death." Sir James Melville relates "that the queen was so disdainfully treated and handled, and with such reproachful language, that Arthur Asken and I, being present, heard her ask a knife to stick herself, or else she would drown herself." And even Maitland, her enemy, told the French ambassador "that from the day after her nuptials she had never ceased from tears and lamentations, and that Bothwell would neither allow her to see anybody nor any one to see her." And this is the woman whom Froude represents as a *sensual and beastly* adulteress and murderess, who had married the man whom she madly doted upon!

To show how profoundly she was attached to Bothwell, Mr. Froude quotes two letters, one of which, he says, was written "just before the marriage." Indeed! How could this be? Not a single day was Bothwell absent from the 24th of April, the day of the abduction, to the 15th of May. How could she during that time have written a love-letter to Bothwell, who was always present—a love-letter, in the condition of mind and body in which she is described to have been by ocular witnesses? Evidently it is a most awkward and preposterous invention.

Now comes the other letter *after* marriage. Again how could such a letter have been written? Robertson, who certainly cannot be accused of too much partiality for the memory of Mary Stuart, says: "If there is any point agreed upon in Mary's history, it is that she remained at Dunbar from the time that Bothwell carried her thither till she returned to Edinburgh with him in May." Under what close *surveillance* she was kept by Bothwell, the rebel lords—his accomplices in the murder of

Darnley, who had assisted him in forcing her to marry him by violence—have taken the pains to tell us in that act of Parliament by which they impeached that brigand, who had become king-consort. Here is their own language: “No nobleman nor other durst resort to her majesty to speak with her, or procure their lawful business without suspicion, but by him, and in his audiences her chamber-doors being continually watched with men of war.” Under such circumstances wherefore the necessity and occasion for writing any letters to the ever-present Bothwell?

But that second letter is on its face one addressed to Darnley, and not to Bothwell. Is it to Bothwell, her jailer, the man who had committed such an outrage on her person, that she could write a letter in which she describes herself as his obedient and lawful wife, and refers to his *absence* and *neglect*? Darnley was always *neglectful*, and frequently *absent*—not Bothwell, who kept her under lock and key, and never was absent an hour! If the letter was written to Bothwell, who could explain how it is that Mary refers to two marriages, the one private, the other public; the first as past, the second to come?—which was actually the fact with Darnley. Was she *twice* married to Bothwell? Well did the historian Robertson remark “that Mary’s adversaries were certainly employed very illy when they produced this” as evidence. We do not hesitate, in our turn, to say that Mr. Froude was certainly employed very illy when he reproduced what he must have known to be a silly and easily-detected falsehood.

Besides, how could any one believe that an adulteress, who had just murdered her husband, could address her paramour and accomplice in that murder in the following language, gratuitously blasphemous: “With as great affection as I pray God, the only supporter of my life, to give you,” etc.? And she subscribes herself as “she who will be for ever unto you an humble and obedient, lawful wife.” This is suppressed by Mr. Froude, and for an evident reason. Such expressions could not have been addressed to Bothwell, as he wants it to be.

When Mary was brought back by Bothwell to Edinburgh it was not to Holyrood, the royal residence, but to the castle, where she was virtually a prisoner. She was not allowed to visit her child at Stirling, and it appears most probable that a dreadful scene, which is known to have terminated in a threat of suicide on her part, was caused by her resistance to Bothwell’s demand for the custody of the prince. Access was not allowed to her except by Bothwell’s permission, and she never appeared

in public but on compulsion and guarded. Her wretchedness was completed by Bothwell's conduct. "He was so beastly and suspicious," says Sir James Melville, "that he suffered her not to pass a single day without causing her to shed abundance of salt tears."

Meanwhile a fresh plot was hatched. This time it was against Bothwell himself, and a new condition of affairs was evolved from it. Of the nine confederated earls at the head of this insurrection, five had signed the bond in which many of the nobility had pledged themselves to bring about Bothwell's marriage with the queen. In those days there were none but plots within plots and counterplots in Scotland, and they exceeded one another in the unblushing effrontery of their character. The chief insurgent leaders on this occasion appeared at the head of a large force, and Bothwell had to oppose them only two thousand men. They met in hostile array at Carberry Hill, some six miles from Edinburgh. To avoid bloodshed a compromise was effected on the basis that Bothwell should be allowed to depart without molestation, which he did, retiring to the Continent, where he subsequently died; and that the queen should come over to the insurgents on their assurance "that they would serve her on their knees as her most humble and obedient subjects and servants." Surely the facility with which she acceded to these terms and parted with Bothwell does not show that she was or had ever been in love with him. Unfortunately she was abominably deceived by the insurgent lords, who pretended to be so loyal to her and only inimical to Bothwell. As soon as she was completely in their hands she was treated as if it was forgotten that she was a human being. She was thrown into the common prison of Edinburgh and confined to a solitary room, without even the attendance of a single female servant. Her conjugal connection with Bothwell had not lasted more than a month when they were thus separated by this revolution.

"Such treatment defies comment," says the *Edinburgh Review*. "More disgraceful conduct does not sully the pages of history. Even if Mary Stuart were in very truth the murderess of Kirk-o'-Field, our sympathies are with her rather than with men who, under no equal temptations, were at once murderers, traitors, liars, and hypocrites."

As soon as they were suffered to do so Mary Seton, Mary Livingston, and three others of the noblest families of Scotland, and all of them Protestants, bravely flew to her side and walked with her when, in a horrible night-procession, she was dragged

in the mud along the streets from her prison to Holyrood amidst the wild hooting, the foul insults, and innumerable outrages of an excited and wild populace. But she had with her, however, the better part of the population, whose indignation was intense; and, as a rescue was imminent, she was hurried off at midnight to Lochleven, a ride of thirty miles, on a miserable horse, and was, says Camden, "put under the custody of the Earl of Murray's mother, who had been the favorite of James V., and by whom she was treated with shameless malice during her many months' retreat in that stronghold."

Mary's imprisonment at Lochleven lasted eleven months. Meanwhile Murray, who had become regent, had made himself extremely obnoxious. He was called tyrant, robber, and threatened with death if he dared to lift a finger against the queen. The French ambassador reported to his government that two-thirds of the people of Scotland were ready to rise against Murray in order to liberate the queen, and charged him and his associates with the murder of Darnley. The details of Mary's escape from Lochleven are familiar to the public. Mr. Froude makes a desperate effort to persuade the reader that the queen's supporters on that occasion were Catholics only. In this he voluntarily propagates an error, as he does in everything else concerning Mary Stuart; for he must have known that the leading nobles who came to her support were Protestants, such as the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, Eglinton, Cassilis, Roches, and Lords Claude Hamilton, Herries, Fleming, and Livingston. Well, a battle was fought, Mary was defeated, and, at the invitation of Elizabeth, sought a refuge in England to meet imprisonment and a scaffold!

During the Scottish queen's long nineteen years' martyrdom every effort was made by Elizabeth to disgrace Mary by proving her guilty of adultery with Bothwell and of the subsequent murder of Darnley, but in vain. The enemies of Mary relied on eight letters alleged to have been written by her and found in a casket belonging to Bothwell, which he had left behind him when he departed in accordance with the Carberry Hill arrangement. But those letters were all *undated, undirected, unsealed, and unsubscribed*. They might as well have been written to anybody else as to Bothwell, and they are almost universally admitted to be forgeries. Mr. Froude, who quotes them, promises to prove their authenticity, but has never yet attempted to redeem his word. The great Dr. Johnson, the mammoth of English literature, wrote: "That the letters were forged is now

made so palpable that perhaps they will never more be cited as testimonies."

Denounced from the beginning as forgeries, these letters are rejected by such writers as Goodal (1754), Gilbert Stuart (*History of Scotland*, 1762), Tytler (1759), and Whitaker (1786). Tytler said: "It is impossible for any sincere inquirer after the truth to receive such evidence." Later Lingard expressed the same opinion. Chalmers proved conclusively, with a mass of newly-discovered testimony, that the accusers of Mary were themselves the murderers of Darnley. Sir James Melville in his memoirs plainly intimates that the casket-letter invention was a disgraceful piece of business, and says "that the crafty Cecil persuaded Murray to accuse the Queen of Scots in order that Elizabeth might have some pretext whereby to make answer to foreign ambassadors."

The distinguished Robert Henry, a Scotch Presbyterian divine, author of a history of Great Britain praised by Hume, Robertson, and Johnson, says: "I have long been convinced that the unfortunate Queen Mary was basely betrayed and cruelly oppressed during her lifetime, and calumniated after her death."

Sir Walter Scott, in his *History of Scotland*, rejects those letters, adding "that the direct evidence produced in support of Mary's alleged guilt was liable to such important objections that it could not now be admitted to convict a felon for the most petty crime."

The editor of Bishop Keith's *Affairs of Church and State in Scotland* says in relation to the evidence brought out against Mary Stuart: "A more outrageous mass of rubbish and falsehood never was printed." Hundreds of scholars, fully the equals of Mr. Froude in ability and acquirements, are thoroughly satisfied of the forgery of those letters.

Mr. Jules Gauthier, a French writer, was a firm believer in Mary's guilt until, on visiting Edinburgh, he was struck with the general expression of the fullest faith in her innocence. This led him to examine the subject, and among other archives those at Simancas, in Spain. His examination extended through six years, and the result is a work published in two volumes—a work of general research and much power, in which Mary's memory is entirely vindicated.

Complicity in the Riccio murder is brought home to Elizabeth and Cecil by the correspondence of that day in the Record Office in London; and in the Darnley murder the same com-

plicity is sufficiently made out, notwithstanding the disappearance of the English agents' reports from Scotland a month *before* and a month *after* the explosion. This important fact has lately been made known by Mr. McNeel Caird in his book entitled *Mary Stuart: Her Guilt or Innocence*.

Elizabeth, when Mary was a prisoner in England, appointed three commissioners to investigate about the crimes attributed to her in Scotland. They were the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, and Sir Ralph Sadler. Norfolk sent to Elizabeth extracts from the alleged "casket letters," and, writes Mr. Froude, "left it to Elizabeth to say whether, if they were genuine—which he and his colleagues believed them to be—there could be any doubt of the guilt of the Queen of Scots." One would hardly believe that these words, "which he and his colleagues believed to be genuine," are not in that letter. It is one of Mr. Froude's numerous inventions. Mr. Froude thus gratuitously slanders also the character of the Duke of Norfolk, who must have been the vilest of mankind if, thinking Mary an adulteress and murderess, he nevertheless attempted to marry her, and in consequence of it lost his head on the scaffold. On the contrary, Norfolk wrote to Elizabeth "that the affair was perplexing and perilous, because the queen, if formally accused, would desire to be present in person to meet her accusers"; and Sussex wrote "that, in his opinion, it would not be attempted to find the queen guilty, because she would deny the letters and present a stronger case against the accusers than they could make against her."

Mary, on her side, had appointed commissioners to meet the English ones and take cognizance of the evidence to be produced against her. Those commissioners were Lesley, Bishop of Ross; Lord Herries (Protestant), Lord Boyd (Protestant), Lord Livingston (Protestant), Gavin Hamilton, the Commendator Kilwinning (Protestant), Sir John Gordon of Lochmoor, and Sir James Cockburn of Skirling. They were instructed to demand that she should be permitted to appear personally in presence of the Queen of England, the whole of her nobility, and all the foreign ambassadors in London, "to answer," she said, "all that may or can be alleged against us by the calumnies of our rebels." She further instructed her commissioners, in case of refusal, to break off the conference. This shows that she was willing to meet Murray, Morton, all the rebel lords, their accusations, and the casket letters in the face of the whole world. Surely this could not be the attitude of a woman not sure of her innocence.

If Elizabeth and her devoted minister Cecil had possessed the slightest faith in the strength of the case against the accused, they would eagerly have closed with her proposal, because only of Mary's free-will could they place her in such a position of publicity; for Elizabeth had no jurisdiction over her. Their *inclination* undoubtedly was to take this opportunity of disgracing for ever the Queen of Scots; their *interest* imperiously demanded it. But they dared not run the risk of a public failure; therefore an evasive answer was given to the queen's commissioners, who, after many delays, returned home without having been shown a particle of the evidence which was said to exist against Mary. The limits of this article do not permit me to review their long and persistent efforts to have access to the evidence which she pledged herself to disprove. Neither she nor her commissioners were permitted to have a glimpse of it.

At last Murray and his associate conspirators were summoned to the royal residence, Hampton Court, and there informed by Cecil that they might return to Scotland, "inasmuch as there had been nothing sufficiently produced nor shown by them against the queen, their sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the queen, her good sister, for anything yet seen." These last words were added by Elizabeth herself. This was clearly abandoning the case for want of proof. Murray, of course, was exceedingly disappointed, but Elizabeth consoled him with a present of five thousand pounds.

A few weeks later a strange event took place. The Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Sussex, who had been the commissioners of Elizabeth to examine into the guilt of Mary; the Earls of Pembroke, Southampton, Derby, Cumberland, Arundel, Westmoreland, and Northumberland; the Marquis of Winchester, the Lords Clinton and Lumley, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and others, became open supporters of the pretended adulteress and murderess. A large majority of them were sound Protestants, and yet devoted their lives to her cause!

Lord and Lady Livingston were both Protestants, and yet they both followed Mary Stuart into exile and shared her misfortunes to the last. It may be remarked here with propriety that numbers of the ladies of the Scotch aristocracy earnestly entreated of Elizabeth permission to wait upon Mary in her prison. Among them were the wife and daughter of the Earl of Athol, Lady Maitland, and the Ladies Mowbray, daughters of the rebel Lord Burnbogle.

Miss Strickland, in her *History of Mary Stuart*, very properly remarks:

"It must be obvious to common sense that, if Mary had been so lost to shame and decency as her libeller Buchanan pretends and the forged letters infer, her service would have been held in disgust by every noble lady, especially by those who were of the reformed faith. Can it be supposed that a man of Lord Livingston's high rank and unsullied honor, a leading member of the Congregation withal, would have ruined his fortune and outraged conscience and propriety by supporting her cause and permitting his beautiful and virtuous wife, the mother of his children, to wait upon her, share her perils and wanderings, and partake her prisons without reward, had there been the slightest ground for the odious accusations with which the traitors who had murdered her husband, given her over as a prey to Bothwell, and usurped her throne, sought to justify their proceedings and cloak their own crimes?"

Mr. Froude describes Mary Stuart, Queen of France, Queen of Scotland, whom no princess of her time excelled in dignity and high-mindedness, as the most shameless of her sex, and as one making a boastful parade of adultery. She is called by him the "murderess of Kirk-o'-Field, a ferocious animal, a snake, a panther, a wildcat, a brute." There is no end to his epithets. And yet there were many suitors for her hand, among whom were the Duke of Anjou, who subsequently became Henry III., King of France; Don Juan of Austria, the heroic paladin and the victor of Lepanto; and Cosmo de' Medici, who, in reply to inquiries which he made about the rumors concerning her, was informed from London "that it was known to all, without the slightest doubt, that she was most innocent and that her accusers were guilty of the deed."

But what is more extraordinary, and almost incredible, is that Elizabeth, Cecil, and all those lords before whom the pretended proofs of Mary Stuart's guilt had been laid proposed that, on certain conditions subscribed by her, she should be acknowledged as the successor of Elizabeth—she, Mary Stuart; she, the adulteress and the murderess!

In the meantime it was even proposed by Elizabeth to Murray, the regent, to replace this same adulteress and murderess on the throne of Scotland. But, of course, this did not suit that traitor and usurper.

The Countess of Lennox, who at first had been deceived into the belief that Mary had assented to the murder of Darnley, her son, knew better before she died. A letter from her to Mary, then in one of Elizabeth's dungeons, written in November, 1575, and intercepted with many others, has been found among Cecil's papers. She says: "I beseech your majesty fear not, but trust

in God that all shall be well. The treachery of your traitors is better known than before," etc.; and she subscribes herself "your majesty's most humble and loving mother and aunt." Here is Mary acquitted by Darnley's mother of all participation in his murder.

Finally, the Earl of Bothwell, on his deathbed in foreign parts, declared solemnly, in the presence of thirteen of the magnates and high officials of the country to which he had fled, that Mary Stuart was innocent of Darnley's death, and that only he himself, his friends, and some of the nobility, whom he named, were the authors of it.

Prince Alexander Labanoff has published seven octavo volumes concerning Mary Stuart. This admirable collection is the result of fourteen years' research among state archives and libraries throughout Europe. It is composed mainly of letters and documents written by Mary Stuart. They number seven hundred and sixty-six, of which more than four hundred were generally unknown before they were published in that work. Out of these four hundred new letters about two hundred, found in the English State Paper Office, were mostly intercepted letters of Mary's, which consequently never reached their destination. In these papers and letters the reader may see Mary Stuart's soul and intellect reflected almost day by day throughout her reign; and no man can read them and not be impressed by the elevation of her mind, the soundness of her judgment, and the purity of her thoughts. Yea, no man can read them and believe that these letters and the pretended casket letters could possibly come from the same source.

On her way to the hall of execution she was met by her faithful servant, Andrew Melville, who threw himself on his knees before her, wringing his hands in uncontrollable agony. "Woe to me," he said, "that it should be my hard lot to carry back such tidings to Scotland!"

"Weep not, Melville, my good and faithful servant," she said. "Thou shouldst rather rejoice to see the end of the long troubles of Mary Stuart. This world is vanity and full of sorrows. I am a Catholic, thou a Protestant; but as there is but one Christ, I charge thee, in his name, to witness that I die firm to my religion, a true Scotchwoman, and true to France"; and after having given him a message for her son, she concluded with these words: "May God forgive them that have thirsted for my blood!"

Mr. Froude says that when the executioner, as usual in the discharge of his duty, raised the head of Mary Stuart to exhibit it to the crowd, "he exposed the withered features of a grizzled,

wrinkled old woman." There is a portrait of Mary Stuart, painted on the next day after the execution and bearing the signature of the artist. This portrait came into the possession of Walter Scott. Hawthorne saw it at Abbotsford, and describes it in this fashion in his English Note-book:

"I am not quite sure that I saw all those pictures in the drawing-room, or some of them in the dining, but the one that struck me most—and very much indeed—was the head of Mary, Queen of Scots: literally the head cut off and lying on a dish. It is said to have been painted by an Italian or French artist two days [one day] after her death. The hair curls or flows all about it; the face is of deathlike hue, but has an expression of quiet after much trouble and pain—very beautiful, very sweet, and very sad; and it affected me strongly with the horror and strangeness of such a head being severed from its body. Methinks I should not like to have it always in the room with me."

For those who are not familiar with English history I will say that Mary Stuart was not executed for the pretended crimes she had perpetrated in Scotland, but for alleged conspiracies attributed to her, whilst incarcerated in England, against the throne and life of Elizabeth.

Whence the unfavorable impressions which have so long prevailed against Mary Stuart? They are all to be traced to the historian Buchanan, who first wrote a history of the reign of Mary Stuart, which history, being a contemporary one, was considered as authentic by subsequent historians, who took it for granted, without the trouble of examining for themselves, that Buchanan's statements were correct. Hence they blindly followed in his footsteps and accepted his dicta as articles of faith. The false conceptions with which the public mind is impregnated on that subject are due also to the novels and dramas that have been written on Mary Stuart. The authors of such works are generally in search of the sensational, and prefer for the subjects of their compositions the turbulence of crime and vice rather than the placidity of virtue. The sober and cold realities to which historians are restricted are not so acceptable to poets and dramatists as the wild imaginings which they consider a legitimate growth in the boundless fields of fiction.

But who is Buchanan, and what is his authority worth? He was an apostate monk who gradually evolved into an atheist. He was saved from the gallows by Mary and loaded with her favors. An eye-witness of her dignity, her prudence, and her purity, which he eloquently extolled at one time, he afterwards denounced her as the vilest of women. He sold his pen to her enemies, and has been properly described as "unrivalled in base-

ness, peerless in falsehood, supreme in ingratitude." His work against Mary, entitled *Detection*, was published in 1570 in Latin, and copies were immediately sent by Cecil to Elizabeth's ambassador in Paris, with instructions to circulate them; "for," said Cecil, "they will come to good effect to disgrace her, which must be done before other purposes can be obtained." This shameful book has been the inspiration of most of the portraits drawn of Mary Stuart.

Buchanan was one of the first Latin scholars of the age. He had accompanied Mary to Scotland, and a letter of Randolph, Elizabeth's agent in Scotland, speaks of him as reading Livy every day in Edinburgh with the queen. In 1564 Mary presented Buchanan with a pension of five hundred pounds Scots, and made him lay abbot of Crossraguel Abbey—an appointment which gave him independence. In 1565–67 he dedicated his admirable paraphrase of the Psalms to Mary, although, having been so near her person, he must have known her to be the basest and lowest of women—an adulteress and a murderess, according to his own account, endorsed by the congenial Froude after a lapse of almost four centuries. To that "Dedication" he had added an epigraph in Latin worthy of Virgil as to style, which perhaps excels any literary compliment paid to any European sovereign. "Her merit," he said, "surpassed her good-fortune; her virtue her years; her courage her sex; the nobleness of her qualities her nobility of race."

The most assiduous of Mary's flatterers when she was in power, he pursued her in adversity with a malice little short of the diabolical. In Murray's pay and attendance as a hireling, he was most zealous in producing the forged silver-casket letters before Elizabeth's commissioners at York and Westminster.

The Episcopal Bishop Keith denounces Buchanan as a "vile and shameless traducer," and says: "His *Detection* sufficiently detects itself to be a continued piece of satirical romance." The same distinguished Protestant clergyman says, further, "that in general, by the corrections he has made from original records of almost all the facts touched by Buchanan in relation to the queen, he [Bishop Keith] is satisfied that he [Buchanan] has grossly, if not maliciously, departed from the truth."

The historian Burton cannot conceal the fact that he considers Buchanan "an unmitigated liar." He further says: "Everything with him is utterly and palpably vile and degrading, without any redeeming or mitigating elements."

It is but too true that Buchanan's libel—for no other name can be given to it—is so filthy that no man with any decent

feelings could read it through without disgust, and that its most serious charges are totally unsupported by a tittle of contemporary testimony. The venerable Protestant Camden relates that Buchanan in his last illness expressed the wish "that he might live so long till, by recalling the truth, he might even with his blood wipe away those aspersions which he had, by his bad pen, unjustly cast upon Mary."

If the limits of this article permitted it we could accumulate evidence on evidence to demonstrate that the unfortunate Mary Stuart was the most slandered woman whose memory lives in history; but we believe that we have said enough to convince the reader of the truth of Walter Scott's assertion in his *History of Scotland*, which we have already quoted, and which we repeat as a proper conclusion—"that the direct evidence produced in support of Mary's alleged guilt was liable to such important objections that it could not now be admitted to convict a felon of the most petty crime."

OZANAM'S DANTE.

"WHATEVER greatness the nineteenth century may claim will appear, on closely considering the state of the case, to arise from this, that it is a new beginning of the ages of faith. A thing most strange, yet undeniable!" So says a hopeful writer of the present day.

Philosophy tells us that "the soul of man was made for truth"—let us add, not only to seek, but to find and rejoice in it. It was Pilate, the unjust judge, prepared to condemn the innocent in spite of the lights accorded to him from within and without, who, despairing of verity, asked our Lord, "What is truth?" and then waited for no answer. Let us hope that Pilate may not be the figure of our questioning age, that it may not finally merit the woe menacing "isolated generations which, not having received the heritage of instruction, or having repudiated it, are obliged, frail and mortal as they are, to begin afresh the work of the ages."

Encouraging signs of the times are certainly found in the facts that St. Thomas has been officially reinstated in his due place in philosophical studies, and that during the past fifty years the students of Dante have been steadily on the increase. The Angelic Doctor is being placed within reach of English-speaking people who find him difficult of access in the original Latin, but we are still awaiting a thorough English commentary on the

labors of the great Florentine. Italians, no doubt, have volumes supplying their needs. Dr. Hettinger's recent work on the *Göttliche Komödie* (not to mention others) will be welcome to the readers of German, and Frédéric Ozanam's *Dante, et la Philosophie Catholique au XIIIe Siècle* must already have enlightened the understandings of many who naturally turn to French sources for able criticism and clear presentation of ideas.

In English Cary and Longfellow have given us excellent, although not entirely faultless, translations of the *Divine Comedy*. Of T. W. Parsons' fine version only a few cantos of the *Purgatorio* have been seen by the present writer. There are commentators, such as Foscolo and Gabriel Rossetti, who, however learned and eloquent they may be, dishonor the poet by the fantastic and apocryphal interpretations they offer as his meaning. There are others, as Carlyle, Lyell, Ruskin, Butler, Dean Church, Canon Farrar, Maria Rossetti, Lowell, Norton, Harris, Miss Blow, who (so far as their works are known to the writer) have written reverently and appreciatively of Dante, but in a limited fashion, and naturally from points of view which fail to command the entire horizon swept by the poet-philosopher. No one who could really place himself at the central point held by the Florentine has yet attempted the task of aiding the English-speaking people to comprehend the great Catholic poet. And no other could provide English readers of Dante with the knowledge necessary to the comprehension of the inner as well as the outer meaning of the poem, giving them not merely *a* meaning, but *the* meaning intended by the poet. Many gifts would be needed to do the work properly, two rare ones in especial—abundance of leisure and a receptive faculty akin to the creative genius of the original author.

It was this same nobly imaginative, receptive faculty, with wide learning, orthodox Catholicity, a pure and devout Christian life, and a wonderfully attractive style, which so eminently fitted Frédéric Ozanam to be the interpreter of the great poet to young France. A brilliant genius willing to set aside his own creative gifts, and in all humility to devote himself to a sympathetic comprehension and exposition of the gifts and the work of another man, is a phenomenon too seldom encountered not to have left behind it results worthy of the serious consideration of thinkers of whatever nationality.

Miss O'Meara's charming biography will doubtless have rendered the name and life-work of the young professor of the Sorbonne familiar to most of our readers. A short analysis of the

Dante, and Catholic Philosophy in the Thirteenth Century, will show the ground occupied and the method employed by the commentator.* The Preliminary Discourse treats of "The Tradition of Letters in Italy, from the Latin Decadence to Dante."

The author shows that the tradition of letters was handed down from Oriental, Egyptian, and Greek sources to Rome. He says:

"The Renaissance, for a long time placed at the period of the taking of Constantinople, has by some been thrown back to the date of the Crusades, and by others to the reign of Charlemagne. Even before Charlemagne we find the Roman Muses sheltered in Irish and Anglo-Saxon monasteries. But we must come to closer quarters with these researches. They should be pursued on their proper ground, in Italy, the last refuge of antiquity and the starting-point of the middle ages. It is there that we may obtain a view of the most memorable transition which has ever taken place. Through what phases did letters pass during eleven hundred years, from the Latin decadence to the first writings in the vulgar tongue? How did the human mind lay aside its pagan habits to take on a new character? This is the revolution which we shall endeavor to follow, seeking in its long course to discover, if we can, the unity of the tradition of letters. First we shall consider that tradition as existing among the Romans, such as antiquity had made it in the age of Augustus; then we shall watch it as regenerated by Christianity: we shall examine whether it traversed the period of barbarism, and how it was reproduced in the works of Italian genius, whence in turn it went forth to reign over every literature in Europe."

As we read the eloquent and convincing pages that follow we see that the *Divine Comedy* was by no means what it has been called, *the voice of ten silent centuries*, but that each one of those ten centuries had a voice of its own. Illustrious men and illustrious institutions "held, as it were, hands together down the ages."

The Preliminary Discourse is concluded as follows:

"While inspiration never descended upon more eloquent lips, never did tradition find a more faithful heir. Dante, great as he was for having dared so much, was perhaps still greater by reason of having known so much. During six hundred years commentators have not ceased to study the *Divine Comedy*, and consequently to learn from its pages. It has been treated as we treat the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*; and I wonder neither at the admiration nor at the persevering labor bestowed upon it. There is, in fact, an inexhaustible subject of study in the great epics of Homer, of Virgil, and of Dante, for the reason that they represent three momentous eras in the history of the world: Greek antiquity in its budding, the destiny of Rome binding the old times with the new, and the middle age which touches upon our own day. This it is that makes at the present moment

* A translation into English of the above-mentioned work is now nearly ready for publication. Ozanam also translated the *Purgatorio* into French prose, accompanied by valuable notes. His early death prevented the careful completion of this part of his work, which is, however, valuable and suggestive.

the popularity of the *Divine Comedy*, and assures to it, not a passing favor, not a triumph of reaction, as some say, but a serious attraction, a permanent authority. What we look for in it is history—the genius of the thirteenth century, the genius of the troubadours, of the Italian republics, of the theological school, of St. Thomas Aquinas. This it is that holds an innumerable auditory at the feet of the old poet. When I behold this multitude of readers, interpreters, and imitators, Dante seems to me well avenged. To the exile who had not where to lay his head, who experienced how bitter is the bread of the stranger and how hard it is to ascend and descend the stairways of other men, flock a crowd of the obscure or the illustrious asking the bread of the word; and, in his turn, he will make all generations of men of letters ascend and descend by his stairways, by the steps of his *Inferno*, his *Purgatorio*, his *Paradiso*. And we—we also are his people; hence we shall not consider wasted the time we may devote to the doing of something in his service, and consequently in the furtherance of the great cause which he served—religion, liberty, and letters.”

No apology is needed for so long an extract; indeed, the only apology seemingly required is for venturing to use any form of words on this subject other than that proffered by so eloquent an advocate.

In the Introduction the question of the respect paid to Dante in Italy is treated of, and also the fact that, while he is generally lauded throughout the civilized world, his work is, if studied at all, only superficially appreciated, and without due consideration of that part of it which its author esteemed the most highly—namely, its philosophic purpose. That purpose underlies the beautiful form. Dante sets forth the dominant philosophy of the middle ages in a melodious and

“Popular idiom, comprehended by women and children. Its lessons are canticles, recited to princes to charm their leisure hours, and repeated by artisans to refresh their souls after labor. . . . If we try to follow the course of its explorations we find it setting out from a profound study of human nature, constantly advancing, extending its guesses over the entire creation, and in the end, but only in the end, losing itself in the contemplation of the Divinity. . . . If we inquire into the origin of this philosophy we learn that it was born in the shadow of the chair of scholastic doctrines, that it announces itself as their interpreter, that it proves its mission and glories in it. . . . The union of two things so rare—a poetic and popular philosophy and a philosophic and really *social* poetry—constitutes a memorable event, indicating one of the highest degrees of power to which the human mind has ever attained. If every power finds its exciting cause in the circumstances surrounding it, the event just indicated must lead us to appreciate the intellectual culture of the age in which it is encountered. . . . We are forced to confess that men already understood the art of thinking and of speaking, even while they still knew how to believe and to pray.”

Then comes a sketch of the general plan of the book, which we abbreviate as follows: Part I. treats of the religious, political,

and intellectual situation of Christendom from the thirteenth to the fourteenth century, with the causes favoring the development of philosophy. The scholastic philosophy and the especial characteristics of Italian philosophy are considered, as are also the life, studies, and genius of Dante, the general design of the *Divine Comedy*, and the place occupied in it by the philosophical element.

Under the last-named head we find two very interesting extracts—one from Dante's dedicatory letter to Can Grande della Scala, and the other from a commentary (still in manuscript when Ozanam wrote) by *Giacopo di Dante*, Dante's son—both explaining the inner meaning intended under the external symbols. *Giacopo di Dante* says:

"The principal design of the author is to show figuratively the three modes of being of the human race. In the first part he considers vice, which he calls Hell, to make us understand that vice is opposed to virtue as to its contrary. . . . The second part has for its subject the transition from vice to virtue, which he names Purgatory, to show the transformation of the soul which is purged of its faults in time, for time is the medium in which every transformation must take place. The third and last part is that wherein he treats of men made perfect, and he calls it Paradise, to express the height of their virtues and the greatness of their felicity—two conditions without which we could not discern the sovereign good."

Part I. thus ends:

"This philosophy will be eclectic in its doctrines, as were all the most illustrious teachings of the time; poetical in its form and ethical in its direction, as was required by the habits of thought of the nationality to which Dante belonged; it will be, like the mind of its author, bold in its flight and encyclopædic in the extent embraced by it. For a philosophical system may be compared to a placid spring of living water: the genius of him who professes it is like to the basin containing it and giving to it its configuration, while the circumstances of time and place resemble the atmosphere which environs it, influencing its temperature and supplying the currents of air by which its surface is ruffled."

Part II. is devoted to the special exposition of Dante's philosophical doctrines. He considers Evil, as existing in the individual, in society, and in intelligences outside the limits of earthly life; Good and Evil, in conjunction and in conflict, whether in this world or in the next; and Good, in man, in society, on earth, in heaven, in angelic natures, and finally in the contemplation of the Divinity, a participation in that philosophy which is in God himself, "the infinite love of the infinite wisdom."

Part III. examines into the relations subsisting between Dante's philosophy and that of the Orient, of Plato, of Aristotle, of the scholastics of his own age, and the later notions of modern days.

The important chapter on the orthodoxy of Dante closes Part III. This is a subject demanding skilful treatment by an expert. Too often does its handling call to mind Pope's well-worn line :

"For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

We need scarcely say that Ozanam has treated it admirably. In the consideration of Dante's whole life our author by no means forgets the especial temptations to which men of genius are exposed, nor the wonderful secret by which the sins of all men may receive pardon—namely, repentance.

"In the thirteenth century the art, now so common, of endeavoring to legitimate vice by the advancement of easy-going doctrines was but little known. Men came then, sooner or later, to ask at the hands of religion the expiation and grace of which she is the ever-during dispensatrix."

Part IV. contains a consideration of Dante's political position : "Was he a Guelf or a Ghibelline?" also a chapter—one of the most beautiful in the book—on Beatrice, the influence of women in Christian society and of Catholic symbolism in the arts, and on the places filled in the poem by Santa Lucia and the Blessed Virgin. Dante's earlier philosophical studies, with the curious restoration of Sigier to existence as an historical personage, form the subject of the last chapter in this division.

The appendix contains the bull of Innocent IV. for the re-establishment of philosophical studies, and some most interesting extracts from the writings of St. Bonaventura, St. Thomas Aquinas, Albert the Great, and Roger Bacon.

It has been said that there are certain books which, whether their influence be for good or for evil, leave so permanent an impression on the soul that it cannot, after reading them, be exactly the same as it was before. Dante certainly has produced one such. If we may judge from our own personal experience we should say that Ozanam's commentary falls in this category. We are told that to comprehend Dante he must be translated into the current thought of our own day. No translation can ever equal a great original. Must we not, then, learn the speech of *his* day, and transport ourselves into the wonderful world in which he dwelt, embracing all times, past, present, and to come ; all modes of thought, dogmatic, mystical, imaginative, emotional, practical ; and every grade of being, from the lowest to the highest ? To enter this realm we need a guide. Can we find one more delightful or more competent than the earnest-minded founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—Frédéric Ozanam ?

THE THREE CARDINALS.

"Go, get you manned by Manning, and new-manned
By Newman, and, mayhap, wise-manned to boot
By Wiseman."—Browning, *The Ring and the Book*, book i.

NOT idly were they named—the Hinges three
That roll the gates of England open wide
Thro' which to thirsting souls may sweep the tide
Of Truth and Faith one fatal century
Diverted from its path to the Great Sea:
Since when the dried and stony channel's sands
Are strewn with wrecks of useless, stranded ships;
For living waters many parchèd lips
Are vainly praying; many pleading hands
Reached out for help from the divided lands.

One showed a Man—to strive and not to yield—
A model to a race of meaner men;
And one a Wise Man, to whose keener ken
Wisdom's white light was more and more revealed.
But Strength and Wisdom claimed a wider field:
O clearest eyes that see the Blessèd Light!
O voice that sang the dream of life's last sleep!
O fearless feet that climb the thorny steep!
O hands that help the soldier in the fight!
The New Man in the New Day's dawning bright!

And one name wakes us with a trumpet-call:
"Be brave: be men: and with the sword of faith
Strike from the drunkard's soul the bonds of Death;
And spend your strength to lift up them that fall."
And one: "Be wise: and give all that thou hast
For Wisdom: her I found in humble homes
Unchanged as when she lit the Catacombs—
One Faith to link the present and the past."
And one: "Be ye new-born. Though friends be dear,
And ivied Oxford seen thro' many a tear,
Who loves his life shall lose it, and who loses
Shall keep it: he the better part who chooses—
Come out of her, my people! Have you been
Her sin's partakers? Be ye born again!"

BY THE RILLE AT PONT-AUDEMER.

THERE are certain rivers that compel your notice by their persistent appearance in unexpected places, and the Rille at Pont-Audemer is one of them. There is the Rille proper, as one may say, which has a broad quay on the side next the town, and there are its many narrow branches winding in and out among the houses and crossed by more bridges than one would suppose a town council would enjoy keeping in repair. Whether one goes south towards Mont Gibet, whose steep side rises like a high green wall between Pont-Audemer and the outside world, or northward to Mont Carmel with its still steeper front, there are branches of the Rille to be crossed. If you stop to rest on any of these bridges you will see the water gliding between rows of dark houses, with timbered fronts and gabled ends, which throw the stream in shadow. Along these old house-walls there is a green line which shows the high-water mark. Below this you will see various half-aquatic plants growing from the crevices in the brick foundations, and from the windows above long strings of nasturtiums, moneywort, and other trailing vines are swaying. Here and there you will see a busy washerwoman rinsing her linen in the olive-brown water and beating it with her *carosse*. If the particular stream you are pausing at has not too many angles and turns you may catch glimpses of other bridges up or down its length, their positions emphasized by the line of sunlight which falls across them through the gap in the dark line of houses. If you are *very* practical you may perhaps be inclined to indulge in speculations as to the health of the people who live in such apparently damp quarters; but if you are in any sense alive to effects of light and shade and the picturesque, generally quite other considerations will be aroused. True, there are tanneries at Pont-Audemer, and the Rille is no stranger to the fact; but you are not forced to think of this as you watch the water slide beneath the bridges, nor when you see groups of women on the quay, filling red pitchers and brass jugs from the Rille, to which they descend by short flights of steps in the low wall that borders the quay, need you think of it either. "Running water cleanses itself," say the town-councillors of Pont-Audemer, "and one must not be too particular." And as the town-councillors

are very estimable men, why should one wish to be more critical than they?

It is a busy little town, this Pont-Audemer. One will not see many loiterers there, or, for that matter, in any other Norman town either. There are the many tanneries and cotton-factories, filled with workers; at every convenient place beside the Rille is a washerwoman rinsing her linen in the stream, and there are always red pitchers needing to be filled and always somebody busy filling them. The only idlers at Pont-Audemer are the tourists. And they cannot afford to be very idle, if they want to see all there is to be seen in the thrifty town. It is on a summer evening that Pont-Audemer is gayest. Then one will find the broad quay covered with people—a lively, good-humored throng not above jesting and loud laughter. The steamer from Le Havre is perhaps coming in, and those on deck call to their friends on shore in tones intended to be heard above the noise of the escaping steam. One may hear many very interesting bits of family history shouted out in this manner. Henri is going to marry Susette very soon, and all his friends at Havre think him a foolish fellow; or the grandmother of the dyer on the Rue du Commerce was coming from Le Havre to visit him that very day, but fell down-stairs and will never walk again, it is said. And so the shrill talk goes on as the poplars across the river tremble in the faint red evening light, and the stars come out, and the lamps are lighted along the quay.

We should know some of these good people. That pompous man of fifty who is walking along the quay with his wife and daughter is Hector Desson, a wealthy tanner, of whom they say that his rapid good-fortune has turned his head. He strides along, setting his feet down firmly at every step, and so rapidly that his wife, who is twice as stout as he and a good deal shorter, finds it hard work to keep up with him. But Mlle. Desson, tripping lightly along in an airy way, finds it quite easy. Hector would like very much to have his son Bernard accompany him also on these evening walks, but that young fellow has no intention of ever doing anything of the sort, and has said so more than once. And Hector, though he will never confess it, is a little in awe of this independent young man who calls him father. And Bernard is really a great deal cleverer than his father. That is Bernard Desson coming from the steamboat arm-in-arm with Edouard Bouvier, his friend. Both are extremely well dressed, and in looks there is not much to choose, though perhaps Edouard has a little the advantage in this respect. Behind them is

the brother of Madame Desson, a tall, thin man with green-gray clothes and green-gray eyes. No one in Pont-Audemer has ever seen him in other than green clothes, which hang upon him as if he were a pole. Although the uncle of Bernard, he is not much older than his nephew, who is twenty-five. He has an idea that the two young men have not known of his presence on the boat; but in this he is mistaken, for they saw him cross the steamer's plank at Havre, and are quite well aware that he has been watching them ever since. Jules Barbier, this green-gray uncle of Bernard's, is very fond of watching people. In fact, there is nothing he likes so well, and he has therefore been very congenially employed on this particular day.

"And so thou art determined to marry, my friend," says Edouard to his companion as they are leaving the boat.

Jules catches these words, as Bouvier meant that he should do, and listens intently.

"I am, most certainly," is the answer.

"And when will thy Henriette be ready, thinkest thou?"

But the response to this Jules fails to hear, although he almost leans over the shoulders of the two young men in his eagerness.

But he has heard what he think will interest his brother-in-law, and accordingly he imparts the information just gained to the tanner at the earliest opportunity. He is quite right: Monsieur Desson is *very* much interested.

"The ingrate!" he exclaims. "To think of marrying without consulting me! It is terrible! But I will soon put an end to his fine plans."

Now, Hector would by no means dare to say this to Bernard, but he works himself into a desperate rage in the presence of his brother-in-law, who is thereby much impressed.

"And who is this Henriette?" he demanded at length of Jules, who shrugs his shoulders and turns the palms of his hands outwards, as if to show that the secret is not written there, at any rate.

"But I must know," storms Hector; "and it is thou who must find out this Henriette for me."

Two days later Jules comes up to Monsieur Desson.

"I have to tell thee of Henriette—of several Henriettes," he adds; "but which one Bernard prefers is unknown to me."

"Well?" says Hector savagely.

"First," says the other, tapping his right thumb with his left forefinger and then turning down the thumb, to indicate one

damself already disposed of, "there is Henriette Blanc, who washes in the sheds across the Rille. But she is forty years old, and I do not think it can be she that Bernard is to marry."

"I should say not," says Hector to this. "My Bernard is not an absolute idiot, thou must understand."

"Very true," responds Jules before continuing his enumeration. "Then there is Henriette Noir, who is a waiting-maid at the Lion d'Or. She is sixteen and very pretty." And then Jules turns down his left forefinger.

"I must see this one," is Hector's comment this time.

"Then there is Henriette Sandeau," continues Jules, turning down his left middle finger. "She is seventeen and not very pretty, but her father, the cotton-manufacturer, is very rich, as thou knowest."

"If Henriette Sandeau is the one I am quite satisfied," observes Bernard's father; "but then it is strange that Monsieur Sandeau has not been to me in regard to the matter."

"Next there is Henriette Beaumont, who works in Monsieur Sandeau's cotton-factory," pursues Jules, turning down his left fourth finger and holding it in place with his thumb. "She is thirty and said to be very good."

"Pouf!" ejaculates Desson. "What is her goodness to me?"

"Lastly, there is Henriette Berthier," says Jules, turning down the little finger of his left hand. "Thou hast not forgotten her, surely. She is cousin to Edouard Bouvier, and is twenty years old and one of the prettiest girls in Pont-Audemmer."

"But yes, I know her," Hector makes answer. "But she is poor and will have no *dot*, I am very sure," he continues. "Such a marriage would not do at all for Bernard."

"Thou hast right, my brother; but Bernard, it may be, would not consider that."

"What of it?" blusters Hector. "Am I not his father?" And Jules is silenced, but thinks to himself that his brother-in-law will not find it the easiest thing in the world to turn Bernard from anything the young man has determined upon.

"What wilt thou do now?" he says to Desson after a little time.

"That will be seen later," says the other loftily, the truth really being that the tanner has not the least idea of what he shall do in the matter.

A night's interval, however, affords him time for thought, and the next day he proceeds to carry out a little plan of his own, in the execution of which Henriette Noir, at the Lion d'Or, is ap-

prised that some one would like to see her, and accordingly she presents herself before Monsieur Hector. She is certainly very pretty, as Jules had stated, and Hector is by no means unimpressed by the circumstance. "If this is Bernard's Henriette he certainly has good judgment in faces," thinks the father critically; and then, remembering that this is not all the aspect with which to regard the case, he endeavors to look more dignified than before.

"Hast thou a lover?" he asks, coming to the point with commendable directness.

The unexpected question startles Henriette. What can he mean? Perhaps he means to offer himself as a lover, which she would not like at all.

"But yes, monsieur, I have a lover," she answers.

Now, this is not strictly true, but then there is some one whom she would like as a lover, and from thinking of this person as a lover to actually claiming him as such is a step easily made by her. Perhaps this *is* Bernard's Henriette, thinks Desson in some inward agitation at her reply.

"Is this lover of thine about the middle height, rather good-looking, with black hair and moustache?" asks Hector.

Now, the person she has claimed as a lover does not answer this description at all, but, disregarding this fact, Henriette, rather pleased with the description, answers unhesitatingly:

"Yes, monsieur."

"What is his name?" demands Hector.

But this matter is going quite too far, Henriette thinks, and so she shakes her head and will not answer.

"Well, if his name is Bernard Desson," says Hector incautiously, "he cannot marry thee, I tell thee that," and departs from the Lion d'Or without getting any further satisfaction from its pretty waiting-maid.

But Henriette knows who Bernard Desson is quite well, though she is as far as possible from thinking of him as a lover, and she comprehends now very well who her visitor may be.

"And he would try to frighten me away from his son!" she says indignantly to herself, and then she laughs, and pretty soon the nature of Hector's visit is known all over the Lion d'Or.

Truly, Monsieur Desson, you are making a fine mess of this business. Madame, your wife, could have managed it much better.

Hector next makes his appearance at the factory of Monsieur Sandeau, whom he knows slightly, and with whom he enters into

conversation in the factory office. Monsieur Sandeau is wondering why the tanner has chosen to call this morning, as there seems to be no special drift to his talk for some time, but at last Hector leads the conversation, very adroitly, as he thinks, to the subject of marriage.

"It is a great responsibility, Monsieur Sandeau," he observes, "when one has marriageable children. I often think how happy I shall be when Bernard, my son, marries to suit me."

"Ah!" thinks Sandeau, "he would marry his Bernard to my Henriette. I will soon put that out of his head." And then he says aloud: "Yes, it is a great responsibility, Monsieur Desson, but, luckily for me, it is all settled for my Henriette. She will marry her cousin from Bas de la Roque."

Hector's face lengthens at this announcement.

"That is very fortunate," he says, but does not look as if he thought so, and after a little while he rises to go.

It occurs to him after leaving Monsieur Sandeau that he may as well see what Henriette Beaumont is like, and with this in mind he enters the cotton-factory. He is saved from having to ask for her by hearing some one call her name as he enters, and seeing her pass near him in response to the summons. She appears to be fully thirty and is not bad-looking.

"Hast thou a lover," Hector says to her, without pausing to think in what light she may regard this sudden question.

"I have a husband, monsieur," she says sternly, and Hector retires somewhat crestfallen, but still relieved to think his son's choice has not fallen on Henriette Beaumont.

But others in the factory have heard the question, and there is much laughter in the factory for days over the old man who wanted to make love to Henriette Beaumont. It is quite true that Hector might have much better left this matter to his wife. There is one more Henriette yet to see, the cousin of Edouard Bouvier—for Hector is quite convinced that it is of no use to see Henriette Blanc, the *blanchisseuse* across the Rille—and in mid-afternoon the tanner presents himself at the door of Madame Berthier, the mother of the fifth Henriette. It is a small house where Madame Berthier lives, not far from the church of St. Ouen. Dark, time-stained timbers form the house-front, between which gleam the tiniest of windows. There is a doorway, too, somewhere among the dark timbers, but so small as hardly to be noticed at first. When the door opens at Monsieur Desson's knock he is lost in wonder as to how Madame Berthier ever passes through, for the doorway is very low and madame is

quite tall and wears the tallest of caps. Madame is somewhat old-fashioned and has never discarded her cap, and a most remarkable structure it is. There are few like it in Pont-Audemer now. A stiff cone of white muslin, furnished with what look like short and very stiff wings on each side, and at the top a muslin bow—such a headgear is likely to inspire the beholder with something like awe, especially if, as in Madame Berthier's case, it towers above a rather severe visage. Monsieur Desson, beholding it, feels that it is going to be very difficult to explain to the wearer of such a cap the nature of his errand, and when he is seated in madame's little *salon* he is very decidedly ill at ease. Madame herself, seated opposite, is regarding him with evident disfavor. She knows who her visitor is, though he does not remember ever to have seen her, and she does not like what she knows about him. What his errand can be to-day she cannot imagine; but she will not help him in the least to explain, and waits with folded hands for him to begin.

"You have a daughter, Madame Berthier?" he says at length rather slowly.

The stiff wings of the *bonnet rond* tremble slightly as madame inclines her head in response.

"And marriageable, I hear?" pursues Desson.

"She is twenty this summer," responds the other in a non-committal way.

Hector finds it very difficult to lead up to the question he wishes to ask, and he is forced to come to the point much sooner than he has intended.

"Has she a lover?" he asks this time.

There is a very decided quiver of the wings of the *bonnet rond* as madame replies.

"I do not discuss these matters with strangers," she says severely.

Clearly Monsieur Hector is not making much progress at this interview.

"But I have a reason for asking—a very good reason, I may say," he explains.

"That may very well be," is madame's answer, "but the fact is nothing to me." And by this time there is a heavy frown underneath the *bonnet rond*.

"But I wish to know for the sake of Bernard, my son," says Desson, losing the last atom of prudence in his vexation.

"Has Monsieur Bernard Desson sent his father to inquire for him?" asks Madame Berthier sarcastically. Is is quite plain to

her now that Desson has called to see if her daughter has any attachment for his son, and she determines that he shall go away as unsatisfied as he came. "When Monsieur Bernard Desson will come to me with similar questions he shall be answered," she continues impressively, rising from her chair as she speaks; "but I decline to discuss my daughter with his father."

Clearly there is nothing for Hector but retreat, but he delays a moment.

"Can I see Mademoiselle Henriette?" he asks.

"Mademoiselle is from home to-day," says the other loftily, "but she shall be informed of the honor Monsieur Desson has paid her in asking to see her and inquiring so closely concerning her welfare." And with these words in his ears Hector takes his leave.

Madame Berthier has won an easy victory this time, and she smiles grimly as she watches her adversary crossing the bridge just beyond her house.

The tanner is not at ease respecting this day's work as he thinks it over on his way down the Grand Rue. He is not at all sure that Henriette Noir may not be the one whom Bernard loves, and he has discovered that Henriette Sandeau is not obtainable for his son. Henriette Beaumont has certainly placed him in a very uncomfortable position, while the behavior of Madame Berthier has filled him with the liveliest apprehensions. Perhaps it would have been better if he had waited for his green-gray brother-in-law to ascertain more definitely concerning the Henriettes before he started out himself in quest of information. He is not disposed to listen with much patience when Jules tells him that evening that he has heard of two more Henriettes.

"Henriettes!" exclaims Desson angrily. "What do I care for thy Henriettes?"

Now, this is unkind, when Jules has spent a whole afternoon in ascertaining details concerning these particular Henriettes. It is hard that all this labor should be lost.

"But thou must know that they are young," he ventures.

But Hector has had enough of Henriettes for one day, he is very sure.

"Let them be infants, then: I will have nothing to do with them myself. Find out for thyself whether Bernard knows them, and then come to me."

Hector says this almost savagely, and Jules says no more. He is quite willing, however, to undertake the commission Desson has given him, and the next day finds him engaged in prosecut-

ing it. In the evening he comes to his brother-in-law in high spirits.

"Well," says Hector, when Jules appears, "what hast thou learned?"

"Much," replies the other, rubbing his hands. "In the first place, these two Henriettes are both young."

"So thou saidst last night," growls Hector.

"They are young," repeats Jules, a little disconcerted, "and pretty, and will have good marriage-portions."

"That is worth considering," muses the other, somewhat softened in his manner by this intelligence. "What are their names?"

"Henriette Chrétien and Henriette Simon," continues Jules. "Mademoiselle Chrétien lives with her parents near the church of Saint-Germain."

"I know Chrétien," interposes Hector, "but I did not know of the daughter."

"Henriette Simon is cousin to the daughter of Monsieur Chrétien," goes on Jules, "and lives with her aunt not far from the Chrétiens'. The husband of her aunt was Julien, the dyer, who died some ten years ago. Bernard goes often to the Chrétiens', and has met Mademoiselle Simon there often. But I cannot tell which of the two he prefers."

"It is little matter," says Hector pompously. "Julien left a great deal of money, and Chrétien is very wealthy, and the marriage-portions of their daughters cannot fail to be large."

"Wilt thou visit the Chrétiens and Madame Julien?" inquires Jules.

But Hector has acquired quite enough experience in journeys of this sort.

"I am much too busy," he rejoins. "I will ask Catharine to go and make inquiries." And thus it happens that on the next day Madame Desson makes a formal call upon Madame Julien.

These estimable ladies have never met before, and Madame Julien is a little puzzled to know why Madame Desson should call just at this time. Madame Julien is quite deaf, and her visitor, whose voice is husky at all times, and who is now out of breath with her walk, finds it exceedingly hard to explain the object of her visit. Perhaps on this occasion Monsieur Desson would have succeeded better. At all events, he would have come much sooner to the point. At last, however, without expressly declaring that she has come to find out whether Bernard and Henriette Simon have any particular regard for each other, Madame Desson

manages to ascertain some particulars concerning the niece of Madame Julien. "Young people are a great responsibility," shouts the wife of Hector. "I shall be glad when my son and daughter are safely married."

"But yes, that is true," responds Madame Julien, who has with difficulty caught this sentence. "But my Henriette will marry soon, and I shall miss her sorely."

"And whom is she to marry?" screams the visitor, who has now recovered all the voice she ever possessed.

"His name is Louis Leroy, and he lives at Conteville," is the reply.

The interest of Madame Desson in the welfare of Madame Julien's niece rapidly subsides on the receipt of this information, and she presently takes her departure, leaving good Madame Julien still wondering why she has had the honor of the visit from Madame Desson.

Madame Desson finds her call upon the Chrétien a much less embarrassing affair. She and Madame Chrétien were friends in their girlhood, and have been in the habit of exchanging calls at intervals of a year or two since their respective marriages. It is quite in the natural order of things that she should call upon Madame Chrétien about this time. But of the subject uppermost in her mind the wife of Hector has no chance to speak, for there are other visitors besides herself, and she goes away with her curiosity unsatisfied. On the evening of the same day the Dessons and Jules hold a solemn council to decide what shall be done.

"It is monstrous that Bernard should think of marrying without consulting us," fumes Hector.

"That is very true," says Jules.

"What hast thou to do with it?" exclaims the head of the household, turning savagely upon his brother-in-law, whose only reply is a meek shrug of the shoulders.

"But if Bernard *will* marry," says Madame Desson huskily, "what can we do? He will not listen to us; and then it is no crime to marry."

Clearly Bernard's mother is not formed of such stern stuff as her husband. Under his fierce exterior, however, Monsieur Desson is very sadly perplexed. He is secretly in awe of this fine son of his, and is at the same time anxious to preserve a great show of paternal authority, and it is not altogether easy to maintain this outward show.

"He will give in to Bernard," thinks his wife, as she looks at her husband.

"He will do whatever his son wishes," is the inward comment of Jules.

And Monsieur Desson in his heart is very sure of the same thing. But nevertheless he blusters, and fumes, and declares that if Bernard marries to suit himself instead of his parents he shall never speak to him again. And with the launching of this awful threat the family conclave comes to an end.

What Monsieur Hector has been doing is no secret to Bernard, and, although the young man laughs with his friend Edouard about his father's perplexities, he is not over-pleased at the light in which he is placed by his father's action in this matter.

"It is time to end the anxieties of monsieur my father," he says to Edouard one evening, "or he will be inquiring at every house in Pont-Audemer where there is a marriageable girl if I am going to marry her. He is making me ridiculous."

"Yes, it has gone too far," rejoins Edouard Bouvier. "I knew we could rouse the curiosity of Jules and give him something to think about, but that was all I looked for."

"It is thou who must undeceive my father," says Bernard.

"Quite true," is the reply. "It shall be done this evening."

Hector Desson is smoking in his garden when the young men join him. It is not often that they give him much of their society, and under ordinary circumstances Hector would be quite pleased to have their company there in the quiet garden in the summer twilight; but he is a little ill at ease just now. If Bernard has learned of the inquiries that have been made concerning him it is not easy to foresee just what results will follow. It is this thought that makes him unusually uncomfortable while Bernard and his friend converse with him on indifferent topics. At last Edouard says somewhat abruptly:

"Thou must wish me joy, Monsieur Desson. I am to be married."

"That is good news, truly, and I do wish thee joy," is the response. "But with whom art thou to marry?" adds Hector.

"I am to marry my cousin, Henriette Berthier," is the reply.

Hector Desson gazes bewilderedly from one to the other of the young men.

"What, art *thou* to marry a Henriette also?" he gasps at length.

"Why not? It is a good name. But I do not know of another Henriette who is to be married at present," says Edouard. "Dost thou?" he adds, turning to Bernard, who shakes his head.



Just at this moment Jules comes down the garden-path. Evidently he does not see the young men in the dim light, for he calls out :

"Brother-in-law, I know of another Henriette." Then he sees that Hector is not alone, and stops in confusion.

"I have heard quite enough of thy Henriettes," says the elder Desson coldly, after there has been an awkward pause. "Explain, if thou art able," he continues, "what was thy purpose in telling me my son was to marry a person of that name?"

Jules does not at all relish this examination before the two young men, who have never liked him, as he well knows, but he cannot avoid an answer.

"I repeated only what I heard Bernard and Monsieur Bouvier say themselves," he pleads.

"When was that?" interposes his nephew.

"On the steamer coming from Le Havre," is the response.

"So thou played the spy upon us," says Bouvier contemptuously.

Jules writhes, but makes no reply.

"I said to Bernard," explains Bouvier at this juncture, "something about his determination to marry, for he had long known of my love for my cousin, and had suddenly declared that *he* should marry also. Then I, knowing there was no one woman for whom he cared especially, said in jest: 'And when will *thy* Henriette be ready, my friend?'"

"Then thou art not thinking of marriage with a Henriette?" asks Hector of his son after Edouard has finished.

"By no means, my father. I shall marry some day, 'tis likely, but thou shalt know all about it in due season, and wilt not need to depend upon my uncle there," says Bernard, and then he leaves the garden arm-in-arm with his friend.

Truly, matters have not taken an agreeable turn for Jules. His industry has brought him very little reward.

"Thou wert ever a mischief-maker," scolds Hector when he is alone with Jules, finding it convenient to forget that he has listened to the reports that Jules has brought him: "thou hadst far better attend to matters that concern thee."

And Jules can only shrug his shoulders and be silent beneath the reproof.

Half of Pont-Audemer are present at the wedding of Henriette Berthier and Edouard Bouvier at the church of St. Ouen in the autumn, but Jules Barbier is not one of that gay company.



THE CATHOLIC CHARITIES OF NEW YORK.

II.

THE Catholic charities in the city of New York for the benefit of adults of both sexes, though less numerous than those which formed the subject of a previous article, are, as will be shown, of great importance and productive of great good. The results of their work clearly exemplify how very efficacious are charitable labors avowedly for Christ's sake and having him as their principal object.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul, office 29 Reade Street, incorporated April 10, 1872. This well-known society of laymen, founded originally in Paris, in May, 1833, by Frédéric Ozanam, and of which the Council General is in that city, has spread widely throughout Catholic Europe, the United States, and Canada. Its first particular council in this city was established in the parish of St. Patrick in 1846. Archbishop Hughes gave it his full approval by letter dated August 11, 1848. It has now 47 particular councils in this city.

The objects of the society are, *first*, to sustain its members, by mutual example, in the practice of a Christian life; *secondly*, to visit the poor at their dwellings, to carry them succor in kind, to afford them also religious consolations; . . . *thirdly*, to apply themselves, according to their abilities and the time which they can spare, to the elementary and Christian instruction of poor children, whether free or imprisoned; . . . *fourthly*, to distribute moral and religious books; *fifthly*, to be willing to undertake any other sort of charitable work to which their resources may be adequate, and which will not oppose the chief end of the society, and for which it may demand their co-operation upon the proposition of its directing members. The report of the Superior Council of New York to the Council General in Paris for the year 1885 shows a membership of 1,075; 5,202 families relieved during the year; 19,667 persons in families relieved; 46,483 visits; 698 families on roll December 31, 1885; 164 situations procured; 45 members assisting in Sunday-school, and 10,913 boys attending same.

St. Vincent's Hospital of the City of New York, at Eleventh Street and Seventh Avenue, incorporated in 1870, was founded

by the Sisters of Charity in the year 1849 under the auspices of the late Archbishop Hughes. It was the first charity hospital in this city depending on voluntary contributions, the only two other at that time being New York Hospital and Bellevue. In its small beginnings, extending through seven years, it had to struggle with great and very discouraging difficulties. Its first location was in a three-story brick building situated on East Thirteenth Street, which was rented and fitted up by the joint contributions of the late Very Rev. Wm. Starrs and the mother-house at Mt. St. Vincent, and was opened on the first day of November, 1849, for the reception of patients. The hospital at this time contained thirty beds, all of which being required for patients, the sisters in charge had to endure every possible inconvenience. In May, 1852, an adjoining house of like dimensions was rented and accommodations thereby secured for seventy patients; but, there being neither gas-light, Croton water, closets, nor baths throughout the house, the increased room added still more to the labor and embarrassments of the sisters, and not a little to the discomfort of the patients, and the want of these necessary conveniences was made more sensible during the prevalence of typhus fever in 1852.

In 1856 the building corner of Eleventh Street and Seventh Avenue, then used as a Half-Orphan Asylum, was first rented, and afterward, in 1868, bought, from the managers of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, and made the main building of the present hospital. It required extensive alterations and repairs to adapt it to this new purpose; and to raise the funds required the ladies of the several Catholic churches of New York were appealed to, and gave a grand fair at the Crystal Palace, and through this effort, and a similar one in 1860, the aggregate sum of \$45,000 was realized. This fund enabled the sisters to make the necessary repairs, purchase an adjoining lot, and erect two wings, and have a balance on hand. The hospital, thus enlarged, was capable of accommodating 140 patients, of which those who could afford to pay were charged \$3 weekly; but, the demand for free admission increasing, it soon became evident that the hospital must be hopelessly involved pecuniarily unless some arrangement could be made for patients who were able to pay for their maintenance and treatment. In 1883 a new building was erected on West Twelfth Street, and formally opened on December 9 of that year. It is arranged exclusively for the reception and treatment of private patients, who may enjoy in it the comforts as well as the privacy of home.

Patients of all religious denominations are admitted, and any minister who is desired by a patient has free access to the wards. *No non-Catholic patient is required or expected to attend religious service, which is, of course, Catholic.* The hospital has never had any permanent source of income. During the first year the sum of \$400 was received as donations; since that time up to 1875 about one-half of the income has been derived from annual subscriptions, bequests, donations, and from State and city grants, the latter having been neither certain nor annual. To meet the burden of enlarged expenses and indebtedness brought by the growth of the institution the sisters depend entirely upon the charity and generosity of their friends. From the humble beginning of 259 patients treated in the first year the number has increased to 1,842 in 1884 (no report for the past year being obtainable), and from a *personnel* of five Sisters at the opening of the hospital to one of twenty-six at the present date. The medical board consists of two visiting physicians, two visiting surgeons, one ophthalmic surgeon, one gynæcologist, a house physician and surgeon, with one senior assistant and two junior assistants.

House of the Good Shepherd, foot of East Ninetieth Street, in charge of the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd. They came to this city from Louisville, Ky., a little before 1857, and were incorporated October 2, 1857. Their first establishment was in East Fourteenth Street. Their mother-house is at Angers, in France, and their first house in the United States was at Louisville, where they came at the instance of Bishop Flaget. The order was founded about 1643 at Caen (France), by Rev. Jean Eudes, whose beatification is now in process. They have now about 30 houses in the United States. The principal object of their work here, as elsewhere, is to permanently reclaim those of their own sex "whom the world first ruins and then casts away." For such unfortunates the seemingly inexorable feeling of the world is tersely expressed in the lines of the French poet:

*" L' honneur est comme une île escarpée et sans bords,
On n'y peut plus rentrer des qu'on en est dehors." **

Hence this charity offers greater difficulties than any other. It is comparatively an easy task to take care of the sick, to harbor the aged, to instruct the ignorant; these are under no stigma, feel no sense of degradation, and for them there is always and everywhere more or less sympathy.

* Boileau, Satire X. : " Honor is like an island steep on all sides, and with no shores : once out of it, there is no way to get back in it."

The work of the religious in question embraces three objects. The first and principal one is to recall fallen women to the path of virtue ; next, the reformation of wayward and unmanageable girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one ; and, lastly, to assist women addicted to drinking to cure themselves of the habit, those of better social condition having special provision made for them. The order has under its government a minor auxiliary one, separate and distinct, called The Magdalens, which is composed of girls either thoroughly reclaimed, or who, not having fallen, choose to enter out of a spirit of humility.

Since the organization of the institution up to the present year the total number of inmates received has been 7,241. The present inmates consist of 80 magdalens, 190 penitents, 91 wayward girls (who form St. Joseph's Class), 36 habitual inebriates, and 26 women, either widows or otherwise alone in the world, who have been allowed to find in the house a happy and quiet retreat. The work of the house—where constant, industrious employment is the strict rule—and its varied duties are looked after by 118 sisters, under the direction of a superior and her assistant.

The sisters have been subjected to considerable expense—so far upwards of \$5,000—in consequence of injuries to part of the convent building resulting from shocks to the foundations caused by the explosions carried on (three or four daily) at Hell Gate. It is to be hoped that, after the ameliorations of the channel have been completed, Congress will be induced to grant a proper indemnity, to which the sisters seem to be justly entitled.

St. Francis' Hospital, at 603-611 Fifth Street and 169 Sixth Street, founded in 1864 for the gratuitous care of the sick poor of all creeds and of all nationalities, incorporated in the same year, is under the charge of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, a German community, whose mother-house is at Aix-la-Chapelle (Rhenish Prussia). They are a mendicant order and find the resources needed for the sick under their care, and their own support, by begging from door to door. By that public charity, on which they solely rely, they and their work have ever been not only well but generously supported. They also give assistance to out-door poor. Between thirty and forty sisters (invalids included) make up the *personnel* of the hospital. The most scrupulous regard is had by them to the religious rights of the numerous Jewish and non-Catholic poor who come under their care. Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis have ready access at visiting hours to patients of their respective be-

liefs as often as the latter call for them; and when a non-Catholic patient is believed to be in danger of death the sisters in charge notify him or her accordingly and suggest calling in a minister or rabbi, as the case may be, who, under such circumstances, may see the patient almost at any time. Catholic patients only are invited to attend Mass in the chapel of the hospital. This fair treatment is duly appreciated by the non-Catholics, and particularly by the Jews, of the district; the latter are very friendly and always generous, as, indeed, are their co-religionists throughout the city whenever appealed to in behalf of the institution. The medical staff consists of two visiting physicians, two visiting surgeons, two visiting physicians for the diseases of women, and six house physicians and surgeons. There is no selection made in the cases admitted, the only question asked being, Can room be found for them? The number of patients treated during the year 1885 has been 1,956; there were discharged cured 1,012, improved 494, unimproved 72. Total number of deaths 179, being a percentage of 9.15 per cent.

It may not be known, but it is a fact, that St. Francis' Hospital has a larger field and even more patients than any hospital in the city of New York, except Bellevue and Charity, under the control of the city authorities. Its patients for the year 1885 have been of twenty-two nationalities other than the United States.

St. Joseph's Home for the Aged, at Nos. 203-211 West Fifteenth Street, was opened in May, 1868, and incorporated April 4, 1870. It is under the care of the Sisters of Charity and confines its work to indigent aged females only. Its foundress, as she may truly be called, was a Miss Elizabeth Kelly, who in 1866 deeded some lots on Third Avenue to the Sisters of Charity in trust for the establishment of a home for the destitute aged. These lots were sold to advantage and a portion of the present eligible site secured. The late Thomas Devine by his will left a legacy of certain stocks to the institution, which, by the skilful management of his executor, were made to produce \$47,285. Up to the time of her death in 1883 Miss Kelly continued to be a benefactress, and other friends, prominent among whom was the late widow of Daniel Devlin, were a constant reliance and support during years of struggle and poverty before the home became what it now is. As it is by no means self-supporting, its appeals to the charitable have to be of constant recurrence. The majority of its inmates have been, from the beginning, without means and without friends. Sometimes a new-comer brings in a

small amount, but the sisters' practice has always been to give credit accordingly to each of such contributors, since, owing to the fickleness of mind consequent on old age, inmates sometimes leave. A large and well-ventilated ward situated on the third story has been set apart for the especial use of the sick, where they are well provided with what is needed for their convenience and comfort, and are under the especial care of the infirmarian, who can, by this means, give them better care and attention than could possibly be given them in their own rooms. The home has a beautiful chapel, dedicated in January, 1873. The present average number of inmates is 300, of which only about 50 contribute anything to their support.

St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Nos. 223-225 West Thirty-first Street, under the charge of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, founded in 1869, incorporated May 20, 1870, receives the sick without distinction of sex, color, nationality, or religious belief, and can comfortably accommodate ninety patients. It will receive patients from any doctor *in good standing*, and allow him to retain full charge of them.

As the order is not a mendicant one, the support of the institution renders it necessary that a weekly charge of \$7 be made to ward patients, and of from \$10 to \$25 to patients occupying private rooms. As many free patients are admitted as the income of the hospital will allow. The most scrupulous regard is had for the religious belief of non-Catholic patients; and if in danger of death their friends are promptly notified to send a minister, to whom all needed facility for access to the patient is afforded. Perhaps it is in consequence of this, joined to other causes, that they get more Protestant than Catholic patients. The sisters are about to open an out-door patient department, and contemplate the erection of a new building. They have so far never received aid in any shape from the city or county, nor from any public entertainments given for their benefit. The medical staff consists of one consulting and seven visiting surgeons, three consulting and three visiting physicians, and one ophthalmologist.

St. Joseph's Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, Fordham. Incorporated in 1875. It is provided by a statute of the State of New York, passed April 29, 1875, that whenever a deaf-mute child under the age of twelve years shall become, or be liable to become, "a charge for its maintenance on any of the towns or counties of the State," such child, upon application of its parent, guardian, or friend, setting forth the facts, shall be placed in one of four institutions named in the act

(only one of which, the Le Couteulx St. Mary's, at Buffalo, is under Catholic direction), "or in any institution of the State for the education of deaf mutes"; and the children placed in such institutions are to be maintained at the expense of the county from whence they came, not exceeding a stated sum, until they attain the age of twelve years. Thereafter, and until they have attained seventeen years, they become pupils of the State, upon procuring a certificate for admission from the Superintendent of Public Instruction at Albany, and their board and training are paid for by the State.

A very large proportion of the deaf-mute children, beneficiaries under the statute in question, are of Catholic parentage and have been baptized Catholics. In non-Catholic institutions they have no opportunity of being taught their religion, and grow up in entire ignorance of it. In the uninstructed deaf mute certain instincts of an animal nature incline to strong development, and it takes long and patient training and teaching to bring them under habitual restraint. The salutary influences of religious teaching can be of great assistance to this end, and, as the instruction of this unfortunate class is accomplished from the beginning *through the eye* and by object-teaching, it is manifest that the Catholic religion must be particularly well adapted to their wants and capacities. Accordingly Madame Victorine Boucher, a French Catholic lady, sought to do in this respect for the city of New York what had before been done for Buffalo. Assisted by a number of charitable ladies, who formed themselves into an association under her direction, she established at Fordham, in the fall of 1869, the St. Joseph's Institute. In 1874 a branch house was opened in Brooklyn. The undertaking had to struggle in the beginning with great difficulties, and, but for the loans advanced by friends from time to time, would probably have sunk under the weight of its pecuniary difficulties. In 1875 an act was passed by which the institution was empowered to receive county pupils, and by a later act, passed June 2, 1877, it was placed upon the same footing with similar institutions in the State. About 1877 a branch institution for boys was opened at Throgg's Neck. Madame Boucher, after having presided over the institution thirteen years, died in April, 1883.

The institution deserves to be ranked among Catholic charities, because it specially attends, during other than school-hours, to the instruction of Catholic pupils in Catholic doctrine and practice, as in any other branch of useful knowledge. There is a pretty and well-equipped chapel on the premises. Rev. Fa-

ther Freeman, S.J., who is familiar with the sign-language, attends as chaplain. The management prefers to receive Catholic children only, but accepts others exceptionally upon an express and urgent request for their admission. Non-Catholic inmates do not attend religious worship, and are assembled in the parlor while the Catholics are in the chapel. This once led to a complaint on the part of one of the former. "What is there in your Catholic teaching," she asked, "that you are unwilling to let me know it?" Most of the children return home to spend the summer; the few girls at present remaining were examined, in the presence of the writer of these lines, on questions from the catechism, and wrote down correct answers. The more frequently they approach the sacraments the more docile, tractable, and kind they become. During the official year ending September 30, 1885, the number of pupils connected with the school was 271. They were supported as follows: by the State, 160; by counties, 87; by relatives or the institution, 24.

Home for the Aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor, at 207 Seventieth Street, east of Third Avenue, and at One Hundred and Sixth Street and Ninth Avenue. Founded at East Seventieth Street September 27, 1870; incorporated August 23, 1871.

The mother-house of this mendicant community is at La Tour (Ille-et-Vilaine), France. It was founded about 1840 at St. Servan (France), by the Abbé Auguste Le Pailleur,* vicar of the parish, with the assistance of Jeanne Jugan, a poor servant-girl, and Marie Jamet, a dressmaker. The order has spread all over Europe, and in the United States, where it has at present thirty-four houses, and has met with great sympathy and encouragement, particularly in this city. The well-known object of the charity is to take care of the aged and disabled poor of both sexes over sixty years of age. No distinction is made as regards creed or nationality, the only requirement being that the applicant be of good moral character. The sisters have to provide for their old inmates food and clothing, and to nurse and watch them when sick. They have no income whatever from any fund or endow-

* In the *Figaro* of the 12th of June last there is an account of the great and general interest taken by visitors to the Paris *Salon* of this year in the portraits, by Cabanel, of Abbé Le Pailleur and Marie Jamet; Jeanne Jugan died a few years ago at the mother-house. Among some curious and touching facts connected with the labors of the two living founders above-mentioned, the writer of the article mentions, as having been stated by the abbé, that in the houses in France up to a recent date 74,000 old people had found a peaceful and happy death; that, although that number comprised Protestants and professed atheists, *all*, before dying, of their own accord, without any solicitation thereto, asked to receive the sacraments of the Catholic Church. There are received at the mother-house annually more than 20,000 letters, irrespective of telegrams.

ment; they depend entirely on charity, and are obliged to go around to solicit its offerings. Their rule is that, in the matter of food, the needs of the old people under their care have priority over their own. But in this land and in this city, blessed by God with such plenty, it seems as if there will never be occasion for sacrifices in that direction; the sisters receive from a generous public food and clothing in abundance, quite sufficient, indeed, to provide for a larger number than they now harbor. The west-side house was first opened May 21, 1881, at Nos. 229 and 231 West Thirty-eighth Street, and removed to the new building, One Hundred and Sixth Street and Ninth Avenue, the 13th of April last.

St. Mary's Lodging-House, at No. 143 West Fourteenth Street, shelters respectable girls while seeking employment, and was incorporated in May, 1881. *St. Joseph's Night-Refuge* is in a rear building.

Any person having a right conception of life in a large city such as New York will readily understand that in it friendless and unprotected girls, depending on their daily labor for a subsistence, who are out of employment, are often left *homeless* and in very trying circumstances. The instances of such, and of laboring women of more advanced years, who find themselves at night in the streets with no lodging but the station-house to go to, are more numerous and of more frequent occurrence than the public has any idea. Charitable souls in the city of Paris have been early in the work of providing relief for this particular form of human suffering, and have founded *L'Œuvre de l'Hospitalité de Nuit* (night-harbor), of which the first house was opened June 2, 1878. Two more have since been opened for men and two for women. The cities of Vienna and of Pesth, in Austria, and certain large cities of France, have been examining into the expediency of following the charitable example set them in this regard by Paris.

An unmarried lady, a convert, whose experience and observation had made her acquainted with the need for the establishment of a similar work in this city, made a beginning, with the assistance of a few other young ladies, converts like herself, on the 8th of December, 1877, at No. 158 West Twenty-fourth Street. The progress of the work was at first necessarily slow, although steady and constant, and in time required its removal to more spacious premises at No. 239 West Twenty-fourth Street. Later on it was found advisable to move to a more eligible situation at No. 235 West Fourteenth Street, and finally to

the present location, which has afforded facility for establishing in a rear building a night-shelter for such applicants as it is desirable to keep separate from the other inmates of the house, and which is now called St. Joseph's Night-Refuge. In order to put the management of the work on a good, enduring foundation, to obtain for it, besides spiritual benefits, the confidence and sympathy of the public, the foundress and her colleagues have very recently taken the vows and the habit of the Third Order of Regulars of St. Francis, and the name of "The Franciscan Sisters of St. Mary's." For admission to the Night-Refuge there is no charge, no questions asked. Admission to St. Mary's Lodging-House is without discrimination as to religious belief; but on Sundays the inmates are expected to attend the services of the religious belief to which they profess to belong. The income of the House is derived from charitable offerings and from such labor as can be made productive in it, and which seems to be very poorly paid.

The number of inmates received from September 30, 1884, to October 1, 1885, was 835. Present average number is 90 altogether—40 in the House and 50 in the Refuge.

As stated at page 687 of the August number of this magazine, the Sisters of Mercy have relinquished a certain charitable work carried on by them for many years, but they continue that of visiting the sick and dying poor, in which they have been engaged from their beginning in this city.

The Maternity Hospital, No. 130 East Sixty-ninth Street, under the direction of the Sisters of Charity, in connection with the New York Foundling Asylum. Incorporated April 11, 1881.

This hospital is intended for two classes of persons: first, those in whose cases there is a desire and hope of preserving individual character or the reputation of a family, the secrets of these, when given, being considered a *sacred trust* by the sisters; second, married women, who may there receive all the care, attention, and professional services not otherwise at their command. In this latter class may be ranked those who are strangers in the city, and for whose peculiar condition hotel conveniences are insufficient; also those who for various reasons cannot find in their own homes the necessary attention.

The experience of the sisters so far is that in the first class, Protestants and Catholics inclusive, there is a wide field for doing great good, and they are conscious that to that class their institution has rendered very valuable services.

The terms for patients occupying private rooms range from \$6 to \$25 per week for board, payable weekly in advance, with the extra charge of from \$40 to \$75 reception fee.

The reception fee covers doctors' and nurses' expenses.

For patients in the wards the reception fee is \$25 ; the board, \$3 per week, payable in advance. These patients must remain at the asylum for at least three months after the birth of the infants, to wet-nurse them. No charge is made during this time.

Up to 7th of July, present year, the total number of patients admitted was 736.

The Sisters of Bon Secours (Good Succor), at 152 East Sixty-sixth Street, between Lexington and Third Avenues. Incorporated in 1883.

Their mother-house is at Troyes, in France, where they have at present in all 85 houses. They have 7 in Algeria,* 1 in Spain, 1 in Rome and 2 others elsewhere in Italy, 2 in Belgium, and 1 each in London, Liverpool, and Manchester. The congregation was founded in 1840, at Arcis-sur-Aube (France), by a devoted priest, vicar of that parish—Paul Sebastian Millet, deceased in 1880 in his eighty-fourth year. Their first appearance in this city was in February, 1882 ; a superior and one sister came over and took a house in West Twenty-second Street. In May, 1884, they moved to their present habitation, formerly the rectory of the church of St. Vincent Ferrer, where they now have 16 sisters. The work in which they are engaged cannot better be described than in the words of Cardinal Morichini, taken from a work on the charitable institutions of Rome, of which Pius IX. presented each bishop at the Vatican Council with a copy. He accorded the *decretum laudis* in favor of the congregation on the 24th of February, 1863.

"The sisters belonging to this congregation [of Bon Secours] do no work in the matter of education nor do they attend in hospitals. The object of their vocation is unique—to nurse the sick in their homes. Often before, in bygone ages, Christian charity has taken up this work, in particular under the inspiration of St. Francis of Sales and St. Vincent de Paul, but the attempts have always proved in vain, and almost from the very beginning the original purpose was departed from. God was reserving success in the undertaking to our day, in which a need for it, both in a temporal and a spiritual point of view, is so keenly felt. . . .

"The Sisters of Bon Secours take care of the sick without distinction

* They are willing to nurse even Mahometans. Hamet, a *cadi* in Algiers, a neighbor of Cardinal Lavigerie, fell very sick, and his eminence advised him to have the sisters called in. He consented, and did so well under their nursing that he was got out of danger. But before he was quite convalescent the women of his household became jealous of the success and possible influence of the good sisters and compelled them to stop their attendance.

of age or condition, whether male or female, rich or poor, Catholic or non-Catholic; they are content if they meet in the houses to which they are called the regard due to their sex and their religious character."

"They require no remuneration for their attendance and their labors; their only means of support is the voluntary offerings of persons assisted by them."

"The good accomplished by this charitable institution has called down upon it the blessing of God, the approval of the church, and an ever-increasing prosperity. . . ."

Of this last reward they have already had good experience in the city of New York, where they have met with a welcome and a generosity which they describe in terms of warmest praise. They have bought a site on Madison Avenue, near Eighty-first Street, on which they will build as soon as their present lease terminates and their means permit. They require a central and quiet location, in order that the sisters who have sat up all night may obtain rest during the day; and their present abode, though desirable in other respects, is too near to the parochial school about to be erected.

St. Joseph's Hospital for Consumptives and Incurables, at East One Hundred and Ninth Street, founded in 1882, is under the care of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, and is connected with St. Francis' Hospital in East Fifth Street. It occupies two formerly private houses, has room for fifty beds, and received last year about 500 patients.

Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the Protection of Immigrants, No. 7 State Street, founded October, 1883. The story of the foundation of this charity having been told so perfectly and minutely in an article entitled "The Priest at Castle Garden," published in last January number of this magazine, a repetition here of any more than a brief statement of the objects of the mission would be entirely superfluous. These are: To establish at Castle Garden, New York, the chief landing-place for immigrants to the United States, (1) a Catholic bureau under the charge of a priest for the purpose of protecting, counselling, and supplying information to the Catholic immigrants who land at Castle Garden; (2) a Catholic immigrants' temporary home, a boarding-house, in which Catholic immigrants will be sheltered, safe from the dangers of the city, while they are waiting for employment; and (3) an immigrants' chapel.

Father Riordan has bought for \$70,000—which is considered cheap—the old, very conspicuous, aristocratic mansion, No. 7 State Street, seventy years old at the very least, and which from its style must have been the habitation of one of the wealthy

families of New York in the beginning of this century. It is the most interesting old landmark of that part of the city, and a photograph should be taken of it before it is taken down, which doom seems to be inevitable. Father Riordan has converted it into a temporary home for immigrant girls until they can be either forwarded to their destination, meet their friends here, or find employment. A room in an upper story has been fitted up as a chapel. That there is now plenty to do in the home may be readily inferred from the fact that 106 immigrant girls landed from the *Britannic*, which arrived in May, and 65 from the *Aurania*, arrived in June. A record is kept of the names, destination, and disposition of all the girls harbored in the home.

In conclusion, let us hope that the number of Catholic charitable institutions, of which an account has now been given, will, under the blessing of God on the unflinching, zealous efforts of the faithful, continue to increase in the future in proportion with the wants of the increasing Catholic population of this city. Would that, besides, the assistance of non-Catholic charitable institutions could be made entirely acceptable, as regards religious matters, to the consciences of the Catholic poor! What a gain and a blessing that would be!

THE QUESTION OF ULSTER.*

THE Question of Ulster, about which so many English politicians seem to be perplexed, is the question whether, in a representative government, the vote of one man ought to outweigh the votes of three.

Last June there was an anti-Catholic riot in Belfast which lasted several days, and, after presenting some of the worst aspects of that sickening ferocity which has so often distinguished the upholders of the Protestant ascendancy in the North of Ireland, it was suppressed by the armed police. In the midst of the disturbance came the news of the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule bill, at which the mob testified its delight by wrecking about a hundred houses and making bonfires of the property of Catholics. In nearly all such outbreaks bigots are responsible for rousing the brutal passions of the ignorant, but the worst of

* *Tracts on the Irish Question.* Dublin: Published by the Irish National League.

the outrages are actually the work of criminals to whom the differences between Orangeman and Catholic are of far less concern than the sacking of liquor-shops and the plunder of dwellings. It is hard for Americans to understand how there could be hesitation in denouncing such crimes from any pulpit. Least of all ought the Protestant clergy to have spared their censures, since it was under their standard that the rioters burned, robbed, fought, and killed. But the Rev. Dr. Hugh Hanna, a Presbyterian minister, preached a sermon in which he treated the persons who lost their lives by the fire of the police as martyrs in a holy cause :

"The loyal celebration of victory enraged the government, which, traitorous to its trust, has slaughtered our people. We are resolved to maintain our relations with England. If the government thinks that Ulster will be easily subjugated by a seditious Parliament, it has signally failed in its estimate of us."

And after referring vaguely to means of resistance which would be employed at the proper time, he declared that

"The humblest of the seven victims who succumbed last Wednesday under the murderous fire of Mr. Morley's militia presented a higher and nobler type of character than does Mr. Morley."

It is not surprising that the riots were renewed with still greater savagery during the Parliamentary elections in July, when the Protestant mob fought the police until numbers had been shot down on both sides.

Such riots are not uncommon in the North of Ireland, neither are such sermons. Both, however, are especially significant just now for the light which they throw upon the Question of Ulster. When the ascendancy party protest that they will not submit to the laws of an Irish Parliament established by the supreme legislature of the empire, and sanctioned both by the whole authority of the government to which they profess allegiance and by an overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland, they are only asserting a privilege which the Liberal revolvers against Mr. Gladstone have hastily conceded to them. Mr. Bright cannot bring himself to desert them when they ask the help of the English government in over-riding the wishes of their country. Mr. Chamberlain believes that the minority has a right to secede unless the majority surrenders its right to rule. Lord Derby declares that England is "bound to protect loyal Irishmen," and that, rather than force people to submit to self-government, she must apply herself to "the reconquest of Ireland." In other

words, if the minority does not wish to submit, the majority must be made to. It would be "repugnant to employ the queen's forces" to compel a few Orangemen of the North to obey a law which they do not like, but quite proper to employ the same forces in sustaining an obnoxious rule by the "reconquest" of the rest of the island. The old and best meaning of loyalty was faithfulness to law. The name of Loyalists is now usurped in Ireland by a minority faction whose distinctive principle is that if a law which they do not like is enacted by their own government they have a right to resist its execution by force of arms.

Before we examine this extraordinary political principle any further let us see who they are that profess it. The English press and public speakers are continually referring to "loyal Ulster," "the loyal North," as a distinct and considerable division of Ireland, unalterably opposed to Home Rule. Loyal Ulster has no existence. The province of Ulster embraces nine counties, four are Loyalist, five are decided in their preference for Home Rule. The overwhelmingly Protestant region comprises about one-quarter of the area of the province—namely, the county of Antrim and certain parts of Down and Armagh; and even in this little northeastern corner of the island the Catholics, who are Home-Rulers to a man, number about 200,000. Western, southern, central, and southwestern Ulster are Catholic and Nationalist. In the whole province there are 833,000 Catholics and 909,000 Protestants. But the political parties are not divided by a strict religious line. While the Catholics are unanimous for Home Rule, the Protestants, even of Ulster, are by no means unanimous against it. There is an Irish Protestant Home Rule Association in Belfast. The Irish National League has prosperous branches in every part of Ulster, nearly all of which contain a considerable number of Protestants, while many of them have Protestant officers. The ratio of the vote to the population of Ulster, in the general election of 1885, was about as one to 7.63. If the political and religious divisions had been identical the Nationalists ought therefore to have polled 108,000 votes and the Loyalists 118,000. But in fact, according to the calculations of *United Ireland*, the Nationalists polled 115,533 votes and the Loyalists only 111,405. This calculation includes an estimate of the Nationalist strength in certain districts of Ulster where no avowed Home-Ruler was nominated, and the voter's only choice was between Liberal and Tory. The figures, therefore, may be open to some question. In the election of the present year (the full returns of which are not accessible while we write) the vote

on both sides was so much reduced, owing partly, no doubt, to lack of money and partly to a reluctance to contend over foregone conclusions, that comparisons would be deceptive. There are some patent facts about Ulster politics, however, which cannot be questioned nor explained away. Of the 33 members returned by the whole province to the last Parliament, 17 were Home-Rulers and 16 were Loyalists. In the new Parliament these figures are reversed. The Nationalists lost two seats, after a severe contest; but, on the other hand, they gained a seat in the very capital of Orangeism, Belfast itself, while in Londonderry, the home of "the Apprentice Boys" and the principal stronghold of the "ascendency" after Belfast, the majority against the Home-Rule candidate, Mr. McCarthy, was only three. There is not a county of Ulster which has not returned at least one Nationalist member. Four of the nine counties are represented entirely by Home-Rulers. Thus it appears that the so-called loyal province of Ulster is in fact almost equally divided in politics, the wavering balance inclining rather towards Home Rule; that the "loyal" corner includes only one-quarter of the territory, and that even there the party of Home Rule is earnest and powerful. Of the other provinces of Ireland we need not speak. In them the vote is all one way. Outside of Ulster, and the two seats belonging to the University of Dublin, the Loyalists have not elected a single representative in the Imperial Parliament. The Nationalist majorities are almost everywhere overwhelming, and in a remarkably large proportion of cases the return of the Home-Rule candidate was virtually or literally unopposed. The *Spectator* justly remarked, after the general election of last year, "Ireland votes with a voice as unanimous as country ever gave"; and this year her voice is the same.

We are now in a position to understand "the Question of Ulster." The opposition to Home Rule is not on the part of the province of Ulster, for a majority of the population of the province desire Home Rule. It is not on the part of any definite political or geographical entity distinct from the rest of Ireland; for the Loyalists are mixed with the Nationalist population in Ulster precisely as they are elsewhere, except that their preponderance in the small corner where they have a majority is far less positive than the preponderance of the Nationalists in every other portion of the kingdom. There is absolutely nothing to distinguish the position of the Ulster Loyalists from the position of any other minority party. When, therefore, English

politicians assert that if Home Rule is granted Ulster will have a right to secede, they are putting forth the anarchic doctrine, never maintained in any civilized state, that whenever the minority in a popular government pleases it may repudiate the decision of the majority and set up for itself. The most radical American secessionists never went to such an extreme as this. They at least believed that each State was an independent political organization, with all the powers of sovereignty, including the right to compel the obedience of minorities of its own citizens. They never dreamed that individuals had a right to secede. But this is what the claim of the Ulster Orangemen and their English advocates amounts to. Ulster cannot be treated as a homogeneous, autonomous state. It is only an administrative division in which political parties happen to be more nearly equal than they are in other parts of the kingdom. If the 111,000 Ulster Loyalists have a right to set up such a government as they please, the 115,000 Ulster Nationalists have the same right, *à fortiori*. Nor is that all. If the Loyalists in Ulster must have just what they want, it is impossible to deny the same privileges to the Loyalists in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. They, indeed, are entitled to rather more consideration than their brethren of the North. The Orangemen of Belfast and Londonderry seem to be in no special need of protection; but the insignificant little companies who vote for the "ascendency" candidates in districts like Galway, Kerry, Mayo, Roscommon, Sligo, Tipperary, etc., would hardly be visible if the English rule should cease. They certainly are among the clients whom England, according to Mr. John Bright, must not desert. They must have a government of their own as well as the Protestants of Ulster. They must all secede, if they wish to. Even the thirty Orangemen who figured last year as the entire Conservative constituency in a poll of 3,200 in East Kerry must have what they want. But all this admits, of course, the right of the Home-Rulers also to have what they want. The few who want to be governed by Englishmen at Westminster, and the many who want to be governed by themselves at Dublin, have an equal right to their own way. So we shall enjoy the novel spectacle of two governments, side by side, ruling the same country; and every Irishman will be at liberty to take his choice between them. This is the absurdity to which English statesmen are driven in trying to avoid the fundamental principle of popular government, that the majority must rule.

If the Orange party really entertained a firm and tried attachment to England, there might be at least a sentimental reason for the policy of meting out a generous measure to them and a far different one to their Catholic brethren. But it is notorious that what they value is not the English connection but the Protestant ascendancy. More disloyal language has never been used towards the British crown than in the speeches of Orange orators and the resolutions of Orange assemblies when measures for the relief of Irish disabilities have been under consideration. Mr. Clancy's clever tract on *The Orange Bogey* (Tracts on the Irish Question, No. 5) contains several amusing pages of extracts from the Orange literature of the Church Disestablishment period, in which armed resistance was pledged in the most emphatic language in case Mr. Gladstone's bill became a law. Clergymen were especially profuse in their promises to fight. The Right Hon. David Plunkett, Q.C., who now represents the University of Dublin in the Imperial Parliament, was ready to take the field at a moment's notice. Orange meetings on Tamnamore Hill, County Tyrone, at Monaghan, at Clones, resolved that if Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church bill passed they should "regard the Union as virtually dissolved." A resolution to the same effect was passed by the Ulster Protestant Defence Association in Belfast. The chief Dublin organ of the Orange party, the *Daily Express*, February 20, 1869, said :

"The Protestants of Ireland are attached to England, not as their fatherland, but as the great champion of the Reformed faith, by whom they are protected in the exercise of their religion, the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, and the possession of their just rights and ancient property. But if England breaks faith with the Protestants of Ireland, if she deprives the descendants of the colonists of Ulster of the provision for their religious wants, on the assurance of which their ancestors were induced to settle in the country, she will sever the tie by which the most loyal and devoted subjects of the crown are united in sympathy with Protestant England."

At a meeting at Saintfield, County Down, in 1869, on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, the Rev. Henry Henderson declared, amidst tremendous applause :

"It was not the Fenians they were afraid of, but that policy which was driving the people of Ulster into civil war. It was right they should tell their English brethren the truth. It was right they should tell them that so long as there was Protestantism in the land, and a Protestant sovereign occupying the throne, so long must there be Protestant ascendancy.

"We see people telling us," exclaimed the Rev. Henry Burdett, chairman of an Orange meeting at Newbliss, County Monaghan, "that we should not be aspiring to ascendancy. Now, I, as long as ever the Lord shall leave me breath, will never be content with anything but Protestant ascendancy. I think it is time to stand upon the watch-tower and cry, 'No surrender!'"

This is what the "Loyalists" of Ulster want of England. This is what they are standing for now. Whenever this despotic and barbarous ascendancy, relic of evil times of which the world is fast learning to be ashamed—whenever this is imperilled they threaten war, as they are doing now. Fortunately they never fight.

Yet because this intemperate faction clamors against justice to-day, as it has so often and vainly done before, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Bright, Lord Derby, and some other Liberals think that justice cannot go on. If the Ulster ascendancy faction objects to an Irish Parliament, that is the end of everything. "It would be repugnant," says Lord Derby's Liverpool manifesto, "to employ the queen's forces to compel an unwilling people to submit to a government arising out of a system of cruel outrage and terrorism." Why, what else have the queen's forces, and the king's forces, and the Protector's forces been doing in Ireland ever since the conquest? What civilized government was ever founded upon a worse system of cruel outrage and terrorism than the English government of Ireland? Where was force ever more ruthlessly employed to compel the submission of an unwilling people? Let Mr. Chamberlain answer his own allies. He said only a year ago:

"I do not believe that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule the sister-island. It is a system that is founded on the bayonets of thirty thousand soldiers encamped permanently as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland or as that which prevailed in Venice under the Austrian rule."

Says Mr. Gladstone in a recently-published letter to a Liberal politician:

"I advise you to take resolutely to the study of Irish history. I have done in that way the little that I could, and I am amazed at the deadness of vulgar opinion to the blackguardism and baseness which have been practised on that unfortunate country."

In a recent speech against the Home-Rule bill an English Catholic peer, Lord Arundell of Wardour, remarked that "however much they might wish to bring about a reconciliation with Ireland, they must regard the question in the first instance as Englishmen and from the point of view of the interests of England." This maladroit observation, so beautifully characteristic of the English mind, which regards the English point of view as the only point from which the universe can be rightly surveyed, and the interests of England as the only foundation of the moral order, probably did little to clear the mind of the audience to which it was addressed; but it contains a disguised truth. To settle the question on the basis of justice is to consult the interests of England. There is no other way of saving the honor of Englishmen and the prosperity of the empire. Those who believe with Lord Arundell of Wardour that they "must regard the question in the first instance as Englishmen and from the point of view of the interests of England," will realize before the contest has gone much further the truth of Mr. Gladstone's statement of the benefits of Home Rule, so clearly presented in his dignified address to the electors of Midlothian:

"Among the benefits, gentlemen, I anticipate from your acceptance of our policy are these: The consolidation of the united empire and great addition to its strength; the stoppage of the heavy, constant, and demoralizing waste of the public treasure; the abatement and gradual extinction of ignoble feuds in Ireland, and that development of her resources which experience shows to be a natural consequence of free and orderly government; *the redemption of the honor of Great Britain from the stigma fastened upon her almost from time immemorial, in respect to Ireland, by the judgment of the whole civilized world.*"

PRESIDENT SEELYE AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

PRESIDENT JULIUS H. SEELYE, of Amherst College, is distinguished as clergyman, educator, and statesman. As a preacher he is unsurpassed in his own denomination; his ministerial labors are chiefly in connection with the college church of which he is pastor, and scores of young men who go out annually into the world of letters and science have been for four years his parishioners. His doctrine is strictly orthodox according to the standard of Congregationalists; and the evident sincerity of his convictions, his exemplary bearing and earnestness of manner, give unusual force to the meagre doctrinal and spiritual teaching which his religious system affords.

1. In the curriculum of the college he holds the chair of mental and moral philosophy, for which he is peculiarly adapted by his deep knowledge and acute intellect. It is hard, indeed, to see how true philosophy can be the handmaid of a fragmentary theology; yet, under President Seelye, Descartes, Kant, Berkeley, and Locke appear in their best light. The public life of Julius H. Seelye in the House of Representatives at Washington has proved him to be also a wise statesman.

This is the man who has contributed an article in the July number of the *Forum* in which he discusses the question, "Should the State Teach Religion?" The sum of his reasoning is this:

The secularization of education of late is as great as its extension. What are the results? The increase of insanity, crime, vice, pauperism, divorce, illegitimacy, vagrancy, and suicide have been proportionate with the growth of what is called civilization. Our present educational methods do not diminish the real perils of society, but suffer them to increase enormously. It is not the illiteracy but the immorality of a people which destroys them. No teaching of morality alone, however pure, can cure this immorality of the masses. This can be effected only by religion, which teaches the necessity of obedience to God. It is evident that the religious instruction of a people is indispensable to their very existence. Who shall give this instruction? Parents will not do it, as a rule. The church is not doing it and cannot do it, **unless** we give the church the ubiquity and power of the state. The state, for its own preservation, must provide for the religious education of the people on precisely the same grounds that it provides for instruction in grammar, arithmetic, and geography. The state should provide religious instruction for the people in spite of the so-called conscientious convictions of individuals against religion, just as it provides an army and navy in spite of the Quakers. Reli-

gion is not an end to the state, but only a means for its advancement, to be used like any other means. Nevertheless a system of religious doctrine, if it were that and nothing more, would be as useless as a system of mere morals to secure the inspiration to virtue indispensable in a commonwealth. What will succeed is the life of Jesus Christ; that has shown itself abundantly able to secure virtuous habits. Christ's history and life should, therefore, be taught not simply in Christian families and the Christian Church, but in unchristian families and the unchristian world as well. We have the authentic records of Christ's life so well established in the Gospels that intelligent persons cannot doubt their general accuracy. The fundamentals of religion are in the four Gospels, and the quickening germ of all morality is there. Hence the state should provide for instruction in the four Gospels for its own preservation.

Such is an abstract of President Seelye's article.

If there is any government on earth that can stand the strain of secular education, it is ours; for with us, generally speaking, ample liberty is given to churches and private educational enterprises. But the state having taken the control of the education of the masses, it has been thought necessary to exclude religious instruction from its schools. President Seelye has truthfully pointed out the evil results of such a course, and has proposed a remedy. His remedy is, as we have seen, that the state should teach religion in the public schools, and that the form of religion should be the life and doctrine of Christ as contained in the four Gospels. We hope, from his guarded statements, that he would not make this one more function of an already overloaded public department; there is nothing in his article which forbids a fair arrangement between the state and religious societies or private institutions conducting free religious schools.

Let us look at his proposals more closely. Having settled that religious instruction must be given, he asks, "Who will give this instruction?" Many would consider this a very strange question. Who but the parents or their chosen representatives? they would answer. And when Professor Seelye insists that parents will not because they do not, his opponents will cry, *Non sequitur*. And, in truth, it is by no means demonstrated that parents will not provide for the religious training of their children. What is plainly seen is that the bulk of them will not or cannot do it at home, and are unwilling to have it done at school *if that involves sacrifices*. And, furthermore, if this is true enough of the non-Catholic people of America, it is not so with all Americans. Catholics have always maintained that religion is necessary for the existence of society, and that secular schools are an evil to the state as well as to religion. Throughout this country the Catho-

lic Church has sought to remedy this evil by the establishment of schools, academies, and colleges under religious influence, and with marvellous success; for in some dioceses the schools are almost as numerous as parish churches, and but a small percentage of Catholic children attend the public schools. In establishing these schools love of country as well as love of God has been the inspiring motive. From these schools have gone forth those whom the knowledge of God has made more dutiful and patriotic citizens. It might as well be supposed that this religious education could make a man a less faithful husband, or a woman a less devoted wife, or one a less honest tradesman or a more wasteful servant, as to suppose that it could weaken love of country. Religion imposes obedience to the state (except in matters forbidden by the law of God) as a divine command. Hence it is a great bulwark of the state. Since Catholics hold it as certain that the happiness of men for this world, as well as for eternity, depends upon their possessing religion, the church provides religious schools for Catholic children, and can never be turned aside from this policy any more than St. Peter could have been hindered from preaching the Gospel.

When, therefore, President Seelye asks, "Shall we expect it [religious schooling] from the church?" and answers, "But the church is confessedly not doing this work," he cannot mean the Catholic Church. The Catholic people are, as a matter of fact, educating their children in religious schools. From kindergarten to university, by free schools and pay schools, colleges and academies, they are educating their children in religious schools to the very uttermost limit of their means, paying all the expenses out of their private pockets, and doing the work well. If many Catholic children are yet in schools in which President Seelye's four Gospels and the study of the life of Christ are forbidden by law, it is because we are poor, not because we are confessedly not doing the work of religious education. We have now over half a million of Catholic children in parochial schools, and as sure as day follows night we shall yet have them all there, and that at no distant time.

It is the Protestant churches who are confessedly at fault. They took up with the godless plan from divers motives: some (we affirm it because representative men among them have often avowed it) because they hoped by that means to destroy the Catholic faith in the children of the immigrants—and these were the knowing ones; others because sectarian rancor prevented an agreement among themselves as to the doctrine to be taught;

many from religious indifferentism. But we believe that the main reason why the present system got hold of the people's little ones was because it has been able, amidst delusions and sophistries and parental sloth, to creep gradually into the place and privileges of a gigantic monopoly. In matters of education state officials have little by little crowded the parent out. The state knows citizens and taxpayers, but not fathers and mothers. You pay your school-tax and I will train your child—such are the articles of partnership between parents and the state.

Is it, however, fair to say that such a state of things indicates an unwillingness on the part of the mass of non-Catholics to train their children in religious schools? We think not. We shall continue to think better of our Protestant brethren till they have had a fairer trial. Give them a chance; amend the laws so that private free schools may by some means receive state aid and be subject to state inspection or supervision, and we are firmly persuaded that religious schools filled with Protestant children will in a few years be so numerous and flourishing as to negative President Seelye's forebodings. All that the present state of things actually proves against non-Catholic parents is that, as a body, they are not as willing as their Catholic fellow-citizens to make sacrifices for the sake of the religious instruction of their children; there is, in our opinion, no evidence that they are hopelessly indifferent in the matter.

One thing the article we are considering clearly shows: that sincere and enlightened men of all parties and creeds are coming to one mind as to the best means of making good citizens. The virtuous man is the good citizen. The religious man is the one whose virtue is of the highest type and most reliable character. Therefore, argues President Seelye, let the state see to it that its schools shall be religious. We admit that we do not entirely understand his process, his exact method of setting the state to work in this new field. But what of that? Perhaps we have not yet reached the stage of the discussion when practical expedients are to be set a-going, unless it be by way of experiment; convictions are not quite ripened enough for that. We have not the slightest doubt that a satisfactory accommodation will be reached in due time. Only this we wish to say to President Seelye and his associates in this movement: the true remedy is to leave the education of children where God has placed it, in the hands of parents, and especially as they are gathered into religious societies. This much we do maintain: the best school is where the guidance which the child feels is the right arm of the parent and the little finger of the state.

SIGEFREY THE ONE-ARMED.

AMONG the many legends connected with the life and death of St. Geneviève is the touching history of Sigefrey the One-Armed. Paul Féval has told it at length in his usual vivacious style, and we are indebted to him for much that is contained in our English version of the story.

In the year of our Lord 493 the city of Soissons was the scene of an unusual pageant and of general rejoicing. Yet little did the merry crowd that made the streets lively with songs and games, or the fierce-visaged warriors and noble ladies of the court, dream of the true importance attached to the event which awakened so much interest—the marriage of the pagan Clovis, chief or king of the Franks, with the beautiful and pious Clotilda, daughter of Gombauld, the Christian king of the Burgunds. Through this marriage the foundations of the kingdom of France were to be laid under the auspices of a Christian king.

Among the warriors who came with Clovis a young Frank attracted general attention for his tall and elegant figure, his proud mien, and the singular beauty of his features. His hair fell in golden curls upon his broad shoulders. His blue eyes had a soft, dreamy look, yet the proud flash that occasionally lighted them revealed the passionate soul and quick temper of the warrior. Quite young, he had already acquired fame by his prowess in many a battle.

He was called Sigefrey, and was the son of Count Aubert, the favorite lend, or thane, of King Clovis.

Beautiful were the Burgundian maidens who formed Clotilda's train, yet one, above all, was the cynosure of admiring eyes, so wondrous was her beauty.

Sigefrey was dazzled. A novel emotion filled his heart, which up to that time had dreamed only of glory and combats. He asked who this young girl was. He was told that her name was Batilda the Fair, daughter of Gontran, the Burgund. His informant added that she was the godchild of St. Geneviève, and as virtuous as she was fair.

The young warrior remained thoughtful. For the first time he loved. During the days of festivity that followed the nuptials he met Batilda several times, and each hour spent in her company increased his passion.

But Clovis was preparing to leave Soissons with his young wife—with that Clotilda who, at no distant day, was to make him know the true God. The day before their departure Sigefrey found himself alone with Batilda for the first time. Bending one knee before her, he told her his love in impassioned accents. Batilda heard him without anger; her blushes and downcast eyes encouraged him to hope; but, when he had spoken, she drew from her bosom a cross of highly-wrought gold, and asked him: “Do you know this sacred emblem?”

“Yes,” replied Sigefrey, averting his eyes, “it is the sign of the Christians.”

“Do you adore it?”

“No,” stammered the young lover, his heart grown cold with a sudden presentiment.

“Farewell, then, Sigefrey, son of Aubert,” said the maiden gravely. “I am a Christian, and can never wed one who adores not the cross.”

She turned away from him, and Sigefrey, still kneeling, his hands clasped in supplication, saw her disappear ere he could find words to beseech her to listen to his suit. The next day Clovis and Clotilda left Soissons. The queen did not take any of her young companions with her. Sigefrey followed his chief. He did not see Batilda again.

She was constantly in his thoughts. Wherever the fortunes of war led him he made earnest inquiries to discover her abode, but his efforts were fruitless. The information he obtained went no further than this: She was a stranger in Soissons, and had come thither with other noble ladies on the occasion of the royal marriage; she had not been seen after Clotilda's departure. No one could tell whither she had gone. Sigefrey lost all hope of finding her, but his passion, for being hopeless, became only stronger.

Three long years had elapsed. The young Frank was but a shadow of his former self; a settled melancholy preyed upon his soul; nothing could rouse him except the signal of combat. Then he would throw himself in the thickest of the fray, courting death, and only succeeded in winning new laurels.

The battle of Tolbiac was fought. History tells us that Clovis, who had resisted until then the prayers of his beloved queen, seeing his army in danger of being cut to pieces, exclaimed: “O God of Clotilda! O Christ! I call thee to my help. . . . Give me victory on this day, and I will give myself up to thee for ever!”

"Christ! Christ!" echoed the soldiers.

"I swear that I will receive baptism," continued the king.
"O Christ! thou shalt be my God."

"The God of Clovis shall be our God!" cried his brave followers.

Filled with a new ardor, Clovis and his Franks rushed upon the Germans, shouting, "Christ! Christ!" The enemy, dismayed at this fierce onslaught, gave way; their ranks were broken, they fled panic-stricken, pursued by this new war-cry. The victory was won.

Faithful to his plighted vow, Clovis prepared to receive baptism at the hands of the venerable St. Remi. The lends of the royal neophyte and their fierce soldiers will join their blood-stained hands, and naively, filled with blind confidence, will follow their chief in this regenerating act, even as they followed him to the baptism of blood on the fields of battle. They know nothing as yet of Him crucified; what does it matter? He is the God of Clovis, the God who gave them the victory—that is enough.

Among these future Christians was one to whom the new faith was the harbinger of hope. Sigefrey glorified Clovis for authorizing him to worship the God of Batilda. Once a Christian, he would be worthy of the Burgundian maiden. To find her was now his sole aim, and hope, so long since fled, entered his heart anew.

Howbeit he did not receive baptism with his chief. After the battle of Tolbiac, Clovis, according to the custom of the time, made a fresh distribution of land among his lends. Count Aubert, who had displayed his usual daring and helped not a little in the enemy's defeat, received for his share all the land on the banks of the Seine comprised between the two points where now stand St. Cloud and St. Denis, and including, consequently, Mount Mars—known in our days as Montmartre.

Aubert called his son, Sigefrey, and ordered him to proceed forthwith to their new estate and take possession thereof in his name. Sigefrey departed on his mission, taking with him only one retainer. He had reached the woody country in the vicinity of Mount Mars, and, plunged in deep thought, was following a path through the forest, when a sudden noise caused him to look up. A stag, pursued by a pack of hounds, was crossing a clearing a little distance up the road; then came a lady on horseback, who passed with the swiftness of an arrow.

"Batilda!" cried the young lover. Though it had been but

the vision of a moment, he had recognized her. He urged his horse in pursuit, but too late: she had vanished from sight, he knew not in what direction. Had she recognized him?

It was nearly dark when Sigefrey stopped his jaded horse at the gate of a small farm-house, where he asked for shelter for the night. Magnificent trees shaded this house, and numerous flocks grazed in the green meadows around. In the distance Mount Mars rose, crowned with an old feudal tower. This manor was evidently inhabited; he must, perforce, eject the present owner.

"Who lives in that tower?" he asked.

"Old Gontran, the Burgund," replied the farmer; "he is suzerain lord of all this section."

The lord of the manor was, indeed, the father of the long-sought Batilda, which accounted for her presence in the neighboring forest. Twelve years back Gontran had taken forcible possession of this estate—the law of might made and unmade titles to property in those days—and no one had disturbed him, for he had been the faithful lend of Clotilda's father, King Gom-bauld.

While Sigefrey was making this discovery Batilda sat at her window in the old tower, thinking over the past and dreaming sadly of the future. She loved Sigefrey, and an insuperable obstacle separated them. She wept; and yet the saint, her god-mother, had told her one day: "Fear not, child; thou shalt be happy." And never, to man's knowledge, had Geneviève spoken a word that was not strictly true. Batilda remembered this and tried to hope, but she wept.

Old Gontran entered his daughter's room hurriedly. He was the bearer of bad news. A friend had managed to send him word that Clovis had made a distribution of lands, and Mount Mars was now the property of the fiercest of Austrasian counts.

"I despoiled the former proprietor of this land," the old man was saying sadly to Batilda; "to-day a new-comer, stronger than I, is going to turn me out. It is right. I cannot complain; but you, my darling, what is to become of you?"

At this moment the sound of a horn was heard, and a man-at-arms came up to announce that a Frankish lord and his attendant demanded admittance. The stranger was shown in. It was Sigefrey.

"Gontran," said he, after he had made himself known as Aubert's son and representative, "I come not to strip you of your possessions. I have loved your daughter Batilda ever since I

first saw her at King Clovis' marriage three years ago; give her to me for a wife and let there be peace between us."

Gontran, much astonished, looked inquiringly at Batilda.

The maiden blushed; then, raising her downcast eyes, she said, with proud candor:

"It is indeed three years since I first met Sigefrey. I will admit that I reciprocate his love; but he worships strange gods, and I am a Christian. I cannot be his wife, and he knows it."

"I wish to be a Christian, too," said the happy lover; "I could not stay to receive baptism with our great King Clovis, but let Batilda teach me. Her God will be my God."

Was the saint's prophecy about to be fulfilled?

Sigefrey remained a welcome guest at the tower. Every day he listened to the pious exhortations of old Gontran; every day he saw his dear Batilda. He lived as in a dream, forgetting everything—his father, Clovis, his own fame as a warrior. For him the world did not extend beyond the walls of the old castle. It had been arranged that the marriage should be celebrated on the day following that of his baptism. Sigefrey proclaimed himself ready for the latter, but Batilda wished her future husband to be thoroughly prepared to receive the two sacraments. He had become so dear to her that she began to fear her great love might displease Heaven.

"Perhaps I love you too much," she said one day to her lover. "Let us go and consult my godmother, the saint."

They crossed the Seine and sought Geneviève's humble home. The saint, now almost an octogenarian, was still beautiful; hers was the beauty of the angels. She smiled sweetly when she saw her godchild coming hand-in-hand with the young Frank.

When Batilda had told her the story of their love and her own scrupulous fears, Geneviève took the hands of the two lovers and held them for a long while clasped in her own. She gazed at the young couple with infinite sweetness. At last she spoke.

"Go in peace, my children," said she—"go; you shall be happy." And having traced the sign of the cross on their brows, she bent over and kissed them.

The happy lovers returned with light hearts, free from doubt and fears. But Sigefrey, all absorbed in his new life, had forgotten to communicate with his father. Old Aubert grew uneasy at this unaccountable silence.

"I must go and find out what is become of my son," he

mused; "perhaps those Burgunds have killed him. I will avenge his death tenfold!"

Aubert hated the Burgunds and did not believe in the God of the Christians. Notwithstanding Clovis' example, he had refused to let himself be baptized. He assembled his numerous followers and went in search of the missing Sigefrey.

It was night when he came in sight of Mount Mars, and, like Sigefrey, he stopped at the farm-house and made inquiries. He learned that Gontran lived in the old tower. Some time since a handsome young warrior had come with one attendant. He had asked questions about the castle and its owner, and had taken the road thither. He had not been seen since. Aubert jumped at the conclusion that his son, if not murdered, must be held prisoner in the tower. He would rescue or avenge him. The place was strong and well defended, but there was a secret passage by which it might be entered. The farmer knew this secret way, and, what between terror at Aubert's threats and awakened avarice at the prospect of a rich reward, the wretch betrayed his master. He guided the count and his party through a subterranean passage which led directly to the apartments of the castellan. Gontran, Batilda, and their servants were taken prisoners without resistance. So complete was the surprise that the garrison was not aware of the capture of their lord. Sigefrey slept in another wing of the building.

This easy victory disposed Aubert to clemency; and when Gontran offered to pay ransom for himself and daughter, the wily Austrasian consented, deferring his inquiries concerning his son's fate until he had possessed himself of the old Burgund's treasure. Gontran had but one thought: to save Batilda from being carried off by their unknown captor. His old majordomo, also a prisoner, was graciously permitted to go for the money. It was in the cellar, and, the doors of the apartments being guarded, there was no chance of escape. As the majordomo was leaving the room he exchanged a glance full of meaning with Batilda.

The faithful old servant tarried long on his errand, and Aubert was growing impatient, when he made his appearance, bearing the iron casket which contained his master's treasure, and scales to weigh the gold.

Gontran possessed in all two hundred gold marks. He offered one hundred and fifty of these for his ransom. Aubert made a motion of assent, and the weighing commenced. It was a slow process, made doubly so by the old majordomo's clumsi-

ness in piling up the gold-pieces. At last he announced one hundred and fifty marks.

"Very well," said Aubert; "but you have not counted the weight of the sword."

And he threw his heavy weapon on the scale that held the weights.

At this juncture a secret door, concealed in the woodwork, was thrown open, and a warrior of commanding stature entered. His shoulders were covered with a huge bear-skin, and the animal's head, drawn down over his brow, concealed his features. Crossing the room, he stopped opposite the count.

"Against the weight of the sword I bring the weight of the axe!"

As he spoke these words he drew a battle-axe from under his bear-skin and threw it upon the pile of gold. The other scale flew up.

"Who art thou?" cried Count Aubert, pale with rage at this audacious interference.

"I am, like thee, a noble; like thee, a lend and a Frank," replied the unknown.

"Take up thy axe and prove thy words!" shouted Aubert, who wrested a francic from the hand of one of his men-at-arms and brandished it aloft.

The mysterious stranger made no motion.

Aubert, blind with rage, struck the defenceless man, whose right arm fell, severed at the shoulder.

The bystanders uttered a cry of horror. Batilda sprang toward the wounded man, but the latter, motioning her away gently, threw back the bear's head that had served him as a mask.

Count Aubert recognized his son!

The fierce old man felt his heart breaking. The only soft feeling he had ever known had been love for that son, the pride and hope of his declining years; and he had destroyed him in the flower of his youth. No man could survive such a wound. He wept, he cursed his blind fury, but the evil done could not be repaired. The dying man made him swear that, as the price of blood, he would leave Gontran and Batilda in peaceful possession of the estate. Then he bade him good-by, begging to be left with her for whom he had given his life.

Aubert departed, wild with grief. His last act before leaving Mount Mars was to hang the farmer who had led him into the tower. He disappears from our story. We will merely mention

the fact that a short time after this sad event he found an honorable death on the battle-field.

Sigefrey did not die of this terrible wound. Love performed a miracle. Sigefrey recovered, was baptized, and married his Batilda. The young bride fairly worshipped her husband. Unknown to Sigefrey, she had had that arm embalmed which he had sacrificed in her defence. This dear relic she kept locked up in an ebony casket, the key of which she always carried about her. Often, when alone in her chamber, she would open the box and shed tears of love and gratitude over her treasure. Few, if any, in the household knew of the existence of this casket; none had any suspicion of its precious contents.

But Sigefrey was not happy. An idle word, spoken carelessly in his hearing, had wounded him deeply: "The one-handed man," a neighbor had said, speaking of him. He brooded over his misfortune until his mind was full of morbid fancies. Though Batilda surrounded him with unmistakable loving care, he persuaded himself that no woman could love him, that all these marks of affection were inspired only by a feeling of pity for his helplessness. The birth of two children tended only to increase his sadness. He dwelt on the bitter thought that his daughter would not have the protection of a father's strong arm; that he, the disabled soldier, could not teach his son to handle a sword. Sigefrey was slowly dying of melancholy.

Poor Batilda saw all this and was miserable. She wept and prayed in the secret of her chamber, for she tried to show a cheerful face to her husband. At last she felt that she could not stand this much longer: she betook herself to Paris to see Geneviève. She was refused admittance, as the saint was lying at the point of death and was engaged at that moment in saying her last orisons. But even as the attendant was explaining this to the disappointed visitor the saint's voice was heard, saying:

"Let my godchild, Batilda the Fair, enter. I wish to see her before I go to God."

Batilda entered.

The Virgin of Nanterre was lying on her bed; around her head a holy nimbus shone; her gentle features already wore the calmness of death.

Batilda fell on her knees by the bedside.

"O saint! saint!" she cried, "help me in great trouble! . . . You told me one day that I would be happy, and now Sigefrey wants to die, and there can be no happiness for me. Oh! have pity on me, godmother! . . ."

"My child," said Geneviève faintly, "I know all that you suffer. I have been praying for you this long time past."

"Sigefrey wants to die! . . ." was all poor Batilda could say amid her sobs.

"My beloved godchild," the saint replied, "I don't want him to die; . . . and, since I have told you that you shall be happy, it must not be that I have spoken falsely even once in my life."

And the dying woman pressed the crucifix to her lips.

"Listen," said she, after a silent pause—"listen, and remember well what I am going to say to you. . . . This evening, when the setting sun marks the fifth hour, I shall be dead. . . ."

"Dead! . . ." repeated Batilda, sobbing.

"Yes," said the saint, and a blissful smile illumined her pallid face, "I shall be dead. If my own wish were granted I should be buried at Nanterre, near my mother; but Queen Clotilda will not permit it. . . . On the twenty-fourth day after my death my poor body, enclosed in a rich casket, shall be made to lie in state in the church of SS. Peter and Paul. On the morning of that twenty-fourth day you will take the ebony casket which you hide so jealously from prying eyes . . ."

Batilda looked up, astonished. The existence of this casket was her secret. She had never mentioned it to her godmother.

Geneviève smiled.

"God blesses a pure and true love," said she. "You will have this casket carried before you to the church of SS. Peter and Paul. You will walk thither holding by the hand your two children. Sigefrey will accompany you, mounted on his war-horse. Regnier, his faithful companion, will carry his sword. Your old father, Gontran, must go also.

"When the candles round my catafalco shall have been lighted, you will take the casket, and you will tell Sigefrey to take off his tunic and to kneel down. . . ."

She ceased speaking. Batilda, after waiting for her to continue, asked in a tremulous voice:

"And then, godmother, what shall I do next?"

"Then, daughter," replied the saint, "a voice will speak to your soul. It will be my voice. . . . You will do what my voice bids you. . . . Go."

She gave Batilda her blessing and motioned to her to leave the room.

When the setting sun marked the fifth hour Geneviève's soul left her perishable body to ascend to the abode of the blessed.

The news, "The saint is dead!" startled all Paris. The

king, the queen, the great and the lowly, the poor and the rich, every one wished to go and do homage to her whose intercession had twice saved Paris.

The last words spoken by Batilda's godmother were verified. Queen Clotilda asked that the body be embalmed and enclosed in a casket of massive silver ornamented with precious stones. Immediately the king, the lords, the liege-men gave; not a beggar-woman so poor but came with her offering. Soon a huge pile of silver and gold rose in the vestibule of the saint's humble abode.

On the twenty-third day the casket was finished. The body, which had been carefully embalmed, was placed in it, and it was carried with great pomp to the basilica of SS. Peter and Paul.

Batilda followed religiously the instructions of the departed, and, strange as it seems, neither Sigefrey nor Gontran questioned her motives; they obeyed silently.

The church was crowded. At the fifth hour—the beginning of the twenty-fourth day—the upper clergy entered by one of the doors of the choir, while the king and queen, escorted by the noble lords and ladies, made their entry from the opposite side. The magnificent, heavy casket was placed on a litter. King Clovis, his lends, and the bishops grasped the handles of the litter and lifted the pious burden, which they carried in procession round the nave.

When the casket was brought back to its resting-place before the altar, Batilda, who had remained kneeling, recollected herself and called thrice in her heart: "Geneviève! Geneviève! Geneviève!"

And in the innermost recess of her heart she heard a voice that said: "My godchild, I am with thee."

Then, rising, she took the ebony casket from the hands of her maid and turned towards her husband. A deep silence fell upon the immense assembly. Every one felt that something strange was about to happen.

Batilda inserted the key in the lock of the casket, and said:

"My beloved Sigefrey, I pray you take off your tunic."

Sigefrey obeyed without showing any surprise.

"My beloved husband," continued Batilda, her voice trembling with emotion, "I pray you kneel before the remains of my sainted godmother, Geneviève."

She opened the casket and stood motionless, pale and anxious. She was awaiting the further fulfilment of the promise. Then

a happy smile lighted her beautiful features. The VOICE was speaking in her heart. She took the lifeless arm from the casket and lifted it above her head.

"O Christ!" said she, "listen to the prayer of thy servant, Geneviève, who is even now at thy feet, and who beseeches thee to grant us the happiness she had promised us in thy name. "O Christ! hear thy servant, so that it shall not be said that she hath spoken falsely even once in her life!"

A soft melody, which seemed to descend from the vault, filled the church, and the head of the saint appeared, surrounded by a glory.

Batilda tore open the linen which covered Sigefrey's shoulder. The fearful scar was exposed to view; it reddened slowly, slowly, and three drops of blood oozed from the tender skin. Batilda lowered the lifeless arm she still held aloft, and pressed it against her husband's bleeding shoulder.

From the vault a voice was heard which said distinctly amid the concert of harmonious murmurs:

"Behold, O people, the first miracle of St. Geneviève!"

The crowd knelt, awe-struck.

Meanwhile Sigefrey had risen, staggering, uncertain, as one who knows that he is dreaming and dreads to awake.

He moved his right arm tentatively. The arm held firmly and naturally to his shoulder.

"A miracle! a miracle!" cried the crowd.

Sigefrey, his eyes brimming with grateful tears, turned towards his young son. "Child," said he, "I will teach thee how to hold a sword. Grow up and be a warrior!"

And to his little daughter: "I have an arm to protect and defend thee, my darling; thou mayest grow to be as beautiful as thy mother!"

Then he drew Batilda to his breast. "Saint!" he cried, "I thank thee! For the first time I hold my beloved wife to my heart!"

He glanced around proudly, and grasping his sword, which was borne on a cushion by the faithful Regnier, he waved it three times wildly, and cried out in a voice that resounded through the church:

"Glory be to God! I am once more a warrior!"

Thus ends the legend of Sigefrey the One-Armed.

MADAME MARY ALOYSIA HARDEY.

THE death of Madame Hardey, which occurred in Paris, June 17, 1886, has deprived the religious of the Sacred Heart in this country of a most efficient directress and of a loving and most tenderly beloved mother.

Madame Mary Aloysia Hardey was born in Maryland in 1809. Her parents came of that good old Catholic stock which preferred to leave its native soil in order to enjoy religious liberty in the wilds of the then new colony; and well were the virtues of her ancestors shown forth in the life of this truly valiant woman.

While she was yet in early childhood the family removed to Louisiana, and the young Aloysia was placed in the convent school of the Sacred Heart, then under the direction of Madame Audé. Here she remained until after her fifteenth year, when she left her school duties only to assume the habit of a novice in the society. From the first Madame Hardey was eminent for her rare prudence and extraordinary virtue, and she was soon chosen to aid in the government and extension of the order. She accompanied the gifted Mère Audé to Paris, where she received the approbation and blessing of the Venerable Madame Barat, the foundress of the society; and then Madame Hardey went to Rome, where His Holiness Pope Gregory blessed the young American and strengthened her zeal. After many fruitful labors in the South Madame Hardey, then but little more than thirty years of age, was appointed to direct the important mission confided to the society in these Middle States, especially in New York. Here the first convent of the Sacred Heart was opened in Houston Street; but the community and academy increasing rapidly, they removed, first to Astoria, and finally, about the year 1847, to their present locality at Manhattanville, the ancient country-seat of the Lorillards. Thence Madame Hardey projected and accomplished many important foundations and works of zeal, and her wonderful energy and unselfish devotion to the interests of souls led her to spare neither fatigue nor anxiety in her arduous and responsible tasks. Convents were opened in Rochester, Albany, Philadelphia, Boston, Providence, Detroit, Cincinnati, Halifax, St. John's, Montreal, and in many other cities of the Western States and the Provinces, either by

her direct action or with her charitable concurrence ; and before her death she had the happiness of seeing her spiritual daughters carrying the standard of the Sacred Heart even into the centre of Mexico and far beyond the seas to New Zealand and Australia. Only the Master for whom she toiled can tell the extent and importance of her good works ; but the many who knew her in life, not only among the religious but among the clergy and laity, now review with astonishment the magnificent successes of that noble career. In 1872 Madame Hardey was called to Paris to assist in the general government of the society, which had spread thence over nearly all the civilized parts of the globe, and since that time she had thrice visited this country, always in the interest of her American houses. Her advent was ever a signal for universal rejoicing only equalled by the sorrow that accompanied each departure ; and the innumerable recipients of her bounty, as well as a host of important and influential friends, shared heartily in the enthusiasm and affectionate demonstrations of her devoted religious daughters. Great, then, were the mourning and desolation which followed in the train of the cablegram that brought the fatal tidings of her death, and many a long day will pass ere the hearts of the multitude that knew and loved her will cease to grieve over her loss, while her memory will remain in benediction for ever.

Madame Hardey had the gift of mingling in the world, and of being an excellent administratrix, without losing anything of the exalted asceticism of the religious life. Although obliged, from her care of the temporalities of the institutions over which she presided, to come in relation with things and persons naturally calculated to wear off the sheen of high spirituality, she preserved among seculars the fervor of the novice. This rare excellence of leading a contemplative in the midst of an active life arose from her punctilious fidelity to the rules of her order, from the observance of which she never allowed anything to make her swerve. Thus faithful to every point of her rule, she edified the religious community in which she lived ; while her sweet yet firm character, her cultivated manners and magnetic virtues, won the respect and the love of seculars.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

RUSSIAN novels are just now very fashionable. Count Tolstoi's religious vagaries have strengthened his popularity as a novelist, and even the interminable *Peace and War*—published by Gottsberger in New York in six volumes—finds many readers. It is neither a history nor a novel; its claims to be an historical picture interfere with its interest as a work of fiction, and *vice versa*. The earlier volumes in which Russian life is depicted are good specimens of Tolstoi's best manner. In his later essays he seems to have revised some of the conclusions of *My Religion*. He has discovered that it is not necessary to give all that one has to the poor, but only one's labor. He congratulates himself that the eye of the needle is much larger than he imagined—so large, in fact, that a heavily-loaded camel may pass through it. From this it is evident that Count Tolstoi's "religion" is still capable of transitions. Tolstoi is now better known to the English-speaking public than any other Russian writer, except Turgueff. Pushkin is comparatively unknown; Gogol is beginning to find translators because the introduction of Tolstoi has created a taste for Russian literature; but Gontcharoff, Ostrovsky, and Pisemsky are only names as yet, although they are held in their own country to be worthy of a place beside those of Turgueff and Tolstoi.

Count Tolstoi's *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) is a valuable addition to our means of understanding how life goes on in Russia. It is hardly a biography of Count Tolstoi, since he mixes up much that is fiction with what is true. All this makes it, like *Peace and War*, tantalizing and unsatisfactory, but does not destroy its fascination. It is the revelation of a new life, and it brings us nearer to a comprehension of the effects of the lamentable Greek schism on the morals, manners, and thought of the higher classes in Russia than any book has hitherto done. It is at once idealistic and realistic. If Count Tolstoi has changed somewhat the facts of his outward life, he has set down those of his inner life without reserve. He has painted frankly the brutality that lies so very near the varnish of cultivation—a sort of French lacquer, that covers but does not hide the crude passions of a semi-civilized race. He has left out nothing from a desire to make the best of

the Russian youth, so typical of Russian youths in general. He does not hesitate to make his mental and moral toilet in public. His egotism, his pride, his foolishness, his self-consciousness, his vanity, are all put on or taken off in our presence. Count Tolstoi has idealized those he loved, and perhaps added here and there a touch of high color to some characters and surroundings, but the truth of the book in the main is startling and unmistakable. And the manner of the narrative is simplicity itself. This quality has been scrupulously preserved by Isabel F. Hapgood, who has translated the book from the Russian.

The progress of a young Russian of the privileged classes from the surveillance of his teachers—foreigners, German first, and French afterwards—to the university is carefully noted. The thoughts and fancies of childhood color the dreams of youth, and it is interesting to note as a proof of Tolstoi's fidelity to nature how much of a child the swaggering student remains even in his carouses and amid all his affectations of knowledge and experience of the world.

A curious chapter is that in which Tolstoi—now professing to be a believer in the Scriptures, but not in immortality or the resurrection—tells how he prepared to receive the Blessed Sacrament at Easter :

"To-day I shall be free from sin," I thought, "and I shall never commit any more. (Here I recalled all the sins which troubled me most.) I shall go to church without fail every Sunday, and afterwards I shall read the Gospels for a whole hour; and then, out of the white bank-bill which I shall receive every month when I enter the university, I will be sure to give two rubles and a half (one-tenth) to the poor, and in such a manner that no one shall know it—and not to beggars, but I will seek out poor people, an orphan or old woman whom no one knows about."

Very well satisfied with his present condition of sanctity, the young student loses himself in day-dreams that lead him to the verge of sin, but he recovers himself and resumes his rather elaborate and ostentatious contempt for the world, the flesh, and the devil. The time for confession comes. The priest is at the house, and the family gather in a small room to await their turn. The young Russian enjoys the sensation of terror and devotion that strikes him when his turn comes. In truth, Count Tolstoi's later religious eccentricities are more easily understood in the light of the perpetual egotism of his youthful religion, in which "I" and the feelings of this "I" seem to be more important than the love or fear of God. The student leaves the priest in a refreshing and comfortable state of mind which lasted until he went to bed.

"I had already fallen into a doze," he writes, "as I was going over in imagination all the sins of which I had been purified, when all at once I recalled one shameful sin I had kept back in confession. The words of the prayer preceding confession came back to me and resounded in my ears without intermission. All my composure vanished in a moment. 'And if you conceal aught, so shall ye have greater sin.' I saw that I was such a terrible sinner that there was no punishment adequate for me. Long did I toss from side to side as I reflected on my situation, and awaited God's punishment, and even sudden death, from moment to moment—a thought which threw me into indescribable terror. But suddenly the happy thought occurred to me to go or ride to the priest at the monastery as soon as it was light, and confess again; and I became calm."

He could scarcely wait for the morning. He rushed to the monastery before dawn, and made his confession and felt happy. As he went homeward in a jolting drozhky he began to reflect "that the priest was probably thinking by this time that such a fine soul of a young man as I he had never met, and never would meet in all his life, and that there were no others like me." Wanting to talk, he confides his feelings to the driver, who looks incredulous, but does not understand what he means. He, however, does not lose the belief that this personage looks on him as a heroic young person until he fails to find the forty kopecks with which to pay his fare, and tries to borrow it from his father's servants. Then the driver's real opinion was delivered in forcible and uncomplimentary language. When he began to dress for church, in order that he might receive communion with the rest, he forgot his resolutions and "sinned to an incalculable extent." "Having donned another suit, I went to the communion in a strange state of agitation of mind and with utter disbelief in my very fine proclivities."

It is a pity that Count Tolstoi did not write "autobiography" on his title-page instead of "novel." It is neither a novel nor an autobiography; but, nevertheless, it gives a fuller picture of this strange Russian, who has been for some time an object of intense interest to the world, than a biography by another man, however correct in the matter of dates, etc., could do.

Taras Bulba is the first of a series of Gogol's works, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood from the Russian and published by Crowell & Co. "*Taras Bulba*" is a Cossack of the fifteenth century. He is a Russian in his native state, untrammelled by any of those artificial restraints which press so awkwardly on him to-day. He carouses, watches fiercely and distrustfully over his house and horses, is as free as the wind. In a week, at the summons for war, he joins a horde ready to devastate new lands

like a flock of locusts. "Who knows?" replied one of these Cossacks to the sultan who had inquired how many there were. "We are scattered all over the steppes; wherever there is a hillock, there is a Cossack."

The Cossacks of original, or southern, Russia admitted the authority of their hetmen, but the Polish kings were too well versed in the Cossack character to demand more than they were likely to get, and the Cossacks were willing enough to fight for them on demand for the spoil, a ducat apiece, and, above all, the delight of fighting. Beyond that their allegiance did not go. Gogol, one of the great novelists of the modern Russians, has revived the Cossack life of that fierce time by means of traditions, old songs, and folk-tales. And terrible and repelling times they were. The ferocity and restlessness of the Cossacks perhaps saved Europe from a Mongolian invasion, but the preventive itself was a horrible one. *Taras Bulba* opens with the return of the two sons of the old Cossack from the Royal Seminary at Kief. Taras was of the old brood—"dragon's brood," to borrow a phrase from Goethe—that knew no pity and little love. He and his followers made their own laws; they were independent of the rest of the world; they knew well all primitive trades; he was always ready to use the sword in defence of the Greek schism against Catholics, Mussulmans, or Jews, although the latter were tolerated and despised. He classed with serfs those of the Cossack leaders who adopted the luxurious customs of the Polish nobles. He welcomed his sons by insulting one of them, and he was delighted when one of them pummelled him soundly. In spite of the tears of their mother—women in Russia were hardly more than slaves when in the rest of Europe Christianity had elevated them into objects of chivalrous respect—he carried them off to the Setch, which was a meeting-place for the Cossacks.

The story is sombre. The religion of the Cossacks did not soften them. They made it a pretext for all kinds of crime, and excused a breach of faith with Poles or Turks on the pretext that the church in the Setch needed new *ikons* or decorations. One son of Taras, somewhat more human than the rest of the Cossacks, deserts to the Poles, whom the Cossacks have concluded to despoil. He is killed by his father almost as a matter of course. Ostrop, his other son, is executed by the outraged Poles, and the story ends with a recital of the horrible vengeance that the Cossacks took for this. This is a part of history: Taras was burned for his atrocities. His last words had

almost the force of prophecy : " Wait ; the time will come when ye shall learn what the Russian Orthodox faith is ! Already the people scent it far and near. A czar shall arise from Russian soil, and there shall not be a power in the world which shall not submit to him."

Gogol's narrative is simple and direct, almost blunt. In it he has mirrored the weakness and the strength of that people whose ancestors were Taras Bulbas, and who have sprung from nomads to be rulers of the world.

Won by Waiting, by Edna Lyall, the author of *Donavan*, *We Two*, and *In the Golden Days* (New York : D. Appleton & Co.), will be a disappointment to readers who have come to regard Miss Lyall as a forcible, interesting, and elevating writer. *Won by Waiting* is what may be called a "goody-goody" story. M. de Mabillon, a French Protestant, has a daughter called Espérance, who is a hopeless kind of person. Her mother is dead, and she suffers a great deal from the unpleasantness of her English relatives. Her eyes are the color of "Smyrna raisins," but she has a hard time of it in spite of that remarkable fact, as anybody who has the fortitude to follow her through nearly four hundred pages will find out. It is a mistake for this author to push on the public earlier and inferior works because the public has found her maturer productions worthy of praise.

Mrs. Craven, whose *Sister's Story*, *Eliane*, and *Fleurange* are read and reread by thousands of admirers, has written a new novel, *Le Valbriant* (Paris : Perrin & Co.), now in its sixth edition. It has been published in England under the title of *Lucie*, and it will shortly appear with an American imprint.

There are not so many novelists offering antidotes to the literary poison that permeates society that any book of fiction written with a high motive can be neglected. Mrs. Craven, who is acknowledged by critics entirely out of sympathy with her motives as a writer of the first class, is in the first rank of those who use all the graces of a polished style, a refined art, a vivid but restrained imagination in the interest of Christian morality. *Le Valbriant* has all these attributes. It has been complained of Mrs. Craven that she limits herself too much to the atmosphere of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, that all her characters are drawn from the life of the society which is called "good," and that she is too sentimental. Mrs. Craven does well to confine herself to the society she knows best. In no novels of the present time is there less snobbishness shown. If her people have been affected by an artificial and very rarefied state of so-

ciety, it is not because she wills it so, but because they are so. The lesson of all her books—that of *Le Valbriant* as well as the others—is, life is not long enough for love. Its best expression is the famous motto of the ring in *A Sister's Story*—*La Vie, c'est trop court*. In one of the closing passages of *Le Valbriant* she repeats it:

“The sun—a winter's sun, but pure and brilliant—rose the next day in a cloudless sky. All the people of Valbriant, we may well believe, took part in the festival. Father Severin was at the altar, at the foot of which Lucie and Gauthier had just knelt. It was not an ordinary marriage. Suffering had left deep traces in the two lives that were about to mingle, and, for these spouses, happiness was not without gravity. *But in the souls of both a sort of security which the most ardent hopes of earth are powerless to give assured them of the future, the undefined future. If it had been said to them that they were united for life, they would have answered: 'C'est trop court, la vie!'*”

If this is sentimentalism it is of a very high order—so high, indeed, that Mrs. Craven deserves all praise for teaching it. In nearly all novels marriage is the end. The books close as soon as the union of the hero and heroine is announced. They are supposed to have attained the sum of human happiness. They enter into a flowery garden spanned by perpetual rainbows which will last for ever. Life is long enough for them, and they desire nothing better. But Mrs. Craven's teaching is very different. She believes with Madame Swetchine that marriage is the beginning, not the end; that the Sacrament of Matrimony is a preparation for eternal life, and that human love would be worthless if it were not irradiated by the hope of eternal love.

When this doctrine is taught by a writer who in exquisite taste, style, and force of interest is the equal of the novelist of fashionable France, Octave Feuillet, we ought to be grateful that Providence has raised up such a teacher. *A Sister's Story* has become a classic, *Fleurange* has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and we are justified in considering the appearance of *Le Valbriant*—or *Lucie*, as we understand it will be in English—as an event of great literary importance. The scene is laid near a quiet village of France, where stands the Château de Bois d'Harlay. Count Geoffrey lives in the old house with his servants. He had been an emigrant. In London he had met Léontine de Lerens, whose father had been slaughtered during the Terror. Léontine was working hard to support her grandmother, the Duchess de Lerens. He and all the London colony of French gentlemen were toiling as they had never before dreamed

of working. Charmed with Léontine's beauty and self-sacrifice, he married her at London just as the white flag was unfurled in honor of the accession of Louis XVIII. Madame de Bois d'Harlay, who had accepted misfortune so bravely, was not equal to her sudden accession to the splendid place that was her own by birth. She saw no difference between the France of Louis XVI. and that of Louis XVIII.; and her good-fortune was embittered by her husband's disposition to accept things as they were.

The character of the Countess de Bois d'Harlay is described with fineness of perception. It is one of the most important in *Le Valbriant*. Although the countess is made to die in an early chapter, her influence moulds the lives of her husband and daughter. Mrs. Craven has made a very instructive and subtle picture of the state of mind of so many French aristocrats who found wealth and luxury, shorn of the privileges of their order, more than they could endure.

Lucie de Bois d'Harlay has made an unhappy marriage, but a splendid one in the eyes of her late mother. Count Geoffrey, alone in his château, knows that his daughter has married a villain, and he suffers with her in imagination. He is a dignified and noble personage. He finds some consolation in the friendship of his neighbor at Le Valbriant—a village which has been made a model for the vicinity and all France by Gauthier d'Arcy, whose father had accepted the new order of things and turned his château into a foundry. Mrs. Craven's solution of a social problem will doubtless meet with some vigorous criticism from the irreconcilables who read her novels; there are not many of them who would be willing to save the country around them from poverty and the crimes that extreme poverty fosters by devoting their castles to the purposes of trade. The usual French novelist would have made a thrilling romance out of the unhappy married life of Lucie, in which passion would play a great part. Mrs. Craven gives us the picture of a wife who has received the Sacrament of Matrimony worthily; and who knows the duty of a wife. It would be a pity in this case to tell by what means Lucie finally marries the proprietor of Le Valbriant and enters into the plans of her husband for the improvement of his workmen. It is sufficient to say that it is brought about by no violation of probability or propriety; and when we close *Le Valbriant* we feel as if we had spent our time in the society of people whose lives are impregnated with Catholic teaching, though there is no word of controversy in the book.

Mr. E. W. Howe's *The Story of a Country Town* was an unexpected success. *The Moonlight Boy*—his latest novel—will no doubt find many readers. It is less sombre than his first book; it is characterized by directness and novelty of manner. There is no analysis, no self-consciousness. Mr. Howe sketches from life as he sees it, without reference to the old masters. His lights and shadows are sometimes exaggerated; he has none of the delicate manipulations that are so noticeable in Messrs. Howells and James; but he has the courage and the power to interpret things for himself. The moonlight boy is a foundling who has been adopted by a kind-hearted husband and wife, Tibby and Mrs. Cole. Tibby is a musician, a teacher of singing-schools, country brass bands, and a seller of organs. Just about the time that the supposed paternity of the moonlight boy is discovered, and he is sent to take his place as a "Courtlandt, of Bleecker Street," "Queen Mary," the only child of the Coles, appears, and Tibby leaves off drinking. From this time the downfall of the Coles begins, in the opinion of the moonlight boy. Tibby was so much more genial as a singing-master in his cups than out of them that his chronicler regrets his reform! The experiences of the country boy, with neither good looks, good manners, nor education, in New York, are told in a crisp and original manner. Mr. Howe's hero has nothing to recommend him to the reader or to that fate which awards glory to the heroes of novels, except good impulses and a lively sense of gratitude. The humor of the book is natural and seems unconscious. It has the merits of Dickens' earlier novels, without being at all an imitation of him. The moonlight boy has an experience in the office of the *Night Watch*, a religious weekly of immense circulation in the country. The only man who believed in the highly moral doctrines taught in this great weekly was the figure-head of the concern, who was not allowed to do anything. Barton, the manager of this concern, runs away from his family, with some reason, it must be confessed. It is regrettable that Mr. Howe should have permitted Barton, who is represented as a man to be pitied and even admired, to abet his wife in obtaining a divorce. *The Moonlight Boy* is a collection of odd people who have hearts—or parts of hearts—but no souls to speak of.

The Sphinx's Children and Other People's, by Rose Terry Cook, author of *Somebody's Neighbors* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), is made up of short stories of New England life. They suffer from the literary limitations which injure the effect of short stories. It is only a very great master who can write a thoroughly satisfactory

short story. The weakness of Miss Cook's stories is the weakness of most short stories—the sudden transitions at the end. No more graphic pictures of New England farm-life have ever been put into print. The dreariness of Millet's French peasants striving to wrest a living from small patches of soil, and working from dawn to sunset, is gayety itself in comparison with the awful grimness of the life of the New England farmer of the last generation. The French peasants have their consolatory and hopeful Angelus, symbolical of their religion of joy and hope; but for the Puritan New-Englander there was no joy on earth and little hope. The "Account of Thomas Tucker" is one of the best things in the book. Thomas, the son of a hard New England farmer, becomes the pastor of a fashionable church, and makes himself unpopular by calling a spade a spade and pointing out the sins of the people, until his congregation resolve to get rid of him. Miss Cook tells of the life he and his sister had led under the rule of their father, "who ploughed the brown sod of the sad New England hills under the full force of the primeval curse."

"Amasa was a hard man, gathering where he had not strewn, and reaping where he had not sown, and a tyrant where a man can be tyrannical in safety—in his own home. Two children out of ten survived to this pair. Abundant dosing, insufficient food, and a neglected sink-drain had killed all the others who outlived their earliest infancy; but these two avoided the doom that had fallen on their brother and sisters, by the fate which modern science calls the survival of the fittest, and spindled up among the mullein-stalks of their stone-strewn pastures as gray, lank, dry, and forlorn as the mulleins themselves; with pale eyes, straight, white hair, sallow faces, and the shy aspect of creatures who live in the woods and are startled at a strange footstep. They were taught to work as soon as they could walk, to consider sin and holiness the only things worth consideration, to attend meeting as a necessity, and to take deserved punishment in silence. To obedience and endurance their physical training, or want of training, conduced also; alternate pie and pork are not an enlivening diet to soul and body, and play was an unknown factor in their dreary existence."

The deacon in *Acelanduma Sparks* is appealed to to save his wife's mother and her husband from being sent to a drunken half-breed who had made the lowest bid for the "keep" of them in their quality of paupers. The deacon is an exceedingly pious man; he does not, however, mind his wife's tears as she hears a neighbor suggest a way by which her mother may be kept from becoming an inmate of "Indian Peter's" wretched hovel:

— "Well, Brother Steel," the deacon declared, "I don't feel no call to help

'em. I don't mind Mis' Sparks sendin' of 'em bits an' ends now an' then ; but payin' out money's a different thing, and I can't see my way clear to be sinkin' ten dollars a year, jest so's to pamper them old folks. If Dan Case had had a grain of common sense he could ha' had a house over his head to-day and got his livin' ; but now he ought to be thankful to be kep' from starvation, and he'll profit by experience, I guess."

A very touching story is *'Liab's First Christmas*. 'Liab is a New England farmer of the hardest kind. An accident forces him to remain in the cabin of a French-Canadian family. There he hears the "Adeste Fideles" sung by the children and their parents in the wilderness. 'Liab is much impressed, and when the mother tells him devoutly the story of Noël, and why she has tried to make her children remember the Adorable Infant, the Yankee says :

"But you hev to work real hard to get them things, and Jack has to foot it a long stretch to fetch 'em ; ef 'twas to give to missionaries, now, why 'twould look reasonable."

The lesson taught by these faithful Catholics sank into 'Liab's heart ; he softened so perceptibly when he reached home that his wife felt obliged to say :

"I thought pa would die certain when he came home ; he was real flabby and meechin' for a spell, and to my mind he hain't never been himself since !"

After reading Miss Cook's descriptions of New England life in the country, it is easy to understand why one meets New-Englanders everywhere but in New England, and why the Congregationalists have reacted with violence from their old religion of inhumanity.

Frederick Lucas was a very great man—a man whose appearance and work made an epoch in the world. A convert of Quaker parentage, he was a Catholic above all, and so truly Catholic that he could not fail of being purely patriotic and a politician in the highest sense. His *Life*, written by his brother, Edward Lucas (London : Burns & Oates ; New York : The Catholic Publication Society Co.) is late in appearing, but it is all the more welcome since it has been so long needed. Men will differ as to the accuracy of Lucas' judgment of some of the important characters who mingled with the threads of his career, but there can be no difference of opinion among capable critics as to the importance and value of the book as an historical contribution to our knowledge of a time that has incalculably affected

ours and us. In the two volumes of this book Frederick Lucas tells his own story so far as possible. It is the biography of an earnest and many-sided man, whose genius was tempered by the most rigid virtue, and whose very impetuosity had its cause in indignation that was righteous. He was a great journalist, a powerful orator, a well-versed parliamentary debater, a fine literary critic—all these things were fused into one great instrument to be used for the church by his noble and intense earnestness. Lucas, who has been much talked of as the founder of the London *Tablet*, will now be better known to a generation which needs his example. His *Life* cannot fail to inspire zeal and fortify courage in Catholic laymen. "His theology," writes his biographer, "was not merely speculative, but eminently practical. To the religious test he brought all questions of politics, of statesmanship, of that minor department of statesmanship—political economy; all questions of right and duty in the various conditions of public life." He made bitter enemies among his fellow-Catholics, as well as eager friends, but never from rancor or malice. He was keenly sarcastic whenever he heard the cheap assertion, "country first, religion afterwards." "Ah!" he said, when an enthusiastic Young-Irelander, who was a Catholic, declared that he was an Irishman first and a Catholic afterwards, "but which are you going to be last?"

"What does — mean," he wrote to a friend, "by saying he prefers his country to his church? I regard that as essentially not different from the man who says he prefers his belly to his church. The former may be the more dignified and respectful humanist, but I have the greater grudge against him as sinning against greater light."

There is a great deal of strong meat in this *Life*. In the old days, before the art of printing, a student who copied it from end to end in order to possess it would have well spent his time, because the slowness of his work would have forced him to think while he wrote. It is a book to be read only by those who have been taught to think, and who do not run and read books as if they were newspapers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CLOTHES OF RELIGION: A Reply to Popular Positivism. In two Essays and a Postscript. By Wilfrid Ward. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The reading world is not likely to speedily forget the celebrated conflict between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison, which took place about a couple of years ago, when Agnosticism and Positivism clashed together, and, being both earthen jars, each pretty effectually smashed the other. The controversy between these two leaders forcibly brought to mind the famous conflict of the Kilkenny cats, who went at each other tooth and nail until they had completely annihilated each other.

It is easy to destroy that which has no solid foundation. When leaders of Agnosticism and Positivism, and of other isms built upon foundations of sand, fall upon each other, mutual destruction follows. But nature abhors a vacuum. The world must inevitably turn from these exploded isms to find the dome of St. Peter's still towering aloft. The church built upon a rock must sooner or later claim undivided attention.

Whoever helps in allaying the clouds of dust that these false isms have stirred up performs a great work to humanity by aiding a distracted people to feel and to perceive God's own sunlight. The little book before us contains a very complete and satisfactory answer to Positivism—especially satisfactory because it does not content itself simply with the work of destruction—Positivism, after all, has found few adherents—but also has in it a strong argument for the claims of religion. In his preface Mr. Ward says:

"A religion which is to do the work of a religion, and to influence the lives of the mass of mankind, must have that within it which can appeal to the multitude as a motive force for action, and no amount of ingenuity expended in the superstructure will enable it to stand if this foundation is wanting. Suppose that the cardinal ideas of Christianity were deficient in this respect—suppose that the character of Christ entirely failed to appeal to mankind as an inspiring model, and suppose it were impossible to lead men to trust in his merits or to believe in the reality and efficacy of his aid; establish these simple defects in the Christian system and you have sounded its death-knell so far as its capabilities as a really influential religion go. There is no occasion to criticise St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Suarez, Vasquez, or to touch on the elaborate and ingenious developments and superstructures wrought by subtle intellects in successive ages above the root-doctrines. The foundation is rotten, and all that rests on it, however intrinsically beautiful or well constructed, must fall with it."

Mr. Ward shows most clearly how rotten is the foundation of Positivism, and at the same time makes us feel the strength of Christianity. His work, therefore, is something better than the mere work of destruction. The two essays which make up the little book were originally printed in the *National Review*. The first essay, "The Clothes of Religion," was published soon after Mr. Harrison's essay, "The Ghost of Religion," which shows the absurdity of Mr. Spencer's worship of the "Unknowable." While agreeing with Mr. Harrison as to the absurdity of the worship of Spencer's "Unknowable," Mr. Ward goes further and shows the absurdity of Mr. Harri-

son's worship of his god—Humanity. Mr. Ward explains what he means by the clothes of religion :

" By the clothes of religion I mean those ideas and corresponding emotions with which we invested the objects of religious faith, and which were their natural and due adornment, and the phrases which had become associated with religious feelings and belief. The saying of the Psalmist, which was applied to other slayers of their God, may be used of these also : '*Diviserunt sibi vestimenta mea, et super vestem meam miserunt sortem*'—'They have parted my garments among them, and on my vesture they have cast lots,'

" The ideas of Infinity, Eternity, and Power, which have hitherto clothed the Deity, fell to Mr. Spencer's share, together with the correlative emotion of awe. Mr. Harrison came in for a larger quantity—though perhaps less indispensable, and more allied to the perfection of dress which Christianity introduced than to the simple clothes of natural religion, necessary for decency and dignity. Brotherly love, the improvement, moral, mental, and material, of our fellow-men, self sacrifice for the general good, devotion to an ideal—here are some of the 'clothes of religion' which Mr. Harrison and the Positivists have appropriated. And having appropriated them, both these philosophers try to persuade themselves and the world that, after all, the clothes are the important part of religion, and that if they dress up something else in the same clothes it will do just as well as the old faith. Mr. Spencer dresses up the Unknowable with infinity, eternity, and energy ; Mr. Harrison dresses up Humanity with brotherly love and the worship of an ideal. But the clothes won't fit. The world may be duped for a time, and imagine that where the garments are, there the reality must be ; but this cannot last. It is not the cowl that makes the monk, and it is not the clothes that make religion."

Further on Mr. Ward goes on to show how totally inadequate Positivism is as an incentive to moral conduct. He uses this very apt illustration :

" That a man should refrain from beating his wife because he believes in a God whose claims on him are paramount, and who will reward him or punish him according as he refrains or does not refrain, is reasonable and natural. But that love for the human race should make him refrain when love for his wife was an insufficient motive is hardly to be expected. 'Keep yourself up for my sake,' said Winkle to Mr. Pickwick, who was in the water. The author remarks that he was probably yet more effectively moved to do so for his own sake. And to tell a man to be good to his wife for the sake of the human race has in it a considerable element of similar bathos. It is exactly parallel to the well-known method of catching a bird. No doubt if you can put salt on his tail you can catch him. And so, too, if you can get a man to love the human race with a surpassing love, no doubt he will treat his wife well. But the first step in putting the salt on is to catch the bird ; and the first step towards loving the human race is to have tenderness for those who are nearest."

The author then goes on to show what poor consolation Positivism offers to the bereaved and suffering ; and, in summing up, contrasts Positivism with religion under Mr. Harrison's three heads—belief, worship, conduct. He shows us how Positivism masquerades in the clothes of religion ; bids us keep the feeling of trust without the reason for trust ; bids us pray without giving us anything real to pray to ; bids us be moral, but gives us no adequate motive for morality.

We have given so much space to the admirable essay, "The Clothes of Religion," that we can but very briefly refer to the second essay, "Pickwickian Positivism," and its postscript. Here Mr. Ward shows from Mr. Harrison's own statements how much this Positivist has veered and shifted of late from his original position. Truly Mr. Harrison contradicts himself in a most astonishing manner. If he has not struck his colors entirely they now at best but hang at a sort of dreary half-mast. We regret that we have not space for some quotations from this most excellent article. We hope, however, that our readers will peruse the book itself. It deserves to be very widely read not only by Catholics, but by men of all creeds and of no creeds.

THE LATIN POEMS OF LEO XIII. Done into English Verse by the Jesuits of Woodstock College. Published with the approbation of His Holiness. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1886.

Catholics in this country who cannot read the poems of His Holiness Leo XIII. in the original Latin will hail this book with much pleasure. It seems fitting that these beautiful poems should be translated by members of that order who gave to Leo his early education, and the book bears ample testimony to the fact that they have well performed this labor of love. Of course there is something lost in all translations, and in translating Latin poetry into English especially the thought must be somewhat diluted, for the words must be multiplied. Every student of Latin knows how much more pithily thought can be expressed in that tongue than in English, and how often, in translating poetry, an idea must be spun out to meet the requirements of English metre. Readers of the translations will therefore lose something, of course, of the beauty and flavor of the original verse, but can still feel assured that the translations are most excellent ones, as all those who read the Latin verse, which is given on the pages to the left, will most readily avow. We wish we had space to quote at length from these poems, but will have to content ourselves by giving but one of the shorter poems, which breathes a prophecy for whose speedy fulfilment every earnest Catholic will most devoutly pray. It is called "The Triumph of the Church Foreshadowed":

" Thus do I prophesy : A flaming light
E'en now with radiance bathes the eastern sky,
And from the starry heavens flashing bright
The rosy dawn lights up the glistening eye.

" Then straightway to the nether pools of fire
The hated monsters plunge affrighted down,
And in the fetid, ever-burning mire
Sink once again with many a horrid groan.

" Constrained at length this wonder to confess,
The race that waged erewhile relentless strife
Against its God turns now that God to bless
And mourn the errors of its sinful life.

" Their hatred long indulged and bitter grown,
And angry combating against the right,
Cease, and, by virtue's magic power won,
All hearts in blissful harmony unite.

" Nay, men who scorned to love with fervor burn,
And virtue's path bestrewn with roses find ;
Peace once again and modesty return,
And the sweet face that speaks the guileless mind.

" That wisdom which so brilliant shone of old
Upon us now an equal lustre sheds,
And error, by new charity repelled,
No longer through the land infection spreads.

" O fair Ausonian land ! O happy home !
O crowned with glory and with victory !
O powerful in its glorious faith of Rome,
The birthright dear that Peter left to thee ! "

The book is handsomely gotten up and beautifully printed, and should

find its way to the book-tables of many Catholic families throughout the land.

SHAFTESBURY (THE FIRST EARL). By H. D. Traill. *English Worthies*. Edited by Andrew Lang. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

In this very readable biography Mr. Traill has attempted to steer a sort of a middle course between Christie's whitewashed Shaftesbury and the man who is pictured as Achitophel in Dryden's immortal satire :

"Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst :
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power displeased, impatient of disgrace," etc., etc.

Though Mr. Traill treats Shaftesbury with gloved hands, he by no means makes him out a lovely or a heroic character. Gloved hands may deal very hard blows; and the author does not attempt to distort the truth, and Shaftesbury is shown to be a time-server, a hypocrite, and a self-seeker in all things. Mr. Traill does seem to attempt to palliate matters somewhat by assuring us that Shaftesbury was no worse than others of his political contemporaries; but it is a doubtful way of whitening a man's character by saying that it is no blacker than those of other rascals about him. There has been much discussion as to how much of a hypocrite Shaftesbury was. Dryden pictures him thus :

"Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould,
Groaned, sighed, and prayed while godliness was gain,
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train."

Christie denies that Shaftesbury was a hypocrite at all—a denial that history will not sustain. Mr. Traill, steering his middle course, says :

"I imagine that in the Barebones Parliament he sang and prayed with the rest, not, doubtless, more vociferously or unctuously than others, but with enough of voice and unction to sustain a reputation for godliness and to preserve the influence which the suspicion of any other character would unquestionably have lost him."

Altogether the book is a very readable one, though it is here and there marred by a narrowness and bigotry toward Catholics which almost leads one to believe that the author has some lingering belief in the "Popish Plot," for pretending to believe in which he vigorously denounces Shaftesbury, who used the rancor it created for his own selfish ends; or, at least, that he believes in the possibility of such a plot being sanctioned by the church. There are several errors of date in the book, but for these the proof-reader is evidently responsible. In two places, for instance, the dates are exactly one century too far forward—a sort of centennial hop.

ESSAYS ON IRELAND. By W. J. O'Neill Daunt. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

Mr. Daunt has here collected a number of his essays dealing with the past and present of Ireland, most of which are reprinted from the *Dublin, Contemporary*, and *Westminster Reviews*. The essays contain much solid information put into clear and terse English, but perhaps it would have been better if they had been arranged with reference to their chronological order.

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THE BORGIA MYTH.

MR. ASTOR, in a recent number of the *North American Review*, has vindicated the character of Lucretia Borgia. Following in the wake of distinguished historians, he shows that the charges of murder, poisoning, and incest brought against her by scurrilous poets and vindictive scribes who hated the Borgia name are groundless. But while he spares the woman of the notorious family, he is unmerciful, and perhaps unjust, to two of its male members—the head, Pope Alexander VI., and his son, the renowned Cæsar, Duke of Romagna. In his novel, *Valentino*, he repeats and accentuates the charges made against Cæsar by the gossiping Burchard, the vindictive Infessura, the purchasable forger Paul Jovius,* the calumnious Guicciardini, and the Neapolitan poetic libellers Pontano and Sannazaro. That these epithets are not undeserved the reader who has studied their works can attest. The last edition of Burchard by Thuasne, at Paris, shows the old papal master of ceremonies to be a mere recorder of gossip. It is *fertur* and *dicitur* on every page of his diary—the “*on dit*” and the “it is said” of the modern detractor.

Besides the hostility of Burchard to the Borgias, so clearly pointed out by Gregorovius in his work on *Lucretia Borgia*, the

* Tiraboschi (*Letteratura Italiana*, tome vii. pp. 3, 903, Modena, 1792) shows that Jovius is unworthy of belief and a forger by his own testimony. Gregorovius (*Lucretia Borgia*, Stuttgart, 1874, chap. ii. p. 10) points out mistakes of Jovius and Infessura in the simplest matters affecting the Borgias. Litta holds that Cæsar's mother, Vanozza—an abbreviation of Giovanna—was of the Farnese family. But Gregorovius contradicts him (*ibidem*, p. 10). So discordant are authorities even in small matters regarding the Borgias.

fact that the edition of the ancient *Diarium* is not authentic—for there are slips and unquestionable interpolations in it—throws doubt on many of its statements.* Paris de Grassis, another chronicler of the early portion of the sixteenth century, for a time Burchard's associate, says of him that he was "not only not human, but above all beasts the most beastly, the most inhuman, and the most envious." As to Infessura, he was a radical, a revolutionist, a strong partisan of the Colonnas and therefore hostile to the Borgias, bitterly opposed to the temporal sovereignty of the popes, and so foul a writer that the learned Muratori, in his *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, was obliged to expunge obscenities from the *Diarium* of the Hortan chronicler before publishing it; and of the writer he says: "I have to admit that he was very prone to calumny." Paul Jovius in his letters confesses that his pen is purchasable, that he is a writer for sale like the mercenary Condottieri of the times; and Cæsar Cantù calls him "the lying gazetteer of the epoch." Paul Jovius, the immoral bishop of Nocera, whose chief grievance against the pope was that he would not give him a better see—viz., that of Como—because his holiness considered him unfit for it, as Tiraboschi states, is rivalled in lying by the Florentine Guicciardini. This man, who owed all his fortune to the popes, showed his gratitude by maligning his benefactors. Full of the Florentine hatred of the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy, which Cæsar Borgia did so much to re-establish in the Romagna, the Italian historian uses all the graces of style and his wonderful powers of expression to calumniate those whom he considered the foes of the political influence of his beloved republic. Audin, in his *Life of Leo X.*, tells us that conscience smote Guicciardini at the hour of his death, and that when the notary asked him what he was to do with the *History of Italy*, he replied, "Burn it." Cæsar Cantù, whose reputation for impartiality is above suspicion, says of him "that he measures the justice of a cause by success alone. He blames the popes for everything and attributes to them all the calamities of the age."† The hatred of the Venetians and Florentines towards the increase of the papal sovereignty in the fif-

* A learned critic of Thuasne's "Burchard," in the *Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie* (1 Quartalheft, Innsbrück, 1886), points out, 1st. That Eccard's text, from which that of Thuasne is taken, is corrupt—"Seven copies but no original" of Eccard's original exist; 2d. The Chigi copy which Thuasne follows is not proven to be faithful to the Vatican original, still unpublished; 3d. The *Diarium* from A.D. 1500 to the end is not authenticated because not signed by Burchard; this covers the "ball" story, to which we refer later on. Other breaks in the narrative are pointed out, as well as the quarrel which caused the enmity of Burchard to Alexander at the beginning of the pope's reign.

† *The Historians of Italy*, discourse ix.

teenth and sixteenth centuries is well known. Both republics had interests in the Romagna. Its rebellious feudatories looked to them for aid in their struggle against the conquering Cæsar of the house of Borgia. The Colonnas and the Orsinis were always secretly, and sometimes openly, aided and abetted by their Florentine and Venetian allies; both interested in thwarting the plans of Alexander VI. for the destruction of the "tyranni," as they were called, in Central Italy. Hence the Venetian and Florentine ambassadors, whether at Naples or at Rome, sent to their respective governments malicious reports of all that was done at the Vatican. Paolo Cappello and the rest show bias in all their despatches; and the compilation of the Venetian Marino Sanuto is a mixture of gossip, fable, fact, and fiction! *

The league of the Borgias with the French under Charles VIII. and Louis XII., and the war of Alexander against Ferdinand of Naples, caused the pontiff to be detested at the court of that monarch. Gibes and satires against the Borgias became the amusement of his table, and epigrams against Alexander, Lucretia, and Cæsar the stock in trade of the court poets. Pontano, one of them, while he satirized the pope and Lucretia, did not spare even his royal master and benefactor, whom he afterwards deserted for the French conqueror in A.D. 1501. Sannazaro was more faithful, for he followed Ferdinand into exile. These poets, in common with others of the Renaissance, affected to imitate their pagan exemplars in obscenity as well as in style, and to such excesses did they go that, according to Roscoe in his *Life of Leo X.*, they surpassed even Catullus and Martial in libertinism and indecency. Ulrich von Hutten and the other early Reformers of the sixteenth century imported into Germany the writings of these Italian satirists, and sent the flood of licentiousness and falsehood of which they were the source rolling down the centuries to the present day. It is not astonishing, therefore, that serious writers like Roscoe, Ranke, and Gregorovius, who believe that history should be a faithful record of facts proven by documents and other trustworthy testimony, instead of a gazette of gossip, should protest against the slanders forged against the Borgias and aid in restoring their character to the level of truth and justice. These writers deserve credit for having to a great extent conquered their prejudices of creed and nationality in the interest of historical truth.

Along with them we must name Edoardo Alvisi, a liberal Italian, who published, a few years ago, a work entitled *Cesare*

* Alberi, *Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti*, Firenze, 1864.

*Borgia, Duca di Romagna.** This book is a model of historical style and fairness. It is honest and unimpassioned. The author extenuates nothing and sets down naught in malice. The style is clear as Cæsar and terse as Tacitus. He produces the original documents or the unquestionable proof of every fact stated. Had Mr. Astor read this work before writing *Valentino* or the article on Lucretia, we are sure he would have changed the plot of the one and modified many of his assertions in the other.

Anyway, when Mr. Astor vindicates Lucretia does not he also vindicate Alexander from some of the foulest crimes charged to him? Does not the father share in the benefit of his child's vindication? If Lucretia was not guilty of incest with her own father or brother, then her father and brother were not guilty of incest with her; and if Cæsar is not as black as he is portrayed, may we not begin to suspect that Alexander's offences are less than they are said to be? If Alvisi's authority on Cæsar is as good as Mr. Astor's on Lucretia, both of these members of the Borgia family throw light on the dark shadows that surround their father's life.

However, let us forget Mr. Astor for the present. He has simply retailed the stories of other writers. He hardly pretends to be an historian, whatever he may be as a novelist. Let us, then, examine the chief charges brought against the Duke of Romagna, with a single eye to historical truth:

The first charge is that Cæsar murdered his brother, the Duke of Gandia. This charge was not made until a year after the assassination; and it was made first in Venice by the Ferrarese orator Pigna. His words are: "I have just heard that the cause of the death of the Duke of Gandia was his brother the cardinal"—Cæsar.† Cæsar had just declared his purpose of giving up the cardinalate and celibacy to return to a layman's ambitions and the possibility of matrimony. It was currently reported in 1498 that both he and Lucretia, just divorced from Giovanni Sforza, were about to contract marriages with members of the royal family of Naples. The Borgias were going to increase their temporalities. The children of Alexander—born, according to excellent authorities, before he had received holy orders—were about to become princes in Central Italy, and thus become rivals of Ferrarese, Florentine, Venetian, and even Neapolitan power. At once Venice becomes a forge of attacks against the Borgias. Alexander, who had been lauded by the Venetians, during the first four years of his pontificate, for

* Imola, A.D. 1878.

† Alvisi, p. 44.

his economy, sobriety, and "divine virtues," began to be represented as a glutton and a debauchee, Cæsar as an assassin, and Lucretia as a courtesan.

On the 14th of February (1498) the body of a certain Pierotto or Peter Calderon, a servant of the pope, was found in the Tiber. Burchard, living in Rome and not friendly to the Borgias, says he did not fall in "of his own free will." In Venice the story is circulated by Cappello that Pierotto was assassinated by Cæsar before the very eyes of the pope, one of whose favorites Pierotto was. About the same time Lucretia is reported as having begotten an illegitimate child, and Alexander as having imported a beautiful Spaniard for his amusement.* The "black as a crow" in Rome in those days became "the three black crows" in Venice, Ferrara, and Florence. A hint in Burchard becomes, under the pen of Cappello, Jovius, and Sanuto, a vividly-colored picture, as erotic as a story of the *Decameron*.

There is not a solitary fact to show that Cæsar murdered his brother. The Orsinis, in exile in Venice, helped to spread the tale, and Cappello and the exiled Savelli recorded it. The first reports of the assassination attributed it either to Giovanni Sforza or to Antonio Mario Pico della Mirandola as agent of Cardinal Ascanio Sforza. Neither the Neapolitan, nor the Perugian, nor the Florentine, nor the Modenese, nor the Ferrarese chronicles of the day accuse Cæsar of the crime.†

Gandia had killed an adherent of the Sforzas and refused to give them satisfaction. They had other reasons for seeking vengeance on the Borgias, because one of their family was divorced from Lucretia on account of impotency, and the new marriage proposed for her endangered their family possessions. On them, therefore, rather than on his own brother, properly rests the suspicion of having murdered the Duke of Gandia.

But even in smaller matters lies against the Borgias have been transmitted by respectable writers. We may mention an instance by way of diversion. Vasari, in his lives of the Italian painters, says that Pinturicchio, a favorite artist of those times, painted in the Torre Borgia, in the Vatican, Julia Farnese as the Madonna, and Alexander VI. worshipping her. Well, as Julia Farnese was a very handsome woman, who married in 1489 the pope's grandnephew, it is quite probable that Pinturicchio may have taken her face as a model for his Madonnas, but it is absolutely false that he painted the pope in any such surroundings as Vasari

* His son John, the Duke of Gandia, is reported as the pontifical pander on this occasion!

† Alvisi, p. 34.

states. The Madonna which he describes is in a panel "over the door of the third room, with angels around her; but the pope is not in that picture, but in one of the Resurrection in the second room, where Alexander is really portrayed in the act of prayer." * Julia was married to Ursino Orsini, son of Adriana Mila, a Borgia and Alexander's niece. Julia had a son that looked like the pope, and the scandal-mongers in Rome, pretending to forget that the child came by his looks by legitimate descent, spread the report that he was Alexander's son. There is not one iota of historical proof for the statement. And although to a class of men who do not believe in the possibility of clerical chastity, because they judge the clergy from their own subjective standpoint, the presence of a handsome relative of Alexander for a time in the Vatican will always afford an opportunity for a sneer or a gibe, those whose experience of human nature is better will discredit the unproved aspersions of the calumniator against the character of a pontiff then nearing the seventieth year of his age.

On a par with the story of this murder is the statement made regarding Cæsar's complicity in the divorce which the King of France, Louis XII., obtained from his old queen that he might marry Anne of Bretagne. Machiavelli, who was the incarnation of the perfidy and duplicity of the Italian republics of his time, in a despatch to the Florentine authorities states that Cæsar, going to France to marry Charlotte d'Albret, and carrying a cardinal's hat to De Rohan, prime minister of the king, brought also a private decree of divorce for Louis, and that it was to be sold to his majesty for a considerable sum of money. This statement is a falsehood. The decree was so notoriously public that the Ferrarese orator Manfredi speaks of it in a despatch of October 2, 1498, ten days before Cæsar had reached Marseilles on his way to the French court. The facts are that on the 17th of December in the same year, the day before Cæsar arrived at Chinon, where the French court then was, the three papal commissioners, the Cardinal of Luxembourg and the bishops of Albi and of Setta, publicly pronounced "the definitive sentence" of divorce in the church of St. Denis in Amboise. The marriage between Louis and Anne was solemnized at Nantes January 7, 1499, about a month after the judgment rendered by the papal commissioners. From all which it appears evident that Cæsar did not carry the decree of divorce to France, and that he did not sell it, as Machiavelli and novelists assert. Machiavelli says further that the Bishop of Setta was put to

* Alvisi, p. 15.

death by order of Cæsar for having revealed the existence of the secret decree of divorce, while contemporary chronicles show that this bishop was alive two years afterwards and took part with Cæsar in the siege of Forli.*

Having seen what to think of some of the murders by the sword or dagger attributed to Cæsar, let us now examine one said to have been caused by him by poison. Cardinal Borgia, Cæsar's cousin, died at Urbino in 1499. The worthy Sanuto first starts the story in Venice that Cæsar poisoned him because "the pope loved him and was going to give him a place." Paul Jovius, this time using his iron pen,† says "Cæsar murdered him because he had been friendly to the Duke of Gandia." Burchard, after noticing the death of the cardinal, adds it was "suspected by the physicians." A certain Prato, in a *Storia di Milano*, "says that the cardinal and his friends were cut to pieces by Romans." Such are the contradictory reports. Now, the fact is that the cardinal died of fever seventeen days' journey away from Duke Cæsar's camp, as we know from the chronicles of Forli and the Cesenan Diary. There is not an item of proof for this charge against him. He was at that very time engaged in subduing the papal vassals at Forli. Brantôme says that his coat of arms was "a dragon devouring several serpents." Nothing could be more appropriate to express the task in which he was engaged. The Romagna was full of petty tyrants, every one of whom made his castle a nest of vultures. Even the women of the Colonnas and Sforzas were tigresses.‡ Catharine Sforza, feudal sovereign of Imola and Forli, is an instance, for she tried to poison the pope. The people everywhere detested these rulers; sometimes the mobs rose in the towns and murdered them. Everywhere Cæsar was hailed as a deliverer by the oppressed populace. According to all authorities the serfs suffered unendurable misery under the tyranny of the rebellious vassals of the Holy See. Of all the fiefs of the pope, Cesena alone was faithful and paid its taxes. Astor Manfredi had not paid his taxes in years, and when summoned to do so by the papal officers the Venetians came to his rescue. The Malatestas, Savellis, and Orsinis were also in arrears and unwilling to obey. The Venetians and Florentines protected the "vicars," as they were called.§ Exiles from the oppressed fiefs were continually going to Rome

* The chroniclers of Forli speak of the death of this bishop, Ferdinando d'Almedia, and describe his funeral. Alvisi, p. 54.

† He said he had an iron pen for his enemies, a *golden* one for his friends.

‡ "Viragoes," as they were then called. Gregorovius describes them well in *Lucretia Borgia*, § Alvisi, p. 63.

with complaints against these rapacious barons, and the aid of the pope, the legal sovereign of the Romagna, was continually invoked. The Venetians sheltered the rebel Sforzas, and protected Pandolfo Malatesta and Astor Manfredi in their refusal to obey Cæsar, the pope's lieutenant. The Florentines, on the other hand, to save Forlì tried to form a league among Bologna, Ferrara, Forlì, Piombino, and Sienna. Not being able to contend against Valentino in the field—for he marched through the Romagna, conquering wherever he went—his enemies tried to avenge themselves by creating a public opinion against him by the publication of all manner of calumnies against his family. Certainly we do not claim that any of them at that time deserved canonization, but a historian should be just to them.

Among those who assailed the character of the Borgias most violently was the Venetian orator in Rome, Paolo Cappello.* He is the chief authority for the charge so often made since, and repeated by Gregorovius, that Cæsar murdered his brother-in-law, Lucretia's husband, Don Alfonso di Biselli, of the royal family of Naples. This unfortunate prince was found dangerously wounded on the steps of St. Peter's on the night of July 15, 1500. On the 19th of the same month the Venetian orator sent a despatch home stating that Cæsar had forbidden, under pain of death, any one to appear under arms between St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo. Alfonso remained ill for thirty-three days, nursed by his wife, Lucretia. The Venetian states in this despatch that no one knew who were the assailers of Alfonso, but that suspicion fell on Cæsar. The orator knew what would please his government. In a subsequent despatch in September Cappello states as a fact what he had recorded before as a mere suspicion.† Yet Burchard, who was living in the Vatican at the time, does not say that Cæsar was the assassin. On the contrary, he states that Cæsar denied that he was the assailers.‡ The difference between Burchard's statement and that of Cappello—or rather of Sanuto, who "doctored" Cappello's despatches—becomes more marked when they tell of the subsequent murder of Alfonso on August 18, A.D. 1500. Burchard says:

"On the 18th of the month of August Don Alphonsus de Aragon, Duke of Biselli, . . . was strangled in his bed. . . . The physicians of the dead prince and a certain hunchback who had been caring for him were arrested

* The despatches attributed to Cappello are not his, however, but the work of a Venetian compiler, Marino Sanuto. (See *Les Borgias*, by Clement. Paris, 1882.)

† This if we are to believe Sanuto's *Diarii*, which Clement accuses of falsehood and forgery (*Les Borgias*, p. 53).

‡ Burchard, vol. ii., Thuasne's edition, p. 68.

and imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo. An investigation was ordered; but they were afterwards liberated, for they were guiltless—a fact well known to those who had ordered the murder.”*

Burchard adds that the body of the dead prince was brought to St. Peter's and buried in the chapel of St. Mary de Febribus, under the supervision of Francis Borgia, Archbishop of Cosenza. Not one word of Cæsar or of his complicity in the crime. Now, the Venetian, or rather his editor, Sanuto, says that Cæsar entered the room of the sick man, caused his wife and sister to be put out, and, calling Don Michele (Cæsar's Spanish lieutenant), strangled the prince. The duke said that he strangled Don Alfonso “because he had tried to kill him (Cæsar).” Thus, while Cappello says that Cæsar wounded first and afterwards murdered the prince, Burchard excludes Cæsar altogether from the wounding and attributes it to several; and while Cappello says that Cæsar publicly boasted of being the murderer, Burchard says that whoever was the chief, the *mandans*, in the crime, tried to throw the blame on the physicians. Other contemporaneous chroniclers say that the assassins were unknown, or, ignoring the murder, say that the young prince died of the wounds first received. Even the author of the Neapolitan chronicle, hostile to the Borgias, is not able to name the guilty party, though he tells that King Ferdinand sent a physician to heal the wounded Don Alfonso. In course of time, however, hatred of the Borgias caused writers to attribute the deed to Cæsar. Yet if public opinion could be impartial enough to do justice to any Borgia, it would have to acquit Cæsar of the murder, or at least to bring in a Scotch verdict of “not proven.” Cappello's testimony, even if Sanuto have not added to it, is not sufficient, in default of Burchard, to convict any one, especially a Borgia.† The family, a Spanish one, surrounded by Spanish officials, was detested by the Italians, whose power, benefices, and fiefs it was gradually absorbing not only in Rome but in the rest of Central Italy. There were Sforzas enough alive to kill a prince who had taken their property as well as a wife divorced from one of them, and French partisans enough in Rome to kill a prince who was one of the bitterest enemies of French ambition in Naples, without seeking for the assassin in his brother-in-law, the Duke of Romagna.

Cæsar was only thirty-one years of age when he died. He

* I quote from the last edition of Burchard's *Diarium*, published in Paris by L. Thuasne, 1885, vol. ii. p. 73.

† Alvisi, p. 114; Clement, p. 53.

was not much better than the princes of his time or the average aristocratic young man of our day on the score of purity. Certainly he did not wish to live a life of hypocrisy in regard to women. Although a deacon and a cardinal, and thus entered on a career that might lead him to the highest honors in the church, feeling that he had no vocation for clerical life, he obtained at the outset of his career a dispensation from the law of celibacy and laid aside his cardinalitial long robe to assume the short frock of the secular. Yet he was not guilty of all the offences against morality laid to his charge. Thus Bembo states that by order of Cæsar a young lady of the household of the Duchess of Urbino was carried off by a party of soldiers while on her way to marry Caracciolo, a captain of infantry in Ravenna. Yet there is no foundation for the charge except rumor. The event happened in the evening of February 15, and is thus recorded by Pascoli, one of the duke's secretaries, writing on the same day from Cesena to his wife :

"I have no other desire than to go to you, but we must travel with leaden feet in these times. This very night a young lady of Urbino was carried off between Cervia and Ravenna, and her escort wounded."

The criminals who committed the rape were probably disbanded soldiers of the company under Russi and Granarolo.* The Venetians at once complained to Cæsar, who promised to make diligent inquiry as to the perpetrators of the outrage, in order to have them punished. He further expressed regret that it should have occurred so close to the borders of his dukedom. In fact, the woman was liberated and sent to her husband, by whom she afterwards had four children.† Cæsar might have well said, as one of his defenders remarks, that a prince like him could find women enough for his amusement without forcing into his service strangers whom he had never seen.

A statement based on seemingly better authority than that of Bembo, affecting not only the character for decency of Cæsar, but of Lucretia and Alexander, is found in the third volume of Burchard's famous *Diarium*. This passage has given opportunity for painters and novelists to represent the Borgias in the most indecent light. It is worth translating entire from the old chronicle. He is speaking of the festivities in Rome on the occasion of the marriage of Lucretia with Prince Alfonso of Ferrara, her third husband :

"In the evening [the last of October, 1501] fifty *honest prostitutes*, called

* Alvisi, p. 162.

† *Della vita e de' fatti di Guidobaldo*. Di Baldi, Milano, 1821.

courtesans, supped with the duke [Cæsar] in his room in the apostolic palace. These after supper, at first clothed, afterwards naked, danced with the servants and others present; . . . the pope, the duke, and Lucretia, his sister, being present and looking on."*

The credibility of Burchard's testimony is doubtful. This part of the *Diary*, as we have already noted, is not authenticated. The editions of the *Diary* are faulty and interpolated. Eccard, Leibnitz, Thuasne, and Gennarelli, who published editions of it, were enemies of the Borgias; and until the original manuscript of the work, still in the Vatican Library, finds the light of day, doubt must rest even on Thuasne's copy. This is the conclusion to which the reader of his preface and notes must arrive. Is the passage above quoted an interpolation? Did Burchard write this, or does he give what he saw or knew, or merely retail gossip, as he so frequently does? It is true that the *fertur* and *dicitur* so usual to the chronicler when he is telling an interesting story is wanting to this passage. Yet there are grave reasons for suspecting that the chronicler merely copies the fictions of the great libel published against the Borgia family just at this time. It is in the form of a letter supposed to be written to Silvio Savelli, an outlawed enemy of the Borgias, then at shelter in the imperial court of Germany. The author first of all congratulates Savelli on having escaped from the hands of the thieves who had confiscated his property by "the crime and perfidy of the pontiff," and at having found refuge in the court of the emperor. Then the anonymous writer blames Savelli for asking the pope to restore his property, for being so credulous as to suppose that a pontiff "who is the betrayer of the human race, and who spends his time in follies," would ever do anything just except under compulsion. Between Savelli, betrayed and proscribed, and the pope there should be eternal war and eternal hatred. Savelli should try other means than petition; he should make known to the emperor and the German princes the crimes of "this infamous beast" Alexander—"a disgrace to God and religion. This pope has committed murders, rapines, rapes, and incests too numerous to mention."† Cæsar, Lucretia, and all the other Borgias have had a share in them. The pope's simonies, perfidies, and rapes are enumerated; and the ball with fifty *meretrices honestæ* of Burchard is laid to Lucretia's charge. She and Cæsar are accused of incest. Cæsar is the murderer of Alfonso of Biselli

* Burchard, tome iii. p. 167.

† The letter is found in Thuasne's Burchard and Sanuto's *Diaries*. Sanuto very probably embellished Cappello's despatches with extracts from this letter. Alvisi, p. 224.

and of Pierotto; Cæsar has ruined the Romagna, from which he has driven the lawful sovereigns. All fear him, the fratricide, "who was a cardinal and has become an assassin."

This letter is a summary of all the charges ever made by angry Italian writers in Milan, Venice, Naples, and Rome against the strong-willed Spanish intruders. Burchard's *Diarium* tells us that the pope asked to see the famous letter. He was accustomed for years to the style of the Roman satirists, the most violent in Europe, reading daily, for the amusement of his courtiers, all that Marforio and Pasquino could say against himself. But Cæsar was angered by it, and, a short time after its publication, caused a Venetian who had written calumnies against the Borgias to be put to death; and a Neapolitan rhetorician, Jeronimo Mancioni—most probably the author of the Savelli letter—who had previously slandered them, to be mutilated. The stocks, and sometimes death, were then the punishments for the calumniator, as they were long after in our own New England.*

Is the famous "ball," then, a calumny, or did it actually take place? Must we admit that Kaulbach's† obscene picture of it has as little foundation in truth as Donizetti's opera or Victor Hugo's tragedy? Certainly, if the ball be genuine, Mr. Astor would have to take up his pen again in defence of his heroine, for she is said to have been present at it. Or is the text of Burchard interpolated by Eccard, the enemy of the popes? The original Vatican manuscript alone, when it comes to light, will solve the doubt. Alvisi insinuates that the Burchard story is taken from the Savelli libel. The diarist does not say that he was at the ball. He is giving only a report of what he heard. What is meant by fifty *meretrices honestæ*, anyway—"fifty respectable prostitutes"? Was it not easy for the copyist to mistake Burchard's word—granting for the moment the authenticity of the text—and to assume it to be *meretrices*? Certainly Burchard's penmanship was not easy to read. He was a German, accustomed to use peculiar characters in his writings, and his calligraphy sadly puzzled the Italians who tried to read it. Even his associates could not make out what he wrote. Paris de Grassis, his fellow-master of ceremonies and afterwards his successor, says: "The books which he wrote no one can understand except the devil, his aider, or the sibyl; for such crooks, most ob-

* Even pontifical briefs and bulls were forged in those days. Floridus, Archbishop of Co-senza, was put to death by Cæsar for such forgeries.

† Kaulbach is an instance of the tendency of certain artists to assume that the indecent is true art. Lucretia Borgia's dance is not the worst sin of a Kaulbach against decency.

scure pothooks, and obliterated and scratched letters does he form that I think he must have had the devil for his amanuensis." *

The "ball" story is incredible also when we consider the character of Alexander and Cæsar as given by Gregorovius. They were men of refinement and culture, patrons of the arts and sciences. Both were wonderfully gifted and of a serious character. Both had great executive qualities. Alexander's public acts as head of the church prove him a statesman and a promoter of the spiritual welfare of Christianity. Even his enemies say that he was abstemious. The pious custom of ringing the bells in Rome at a certain hour in the evening, called the "Ave Maria," comes from him; and whatever may be believed of his private life, no true historian has accused him or Cæsar of being gross, vulgar, or boorish. The "ball" is credible of a Russian court two hundred years ago, but not of the papal court in the age of the "Renaissance," with a pope nearly seventy years of age and in presence of a woman whose chastity Mr. Astor and Roscoe have vindicated. The fact that the careful and painstaking historians De Reumont and Gregorovius, both unfriendly to the Borgias, reject the "ball" story, is a strong argument against its truth. Matarazzo (*Arch. Stor. Ital.*, t. xvi. p. 189) says that the dance was performed by ladies and gentlemen of the court—*cortigiane*, improperly translated in this case "courtesans." The nudity does not mean absolute nudity, but a throwing-off of the outer robes. The Florentine orator Francis Pepi says they were courtiers, and not "courtesans," who danced. Shall we believe these authorities, or perhaps the interpolator of Burchard? Must not the impartial doubt, at least, and not repeat a charge which is certainly not proven? Is it not bigotry to asperse character without proof?

But the Borgian perfidy is attacked perhaps more even than the so-called Borgian orgies and murders. Cæsar especially is singled out as a monster of the worst form of Italian treachery in the age which saw Nicholas Machiavelli's *Princepe*. But the duke even at his worst could hardly surpass the duplicity of the government whose secretary Machiavelli was, or the treasons often repeated of the papal vassals, the Orsini, the Vitelli, the Bentivoglios, Vitellozzo, and their confederates. Under the pen of careful historians the "treason" of Sinigaglia laid to Cæsar's charge assumes a very different aspect from that which it has in Mr. Astor's prejudiced romance.

* Note to Burchard's *Diarium*, Thuasne's edition, Paris, 1883, tome i. p. 2.

The "confederates" conspired in September, 1502, at Todi, to murder the duke and thus free the Romagna from his sway. The time was favorable. The French contingent in his army had gone. The vassals rose. Oliverotto of Fermo took Camerino and murdered all the Spaniards found in it. Baglioni besieged Michelotto—Cæsar's Spanish lieutenant—in Pesaro; and the Feltrese, violating their oaths, took Tavoletto and ravaged the country around Rimini. Cæsar knew that no trust could be placed in the perjured "vicars." At this time he besieged Sinigaglia, where the confederates assembled for the purpose of assassinating him. They tried, however, to conceal their purpose, which had been confessed to him by Remiro di Lorgna, his majordomo, a party to the conspiracy, whom the duke had put to death for extorting money from the people and defrauding them in grain transactions—"for the duke hated every kind of avarice."* The traitors, Paul and Francis Orsini, Vitellozzo, Vitelli, and Oliverotto, came out of the town to meet Cæsar with pretended friendship, not knowing that he was aware of their plot. They embraced him. All entered the town together and the palace where the duke was to lodge and be assassinated. But no sooner were they in than he caused the conspirators to be arrested, their army attacked and routed, and the town sacked by Cæsar's troops. The Vitelli and Enfreducci were put to death by his orders, and the ever-treacherous Orsini sent prisoners to Rome. This is the fact which Machiavelli praises so highly in the *Principe*, but which other writers condemn as an unpardonable breach of faith. Cæsar's own explanation of his conduct is found in his published letters, and agrees with what we have written:† that "the Orsini and their confederates, in spite of failure in a former rebellion and pardon received, having heard that the French troops were gone away, thinking that the duke was weak, plotted a second treason; pretending to help him take Sinigaglia, hiding two-thirds of their army in the houses around the town, making a secret agreement with the castellan to make a secret assault on Cæsar at night." He asks all Italy to rejoice with him for having anticipated and thwarted the traitorous conspiracy, "for it is well to deceive those who have been masters of deceit." Cæsar was universally congratulated on his success, and Francis Uberti wrote a poem on it in which the victor is praised:

"Fortiter et vitulos sternens, ursosque furentes"

—the Vitelli and Orsini being the steeds and the bears. Cer-

* Alvisi, *Documenti*, n. 74.

† Idem and *Vita di Malatesta Baglioni*, Perugia, 1839.

tainly the end does not justify the means; but considering that the confederates would have murdered Cæsar if he had not entrapped them in the snare set to catch himself, we cannot mourn, as Mr. Astor does, over the fate of these Italian "tyranni" of the sixteenth century as if they were martyrs to liberty or the victims of Borgian perfidy. It takes a good detective to catch a skilful thief; and it took Cæsar Borgia to outwit the confederates of Sinigaglia.

Pope Alexander VI. died on the 18th of August, 1502. It is not true, as stated by Astor in his novel and by some historians, that Alexander and Cæsar were poisoned, the former dying in consequence at a banquet, in which, by the malice of an attendant, the poisoned wine intended by the pope and "Valentino" for others was drunk by themselves. The truth is this: In the month of August, 1502, the heat at Rome and in Central Italy was excessive. In consequence of it fever spread throughout the country. Cardinal Borgia of Monreale, Archbishop of Ferrara, died of it. The pope and Cæsar both caught it; Cæsar recovered, but the pope died. Neither Burchard nor any one of the ambassadors then at Rome mention a word about poisoning on this occasion. On the evening of August 5 the pope, Valentino, and many prelates supped at the vineyard of Cardinal Adrian da Corneto. The pontiff's death occurred thirteen days after this supper. The swollen appearance of his corpse exposed in the church of St. Peter gave the gossiping Romans occasion to say he was poisoned; and those well-known historical embellishers, Bembo, Guicciardini, and Jovius with his "iron pen," added the rest. Not one respectable historian now believes the romance about the poisoning of Alexander and Cæsar. Voltaire and Muratori, as well as Gregorovius and De Reumont, all reject it.

Clement, in *Les Borgias*, gives us a portrait of Cæsar,* by Raphael, which proves that Jovius lied even about the physical appearance of the Duke of Romagna. The Venetian orator of the time called him "most handsome." Indeed, all the Borgias, by the testimony of their enemies, were endowed with physical charms, as well as with mental gifts and winning manners. Valentino had mild, clear eyes, a smiling countenance, a high brow, long face, and firm chin. Yet Jovius tells us that his countenance was disfigured with pustules, and that his sunken eyes gleamed so fiercely that his friends and servants were in terror of him! He was the friend and patron of scholars, poets, and artists. Alvisi gives us a list of the Italian scholars who

* Still existing in the Borghese Gallery at Rome.

were the duke's friends and companions. The sculptors also found in him a distinguished patron. Torrigiano followed him to the wars against the "tyrants"; Michael Angelo lived for a time with him in Rome; Pinturicchio was his friend and beneficiary; and so popular was he among the Roman *litterati* that the poets Agapito Gerardino, Vincenzo Calmeta, Justolo, Francis Sperulo, and Orfino, all members of the Academy of Paul Correse, took up the sword to aid him in the subjugation of his father's rebellious vassals. The bad character given to him and his family is not from the *litterati* of his own dominion, but from foreigners like Burchard the Alsacian; from Jovius and Guicciardini, the North Italians; from Pontano and Sannazaro, the Neapolitans; from Infessura, the disciple of Rienzi; or from Venetian, Florentine, and Neapolitan writers whose interests lay in a direction contrary to that of the house of Borgia. No court of justice, no jury of honest men, no impartial mind would convict an accused on such testimony.

A ROYAL SPANISH CRUSADER.

IN the shining muster-roll of kings who wore the cross and led their mail-clad chivalry to Palestine to win the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel, there is no Spanish name. For two centuries, from 1100 to 1300, during which the idea of the Crusade still dominated the imagination of Christendom and sent its knightliest and bravest in myriads to fight and perish on the hot sands of Syria, nearly every country of Europe, at one time or another, contributed its monarch to the crusading ranks. Kings of England, France, Denmark, Hungary, and, we may add, Scotland—if David the king can be credited with the deeds of David the prince—made that futile and fatal campaign. No less than three emperors of Germany led mighty armies to the Holy Land, where one of them, the most famous, Frederick Barbarossa, died on the threshold of his enterprise. As many kings of France risked life and fortune on the same glorious venture, one, the saintly Louis, leading two crusades, and, like the German Frederick, dying at the outset of the second on Saracenic soil before the walls of Tunis.

Amid all this ferment of royal devotion and chivalry no Spanish king is found marshalling his hosts to the rescue of the Holy

City. We cannot say no king of Spain, for the kingdom of Spain as yet had no existence; but not one of the smaller kingdoms into which the Christian part of the Iberian peninsula was divided—neither fiery Aragon, nor stately Leon, nor proud Castile—sent any royal pilgrim with lance in rest to clear the path first marked out by Peter the Hermit and Godfrey of Bouillon, and strewn since with the bones of thousands upon thousands of the faithful who had fallen in sight of Jerusalem beneath the edge of the Moslem scimeter or the still more deadly blasts of the Moslem desert.

For a people possessing the Spanish temperament, devout to the point of fanaticism and brave to the verge of ferocity, naturally warlike and trained by constant conflict to the use of arms, passionately fond of the exercises of chivalry, nurtured, moreover, from the cradle in a vigorous hatred of the Saracen such as more northern nations who had never felt his yoke could never know, such an omission seems particularly strange. Spanish kings, it should seem, would have been first to lead the crusade, the last to leave it. But the truth is, a Spanish king of those days had no occasion, even if he had the time or will, to cross the water in search of his crusade; it was brought to his very doors. For eight centuries, from the woful field of Xeres, where Roderick lost life and kingdom, to the taking of Granada and the final subjugation of the Moors by Ferdinand and Isabella, the history of Spain is one long crusade. For eight centuries of almost constant battle Spanish chivalry and valor upheld the cross against the crescent with varying fortune—now successful, as in the glorious struggle of Simancas, where 40,000 Moors were slain; again overthrown, as on the disastrous day of Alarcos, where Alonzo the Noble led the knighthood of Castile to slaughter; and finally triumphant, as in the crowning victory on the Navas of Toloso, where the Moorish power was broken, and, with the help of good St. James, 100,000 infidels were left dead upon the field, the Christian loss being but 25.

With such neighbors to keep them busy, kings of Castile or Leon, or even Aragon—though this, from its northernmost position, had less to fear from Moorish incursions than either of the sister kingdoms—had scant leisure to follow in the footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus, of Andrew of Hungary and St. Louis of France. Even if the Paynim gave any one of them breathing-space he would still have been kept at home by distrust of his Christian neighbors, ever on the alert to gobble up a stray kingdom left forsaken for the moment by its unwary master. Yet it cannot be doubted that more than one of

those chivalrous Catholic and Moslem-hating monarchs had to stifle many a secret yearning for that martial pilgrimage which every monarch of the time felt it his bounden duty to make, and which one of them, Robert Bruce by name, was so grieved at not making that his death-bed could only be consoled by brave Black Douglas' promise to bury the king's heart in that Holy Land his foot had never trod. It was these same pestilent Moors of Spain, who kept so many good kings of Castile and Leon and Aragon from going to fight for the Tomb of Christ, that now would not even suffer the dead Bruce's heart to reach that sacred goal. For the brave Lord James, on the way to fulfil his mission, being tempted by his love of fighting to take a hand in the Spanish wars, was there slain after performing prodigies of valor, and the royal heart went back to Scotland and to the royal palace at Scone.

But the day of retribution for the Moors was still to come, and the beginning of their doom was written in the crushing defeat on the Navas (Plains) of Toloso, already mentioned, where, if their loss was less than contemporary accounts would make it, their army, at least, was destroyed, and their power received a blow from which it never fully recovered. This was in 1212. The conquest of Valencia, twenty-six years later, repeating the most famous exploit of the Cid a century and a half before, completed the discomfiture of the Moors, plucked from them their terrors as an invading force, and put them almost wholly on the defensive. It was a king of Aragon who achieved this most notable victory, and, having secured himself in his kingdom by a few more conquests, and by the marriage of his daughter to the king of Castile and Leon, now united in one, he seems to have bethought himself that the time had come when a Spanish king might win that battle of the cross in Palestine which so many other Christian kings had failed in. Killing Paynims in Spain was, no doubt, well enough—a most meritorious work; but killing Paynims in Palestine was, after all, the real business of a genuine crusader. So good King Jayme I., surnamed *El Conquistador*—"The Conqueror"—recking nothing of the sixty-six years that might have unnerved an arm or a heart less stout than his, buckled on his harness and set his face toward the Holy Sepulchre to strike a blow for the glory of God and the honor of Aragon. In his *Chronicle*,* written by himself in

* *The Chronicle of James I., King of Aragon, surnamed The Conqueror, written by himself.* Translated from the Catalan by the late James Foster, M.P. for Berwick; with Historical Introduction, etc., by Pascuale de Gayangos. 2 vols. London, 1883.

Catalan—that forgotten language of troubadour and knight, and only lately rendered into English—he tells us with what pride and satisfaction he received a summons from Pope Gregory X. to attend the Council of Lyons, A.D. 1274:

“I was much pleased and very joyful,” he says, “when summoned by the pope to give him counsel and aid in the business of the Holy Land beyond the sea. I sent him word that I would be there with him on the day he had named. So I accordingly prepared to go to the council at Lyons, as he had requested. And a long time before this I had my hostelries taken in the city, and sent thither whatever I thought would be necessary for two months or more. And in the middle of Lent I left Valencia and went to Lyons. . . . When I got to Viana [Vienne] the pope sent me his messengers in state, praying me to wait a day at St. Symphorien, that he might the better prepare for my reception. I did so. The place was three leagues from Lyons. Next day I rose at dawn and went into Lyons. It was the first day of May. All the cardinals came to meet me a league outside the city, and the Master of the Temple beyond seas, En Juan Gil, En Gasper de Rosellen, who held the city for the pope, and many other bishops and barons; and it took me to make my entrance, for the distance of a league, as far as the pope’s palace, from morning till noon, so great was the throng of people who came out to receive me.”

He got there at last, however, and when the pope, who was in his chamber, was told the king was coming,

“He came out in his full robes, and I saw him pass before me. He sat down in his chair, and I did him that reverence which kings do to a pope, according to the established custom. A chair was set for me near his own, on the right, and I then told him how I had come the day he had appointed for his meeting, but that I would not speak with him of any business till the morrow, when I would be present and hear what he had to say to me.”

Accordingly on the morrow he expounds his views in presence of the council. He tells the pope, first, that he has come “for three purposes—two of your own, and for a third of mine. The first is that you sent to me for advice; the second, that I might give you aid. I have come here to give you the best advice I know or that God will inspire me with. The third is entirely a reason of mine own—that I may denounce others who have no heart to serve God.” Certainly this exordium is not without a ring of the true crusading mettle. Then, premising that he “desires to speak before any one, as there is no king here but myself,” he sets forth his plan for the crusade:

“I give you first my advice, which is to send to the Holy Land five hundred knights and two thousand footmen, and forthwith to send your letters to the Masters of the Temple and of the Hospital, to the King of Cyprus and the city of Acre, and let them know that it is for the sake

of the land beyond the sea that you hold this present council; to send at once that company as vanguard, and set the others in motion to cross over. These first will not go to fight, but merely to garrison the castles and hold them till the great crusade goes—that is, two years next St. John's day. For the rest, I say that if you yourself go beyond sea, as you have proposed, I will accompany you with one thousand knights; but then do you aid me with the tithes of my land."

Unluckily, in the midst of these warlike proposals and planings there came a trifling financial difference between the high contracting parties. King Jayme desired to be crowned by the pope, and for that purpose had brought his crown with him, "made of gold and set with precious stones, worth more than one hundred thousand *sous tournois*. Not so good a one could be got in Lyons." The pope's advisers, however, insisted that, as a condition to the crowning, the king should pay certain arrears due to the Holy See. Thence arose a squabble, the upshot of which was that King Jayme went home uncrowned and in some dudgeon, and the crusade was indefinitely postponed. With the pope, however, he parted on the best of terms:

"I took him apart and said: 'Holy Father, I wish to leave, but not as the proverb says: "He who goes to Rome a fool comes away a fool" [*Qui foll sen va a Roma foll sen torna*]. Let it not be so with you. I never saw any pope but yourself, and so I wish to confess to you.' He was much pleased and content, and said he would confess me. I told him my sins, and, on the other hand, what I could remember of the good deeds I had done. He imposed no other penance on me but that I should keep from evil for the future and persevere in good. Then I went on my knees before him, and he put his hand on my head and gave me his blessing full five times. I kissed his hand and took my leave."

Don Jayme never got any nearer to Jerusalem than this. Before the allotted two years of preparation were completed death seized upon him at Valencia, six days after he had abdicated in favor of his eldest son, the Infante En Pere. But, in or out of Palestine, the warrior-king of Aragon was a born crusader. His whole life was a battle against the Crescent and "the hosts of false Mahound," and it was, no doubt, but an accident of fate which prevented the banner of Aragon from floating on the walls of Jerusalem. One has but to read the *Chronicle* to see how deeply the crusading spirit tinged the life and guided the actions of its author. His first great exploit, performed when he was barely twenty-one, was conquering "a Saracen kingdom in the sea"—the Balearic Isles; his dying aspiration, as we have seen, was to lead a new crusade "to the Holy Land beyond the sea." Nor was this merely the ardor of the soldier longing

for new conquests; there was in it, too, something of the zeal of the missionary. In a time and country wherein the flame of religion, fanned on either side by counterblasts of infidelity and heresy, burned brightest, Don Jayme was essentially a Catholic king—a type of the stern Christian warrior for whom Simon de Montfort may stand as a model, who “denounced those who have no heart to serve God,” and thought it fitting to punish heretics because “they were bad and dangerous citizens.” It is to serve the Lord that Don Jayme sets out on his expedition against Mallorca; in danger of shipwreck, he puts up a “prayer to our Lord and his Mother,” which is given in full in the *Chronicle*; he leads his knights to the charge “in Our Lady’s name.” Almost the last act of his life, as we have seen, was to receive absolution from the pope; and it was his intention, frustrated by his sudden death, to retire upon his abdication to a monastery, and, like his great successor, Charles V., die wearing the religious habit.

Yet the stock from which Don Jayme sprang gave scant promise of such a scion. His father was Don Pedro II. of Aragon; his mother Doña Maria, daughter and heiress of Guillen VIII. (William), Count of Montpellier (where Don Jayme was born), by Eudoxia, daughter of Manuel Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople. Doña Maria, indeed, was a pious Catholic and a good woman—“if ever there was a good woman in the world it was she,” says her son in the *Chronicle*. And he adds:

“This Doña Maria was called the holy queen, not only in Rome, where she died, but all over the world besides. Many sick are to this day cured by drinking, in water or in wine, the dust scraped from her tombstone in the church of St. Peter at Rome, where she is buried, near Santa Petronilla, the daughter of St. Peter.”

She was a great favorite of Innocent III., who upheld her rights against her father when he sought to disinherit her in the interest of his children by a second marriage, and afterwards against her husband when his profligacy and violence drove her to seek the pope’s protection. The account of Don Jayme’s christening at the church of Notre Dame des Tables at Montpellier (a bit of autobiography in which the royal chronicler may be supposed to have had collaboration), gives a notion of the good queen’s simple-hearted piety. It was a question of naming the child:

“So she made twelve candles, all of one size and weight, and had them all lighted together, and gave each the name of an apostle, and vowed to

our Lord that I should be christened by the name of that which lasted longest. And so it happened that the candle that went by the name of St. James lasted a good finger's breadth more than all the others. And owing to that circumstance and to the grace of God I was christened El Jaime."

It was a strange and cruel fortune which married this good woman and pious Catholic thrice to husbands of licentious life and heretical leanings. Barral, Count of Marseilles, and Bernard, Count of Comminges, her first two husbands, were, like so many of the nobles of Provence, Languedoc, and Aquitaine, deeply infected with that taint of heresy which came to them partly as an ancestral legacy, partly as a deposit from the retiring flood of the first Crusades, and an importation from the Jews and the Moors of Spain. In that stronghold of Gothic Arianism, scotched but not killed when Clovis slew Alaric the Visigoth on the plain of Vouillé in 507, because it "displeased him mightily that these Arians should possess a portion of the Gauls," all strange doctrines took root and flourished. Jew and Saracen, the Talmud and the Koran, Manichæan and Gnostic, Henricians who spat upon the cross because it was the instrument of Christ's torture, and Paterins who held the Lord's Prayer to be the only lawful form of petition—all contributed to swell the mass of error professed and taught by the sectaries known to history as the Albigenses, though they called themselves, with the modest self-assertion of their kind, Cathari (*καθαρῶν*, pure).* In Aqu-

* By one of those perversions of history on which evangelical fanaticism and ignorance are fed, the Albigenses have been elevated, *faute de mieux*, to the rank of Protestant martyrs. Yet not only did they hold doctrines which even Protestantism would reject with abhorrence and Calvinism would have refuted with stake and fagot, but they were punished not so much because they were heretics as because they were law-breakers and rebels. Their teachings were subversive of society and a menace to the state. Their defiance of all authority, civil and ecclesiastical, which sought to curb their excesses, was indeed but another manifestation of that unruly spirit which, from the time of its subjugation and settlement by the Visigoths in the fifth century, made all Occitania assert a quasi-independence of the French kings. This feeling survived to a much later period than the thirteenth century, in which it led the great lords of Languedoc and Provence to head the Albigense insurrection, and it was, no doubt, a powerful support to the English domination in Aquitaine.

So far from being mainly chargeable with the chastisement of the Albigenses, it was the Papacy which, for at least three-quarters of a century, interfered to postpone it. Legate after legate, to the number of thirteen, besides numberless missionaries of lesser rank, had been sent to lure back these lost sheep to the fold. St. Bernard himself, as early as 1145, had preached to them, winning multitudes of the common folk, but failing utterly to touch the hard hearts of the nobles, who even hid themselves in their houses, that they might not hear him; so that on leaving Vertfeuil, in the district of Toulouse, where "were at that time a hundred knights abiding, having arms, banners, and horses, and keeping themselves at their own expense," the good saint was moved to shake the dust from his feet and to curse the town, saying: "Vertfeuil, God wither thee!" Sixty years later the great St. Dominic had no better success. But it was not until the papal legate, Peter de Castelnau, had been foully murdered at Saint Gilles, whither he had come at the instance and invitation of Count Raymond, that Pope Innocent III. lost patience and commanded the crusade. The merit of a cause is, to some extent, indicated by

taine the Albigenses found the bulk of their votaries, and in Aragon, akin to Aquitaine by community of blood and language—for both spoke the Catalan tongue—they had sympathizers, if not disciples. In Pedro II. they found not only a sympathizer but a leader who, with his brother-in-law, Count Raymond of Toulouse—degenerate grandson of that Raymond who had fought with the Cid against the Moors, and, with Godfrey and Bohemond, had led the first Crusade—made ineffectual head against Montfort's relentless onset until he was overthrown and slain in the bloody battle of Muret. It is related that King Pedro was almost the first one struck down in the fight, and, although he cried out lustily, "*En sol reis*" (I am the king), the crusaders speedily despatched him. Perhaps, like the Flemish weavers who slew Count Robert of Artois a century later on the field of Courtrai, while begging for quarter, "they couldn't understand his lingo."

The son of a king killed in arms against a crusade proclaimed for the extirpation of a heresy which he protected if not professed, and the descendant of those emperors of Constantinople in whom the first Crusaders found a foe scarcely less bitter, and even more crafty, than the Saracen himself, would not be expected to develop much of the crusading fervor. But Don Jayme's training made amends for any defect of ancestry. His first tutor was grim Simon de Montfort himself, to whom his father committed him soon after birth, perhaps for some reason of policy; perhaps, as was not unusual in those days, that his martial education might be conducted under the eye of him who was beyond dispute the first soldier of his time. According to the *Chronicle*, it was at Montfort's own wish:

"And after my birth En Simon de Montfort, who had the lands of Carcassonne and Bédarieux and of Toulouse, what the King of France had conquered, desired to have friendship with my father, and asked for me that he might bring me up at his court. And my father trusted so much in Montfort that he delivered me to him to bring up."

But when the battle of Muret had left the young prince an orphan in his fifth year, the lords of Aragon demanded his restitution, and, at Pope Innocent's request, Montfort surrendered him to another tutor who could most fitly continue his own teaching. This was En Guillen de Montrédon, the Master of the

the character of its leaders; and the leaders of the Albigenses, almost without exception, from Pedro and Raymond to the apostate monk Henri, were men of loose morals and abandoned life.

Temple in Spain, who received Don Jayme when he was six years and four months old. Such was the poverty of the country after Don Pedro's wastefulness and wars that it is recorded in the *Chronicle*: "When I entered Monzon [the fortress where Don Jayme was to reside with the Master of the Temple] I had no food for one day, the land being so wasted and mortgaged."

Don Jayme's school-days were destined to be brief. In those perfervid times, and among that warlike race, the soldier's career began early. The Knight of Bivar, afterwards to be immortalized in his country's history as El Cid Campeador, while yet a boy had made his name a terror to the Moor; nor was Bernardo del Carpio older when he slew the mighty Roland in the Pass of Roncesvaux. At a later and less legendary period we find Don John of Austria, while yet in his teens, acclaimed the most accomplished knight in Europe, and winning the battle of Lepanto, which saved Christendom, at an age when nowadays his coevals are at college. But surely never did hero of legend or history make his maiden battle younger than Don Jayme. At nine years old his stern master put him in the field at Sagua against the treacherous kinsmen who were conspiring for his throne, "a knight, whose name I do not remember, lending me a light coat of mail (*gonio*), which I put on; and that was the beginning, the first arms I ever wore." One king history tells of, indeed, who wore arms at an age more tender. That was Louis, variously surnamed the Debonair and the Pious, whom his father, Charlemagne, in the hope to curb the rebellious restiveness of Aquitaine, sent, when three years old, to be king of that most unruly province. Says Eginhard, the annalist of Charlemagne:

"From the banks of the Meuse to Orleans the little prince was carried in his cradle. But once on the Loire, this manner of travelling beseeemed him no longer; his conductors would that his entry into his dominions should have a manly and warrior-like appearance: they clad him in arms proportioned to his height and age; they put him and held him on horseback; and it was in such guise that he entered Aquitaine."

But this was merely a peaceful parade, while the nine-year-old prince of Aragon donned hauberk and took sword in hand for the serious work of war. Thenceforward for the space of nearly sixty years the harness was rarely off his back.

The same precocity marked his marriage. It was the counsel of his liegemen that he should marry while still young—

"Because there were great anxieties for my life, either from maladies or from poison, and likewise because they wished on my account that I should have an heir, so that the kingdom should not go out of the royal line; for

Count Sancho, son of the Count of Barcelona [it was against him the young soldier had taken arms at Sagua], and Don Fernando, my uncle, wished each to be king, and had tried for it in my childhood when I was at Monzon."

That touch about his childhood from the mature monarch of twelve is delightful. So at the age of twelve Don Jayme was betrothed and presently married to Doña Leanor of Castile, and, what seemed to him probably a much more important ceremony, was knighted, making his knightly vigil and receiving the knightly spurs at the church of St. Mary's of Orta. After that, he says, with a gravity which makes one smile, "I went into Aragon and Catalonia, and my wife, the queen, with me."

Married thus young, the bold spirit of the Conqueror-to-be chafed under the subjection in which his barons sought to keep him, and he meditated flight.

"I went to the queen and said to her: 'Well do I know and see the hurt and dishonor that you and I are suffering, and, though I am still a child, I intend having my revenge, and you also, if you will only follow my advice.'"

But as this advice included a descent from a window by means of a rope, the poor child-queen shrank from the danger. "Know you," she made answer, "that for nothing in the world will I be lowered by a board on ropes." This is the same queen who a few years later conducts, with the skill of a trained diplomat and the nerve of a veteran campaigner, the negotiations for the surrender of Valencia. Deliverance came at last, and freedom of action was no sooner secured than the first thought of the young prince is conquest. At a banquet in Tarragona "a citizen of Barcelona who had great knowledge of the sea" tells him about the rich and fertile island of Mallorca, a Saracen kingdom at his very doors. Don Jayme summons his Cortes at once, and after telling them how he intends "to serve the Lord in this expedition that I mean to make against the kingdom of Mallorca," sets about his preparations. Finally he sets sail from the harbor of Salen in September, 1229, with twenty-five ships, eighteen tartanas, seventeen galleys, and one hundred transports. En Guillen de Moncada, Master of the Temple in Aragon since the promotion of En Guillen de Montrédon to the grand-mastership of the order, led the van, and the king brought up the rear "in the galley of Montpellier." In his train, by an odd caprice of fortune, were many of the rebel, and now refugee, lords of Aquitaine who had led the Albigenses and been beaten

and dispersed by De Montfort. The Vicomte of Carcassonne, the lords of Lo and Laurac, of Saissac, Cabaret and Castres, Termes and Miraval, now wore the cross they had once warred against.

All went well until a treacherous wind from Provence—where, to the fervent imagination of the time, the very airs of heaven may have seemed tainted with heresy and inimical to the cross—threatened the safety of the squadron, but gave the king also occasion to show his piety and trust in God :

“A wind from Provence springing up, the ships found themselves taken in a white squall. *Cala! Cala!* cried the sailors, but there was a bad sea with that Provence wind, and no one in my galley spoke a word. The vessels were driving around us. I saw the danger we were in. I was greatly discomforted, but I turned to our Lord and his Mother and prayed thus: ‘I well know thou hast made me king of the land and of the goods my father held by thy grace. Until this time I had not begun any great or perilous enterprise, seeing that thy help has been felt from my birth up to this time, and thou hast given us honor and help against our bad subjects who would overthrow us. Now, O Lord, my Creator, help me, if it please thee, in this so great danger, that so good a work as I have begun may not be lost; for I alone would not lose, but thou wouldst lose more. I go on this expedition to exalt the faith that thou hast given us, and to abase and destroy those who do not believe in thee; and so, O thou true and powerful God, thou canst guard me in this danger and fulfil my will, which is to serve thee. And I should remember thee, for as yet no creature ever called to thee for mercy that did not find it, and especially they who have it in their heart to serve thee and to suffer for thy sake; and I am one of them. And, O Lord, remember so many people who go with me to serve thee; and thou, Mother of God, who art a bridge and a pathway for sinners, I beseech thee, by the seven joys and seven sorrows that thou hadst for thy dear Lord, to remember me by praying to thy dear Son to take from me this affliction and danger in which I am, and those with me.”

Happily the storm blew over, a landing was safely made in the bay of Palamera, and battle joined with the Saracens at once. After a stubborn conflict, in which the Christians were three times beaten back, the Saracens took to flight and were pursued to the walls of Mallorca. The city was formally invested and battered with *fonnevals* and *chattes*, *mangonels* and *trébuchets*, and all the enginery of mediæval warfare, until, on St. Sylvester's eve, orders were given that the army should, after hearing Mass, deliver the assault. So at daylight they charged “in Our Lady's name,” and through the breach the dismayed Saracens “saw a knight on horseback, in white armor, enter first. My belief is that it must have been St. George, as I find in history that in many other battles of Christians and Saracens he was frequently

seen." It is a little curious that Don Jayme should have fixed upon St. George as his heavenly ally, since it is St. James (Santiago) who generally figures in the Spanish legends in this character; and St. James was not only the patron saint of Spain, but his own especial patron and name-saint. The victory was complete, the King of Mallorca and his son being taken, and thirty thousand infidels flying to the hills. Don Jayme set a guard of Dominicans over the palace and treasury (his fighting men, it seems, were scarcely to be trusted there), and then, "wearied out, went to sleep, for the sun had already set." The next morning he naively records how lucky he thought himself to be asked to breakfast by "a man who had cooked some very good beef"—a touch that veterans of our own war will appreciate.

By the end of the ensuing summer the island of Mallorca was entirely subjugated and Don Jayme returned to Tarragona. The following year he was recalled to Mallorca by a rumor that the King of Tunis meant to cross there; and, finding this false, took occasion while he was on the spot to reduce Minorca and Iviça. These, however, and some minor conquests during the next ten years, were only preparations for his great exploit, the conquest of Valencia, which he achieved in 1238, when he was thirty years of age. The great military orders of Spain, the Templars and the Hospitallers, were ever ready to urge and aid him to fresh enterprises against the infidels, and it was the Master of the Hospital who now pointed out to him that his glory would be incomplete without the capture of Valencia. Mallorca was nothing, he said; in Valencia there would be found men so innumerable as to prevent approach to her walls, so that a king who could take *that* might well say he was the greatest king in the world. This was touching the king on his tenderest points—his pride as a soldier and his zeal as a Christian—and he forthwith set about redeeming the city of the Cid. This he accomplished after a campaign so admirably planned that the Master of the Hospital was sure "the Lord must guide a man whose resolutions were so good." Valencia was surrendered, and the *Chronicle* goes on:

"When I saw my standard upon the tower I dismounted, turned myself to the East, and wept with my eyes, kissing the ground for the great mercy that had been done me."

So our Conqueror went on from triumph to triumph, and from conquest to conquest (he was victor in thirty battles), extending the boundaries of his kingdom, and winning great glory

of men and, let us hope, what he himself would have valued more—the approval of Heaven. Indeed, from all contemporary accounts, James I. was a just and enlightened monarch, who earned his subjects' love by his solicitude for their welfare. In the intervals of his campaigns he devoted himself with equal earnestness and ability to regulating the internal affairs of his kingdom, and in particular to protecting the peasantry and farming class from the oppression and rapacity of the great lords. In his leisure moments, when freed from the cares of war and administration, he was fond of making little excursions into the neighboring friendly kingdoms, and especially to Montpellier, where he was born and christened, and for which he seems to have retained a fondness through his life. On his way to the Council of Lyons, already referred to, he stayed eight days at Montpellier, and at another time he made a formal visit there to entertain his kinsmen, the Counts of Toulouse and Provence. These were his cousin, Raymond VII., son of that Raymond of Toulouse who had headed the Albigense rebellion and been by Simon de Montfort so wofully mauled and battered; and Raymond Berenger, celebrated by Dante as the father of four fair daughters who all became queens.* Don Jayme's attachment to Montpellier was shown in other ways. In that votive chapel of Our Lady built by Guillen VI. of Montpellier, adjoining his castle, and afterwards known as the *Sainte Chapelle*, he established a college of canons for the daily celebration of Mass. And once when he fell sick there he had himself carried to the church of Notre Dame des Tables, where he was christened, and, being suddenly healed after prayer, he caused a votive picture commemorating the event to be placed in the church. This ancient sanctuary was sacked by the Huguenots, and destroyed in the Revolution.

Such is, in brief, the story of Don Jayme El Conquistador, as told in the pages of his *Chronicle*. It reveals him as a valiant knight and a skilful captain, a good king and a devout Catholic, fearing God and hating the infidel, as a true man should. In person he was the model of a mediæval knight. Of almost gigantic stature, the most powerful man of his time, and expert in all the

* Of England, France, Sicily, and the Romans. Marguerite, the eldest, "held," say the chronicles, "to be the most noble, most beautiful, and best educated princess at that time in Europe," was married to St. Louis. It was then that, the Count of Provence being anxious about the immense dowry he would have to give his daughter, Romeo de Villeneuve, his seneschal, gave him the famous advice: "Count, leave it to me, and let not this great expense cause you any trouble. If you marry your eldest high, the mere consideration of the alliance will get the others married better and at less cost."

exercises of chivalry, he must, indeed, have carried terror to the Moors on whom he charged shouting his favorite war-cry, "In Our Lady's name!" Of him, no doubt, might be repeated what he says of his father, Don Pedro: "He was a good man-at-arms, as good as any in the world." His body was buried in the monastery of St. Mary of Poblet, to which his will bequeathed it; and there, though the church was ruined in the Carlist wars, his tomb may still be seen, with his effigy wearing the frock and sandals of a Bernardine friar, in which he was interred.

"SOMETHING TOUCHING THE LORD HAMLET."

THE acting conceptions of Hamlet have been almost as numerous as the tragedians who have personated him. Burbage, the great Hamlet of Shakspeare's own day, is said to have required from the dramatist's hand the queen's description of the prince as "fat and scant of breath." Betterton, of course, omitted it, being (as indeed were Garrick, Kean, and as is Edwin Booth) small of stature and of meagre build. Betterton also omitted the passage commencing

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us,"

while Garrick discarded the entire graveyard scene of the fifth act, and took such other liberties as became a true inheritor of the traditions of Dryden and Davenant, who worked over the great text quite at pleasure, turning Macbeth's witches into a ballet, giving Miranda a brother, and making Shylock a low comedian with a red nose, or Portia a soubrette, with imitations of leading local barristers, as happened to hit the ribald tone of their day.

But while the actor may not be asked to overlook exigencies of taste and audience, or managers to maintain a purity of context at the expense of empty houses and bankruptcy, editors, commentators, and critics cannot be permitted an equal license of interpretation. These may, indeed, put their multitudinous knowledge into foot-notes; but between the foot-notes and the text a broad line is to be drawn, below which is their prerogative, but above which they can only read like the rest of us.

And yet when Ophelia exclaims, "Oh! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown," she appears to have given the keynote to

about two centuries of commentary. Doubtless to that gentle lady so did appear the princely lover, who chided her in brusque speech, and with rough denials dismissed her from his presence. But I cannot help thinking that the exegesis which credits Hamlet the Dane (as we have him in the First Folio) with madness, indecision, a disjointed and diseased will, or other insignia of a mind diseased, is drawn not so much from a desire to corroborate Ophelia as from a certain finical overstudy of the crude "Hamblett" of Belleforest, or that earlier Saga of a rude and formative literature, the "Amleth" of Saxo Grammaticus; if, indeed, it be anything else than a supercilious and redundant sapiency and show of profundity in the commentator himself. That our average Shakspearean commentator is given to overmuch "letting of empty buckets into empty wells" is very familiar criticism. There are many commentaries to write and very little to write about, and the temptation to archæological minutiae on the one hand, or æsthetic rhapsody on the other, is perhaps too strong for resistance. But a ruthless sweeping away of both alike will, I think, reveal the Hamlet that Shakspeare himself wanted; and this Hamlet, I think, will turn out a very different sort of person from the one the commentators manufacture for us.

Prince Hamlet—as we have him in the First Folio—seems to me a manly, punctilious, and rational gentleman, with a legally balanced mind, conservative in method and tendency, with a lawyer's caution and respect for the conventional and established order of things; above all, suspicious of intuitions, surmise, and guess-work. Far from being infirm of purpose, like that whilom Macbeth who let "I dare not wait upon I would"—who dared not to think, much less to look upon what his own hands had wrought—here was, it seems to me, a man whose deliberate and solemn judgment, once committed to an act, was suffered neither to relax nor hurry its due issue and performance. Surely that was an impatient and impertinent ghost who came a second time from his prison-house to complain of the "almost blunted purpose" of such a man as this! He had taken a prince's word, this ghost, that while memory held its sway his message should be remembered, and should have rested in the assurance. For the prince had weighed long and considered deeply before giving his word or putting any reliance upon or believing in ghosts at all. He is rather disposed, on the whole, to jeer at the very idea of such things as unpent spirits, released from their confine, revisiting the glimpses of this moon; albeit in the days of Shakspeare

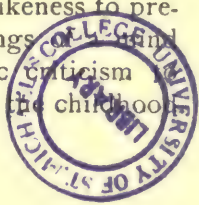
all kinds of spectres, supernatural and disembodied shapes, were conceded a constant interposition in sublunary matters.

The story of *Hamlet* is not a record of usurpation, murder, blood, and death like *Macbeth*, nor of domestic tragedy like *Othello*, nor of madness like *Lear*. Rather is it the history of purposes adhered to and of the end which compassed them. The man who, living consecrated to a purpose, accomplishes that purpose before he dies, is not ordinarily held to be a failure, infirm of resolution, weak and listless of his purpose. To every self-regarding, trustful, determined, and just man must come, at some time, deliberation as to method; as to consequences, hesitations, interruptions of time and circumstances. Did not Prince Hamlet, perhaps, eat and sleep between the ghostly interview and the catastrophe of his revenge, during the visit of the players, their rehearsals and performance, the murder of Polonius, the embassy to England, the escape, the return, the funeral of Ophelia? Was there no more interval to these than the waits and betweenings of the play at our theatres?

Had the dramatist whose completed work is before us in the First Folio desired to portray a madman named Hamlet, he had plenty of models at hand. The Belleforest "Hamblett" would rend his clothes, "wallow in the mire, run through the streets with fouled face, like a man distraught, not speaking one word but such as seemed to proceed from madness and mere frenzy; all his actions and gestures being no other than the right countenance of a man wholly deprived of all reason and understanding; in such sort that he seemed fit for nothing but to make sport to the pages and ruffling courtiers that attended in the courts of his stepfather." But is it not the patent fact that Shakspeare followed no such model; that he deliberately rejected the childish Saga and the almost equally crude "Hamblett" tale, and created a new Hamlet with attributes of his own, whose story bore only the most attenuated resemblance to these? And if Shakspeare deliberately discarded all the former Amleths and Hambletts, why should we restore them? What have they to do with Hamlet the Dane, in inky cloak, who did not rant nor grovel, but cherished only

"That within which passeth show"?

To me this sombre and stately prince bears no likeness to predecessors who were very mountebanks in silly apings of mad and diseased. Is it not the very paradox of æsthetic criticism to leave the perfect work of a master, and go back to the childhood



of a re-utilized tale for an inconsequent and irresponsible lunatic "who fails to act in any definite line of consistent purpose; neglects what he deems a sacred duty; wastes himself in trifling occupations; descends to the ignoble part of a court-jester; breaks the heart of a lady he dearly loves; uselessly and recklessly kills her father, with no sign of sorrow or remorse for the deed; insults a brother's legitimate grief at her grave, and finally goes stumbling to the catastrophe of his death, the most complete failure, in the direction of the avowed purpose of his life, ever recorded"? The æsthete who thus declaims might, perhaps, have labored under provincial disadvantage. Old Dr. Johnson, to be sure, once delivered himself of a valuable note to the effect that "the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth"; but surely, not since the old doctor's day has a metropolitan English stage so interpreted the masterpiece of a master.

To begin with, it is to be remembered that our Hamlet is an Englishman, and the Denmark in which he moved an English court, ruled by an absolute monarch of the Tudor cast, one Claudius, a very passable Henry VIII., not quite so far along in uxoriousness at his taking-off, perhaps, but well in for it. No amount of scenic or critical realism will enable us to confess a further obligation in Shakspeare to Denmark than for a very limited stock of allusion and nomenclature. There certainly is neither habitude, cast of thought, method, or custom that can be called Danish, or that suggests itself as characteristic of Denmark's warlike, simple, sturdy, and unphilosophic inhabitants of any dynasty or date, in the salient points and characters of the play.

The characteristic of the particular tragedian who enacts Hamlet—the blonde wig, the Danish court-dress, the mantle of fur; the portraits hung on the chamber-wall or worn "in little" on the actor's breast; the Tudor scenery which Garrick used, or the barbaric court with its rude arches and columns hung in arras; its figures draped in habit of old Scandinavia—all these, while alike creditable to the study and conception of this or that actor (and valuable as relieving the spectator from a too monotonous usuetude), are still redundant, if we are to ask who, after all, Hamlet, in the mind's eye of his creator, Shakspeare, was.

Hamlet to the true critic, "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations," must ever be and remain an Englishman. From the prince's philosophy of life and duty, the courtier phrases of Polonius and Osric, to the burlesque dialect and dialectics of the grave-diggers, every speech and sense put into the mouth

of the *dramatis personæ* is purely English—English thought, methods, habits of reasoning, analogies, and expression are everywhere before us. There was nothing incestuous in the marriage of Claudius to his brother's widow, by Danish laws, traditions, or customs. The technical denial of consecrated sepulture to suicides, the polishing of young gallants at the French court, the employment of strolling players—every act, law, tenure, or custom on which the action of the play is anywhere suspended—is English, and English only.

Add to all these that the succession from Claudius is stated in such unmistakable terms of English law that nothing but sheer good-nature can admit a flavor of Denmark into it.

" . . . Our valiant Hamlet
Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a sealed compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king, which had returned
To the inheritance of Fortinbras
Had *he* been vanquisher, as, by the same cov'nant,
His fell to Hamlet." —(I. i. 87.)

Had the wager between the two kings been a legal one in England (and by importing the legend Shakspeare so assumed it), then the above is an exact statement of the result, by Anglo-Saxon tenure, in equity. Technical terms of the lawyers' craft are "packed into this passage so closely as to form the greater part of its composition," says Mr. Davis. Others have shown that not only was the argument of the grave-digger a legitimate travesty on the old case of *Hales vs. Petit*, but that in the entire graveyard scene clowns, priests, court, and all travel closely within the customs sanctioned by English canon law of the period. And Horatio, at the last (as if conscious that a Platonic suicide were out of place in Denmark), explains that he is "more an antique Roman than a Dane."

What we are contemplating, then, is not a Danish but an English Hamlet—a Hamlet as he left the hands of Shakspeare, his creator; a Hamlet dispossessed of the personal equation of his particular interpreter, or the dust-heap of this or that particular annotator; the Hamlet, in short, of the play as we have it finally in the First Folio, not as it might have been or ought to have been according to this or that more or less adult alienist or protagonist. He is simply an English prince in waiting; in his

minority entitled to princely maintenance, but only so long as he remains a cipher in the state. In this sense only can the King say to him, "Be as ourselves in Denmark." The crown-prince who should trifle with state affairs would have become, in Tudor or Elizabethan usage, on the instant a crown prisoner instead.

This Prince Hamlet is restive. His first speech is a *sotto voce* bitterly expressive of this very status. Left alone a moment later, a friend, a late arrival from a German university, tells of a ghostly visitor, and brings witnesses to his story of the apparition, which, however, Hamlet declines, even upon the testimony of these three, his sworn friend among them, to believe. But his curiosity is aroused and he proposes to see for himself. Just here the industrious gentlemen who find "trilogies" and "groups" among the Canon Plays might well pause to point us to the fact that this ghost of Hamlet's father is the only ghost in all Shakspeare which allows itself to be visible to outsiders, to spectators, who are merely third persons to its business or message. Cæsar and Banquo, and Henry and Clarence, and the young princes sent their shades only to the party who had unkindly assisted in their mortal taking-off. Even if not an intentional proof, certainly it is an afforded proof of the conservatism and manliness of Prince Hamlet that to convince *him* something even more than "the sensible and true avouch" of his own senses is despatched! A disbeliever in ghosts is to be made over into a believer, and the mettle to be worked upon requires nothing less than cumulative presumptive evidence. This stage passed, however, Hamlet consents to see the Ghost alone. But even afterwards, although half-convinced and profoundly impressed with the interview, he will not yet admit to his friends that he believes. He makes light of the whole affair, and, to assure them how faintly the eerie interview has touched his reason, puns and quibbles and jokes about it with careless, even heartless, badinage. We had supposed that it was only your true German mind, with its strata of "under-soul" and "over-soul," which can see in this badinage, even if it be a little forced, the gambols of a maddened mind. But it seems there are others who forget that it is only with things familiar that we joke and trifle. Had Hamlet been afraid of that ghost, those of us who are willing to allow Shakspeare somewhat to say of his own creations will not be indisposed to admit—in the teeth even of the vast German introspection—that Shakspeare's text might, perhaps, have so made it appear.

But whether Hamlet be or no, Hamlet's friends are afraid of

it; and so, like the prince that he is, he puts himself courteously into a frame of tolerance with their mood. In heroic vein he swears them on his sword to secrecy; and then, when ready for the whisper, puts them by with platitudes—in short, acts as any gentleman would who finely, but firmly and irrevocably, wrests it out of any one's power to trifle with what he will, nevertheless, in private deeply ponder over. Firmly, but yet playfully, so as not to wound the feelings of those to whose kindness he is, and may hereafter wish to become, indebted for his evidence, he refuses to share his secret; and when, from reflection, causation, and rational assessment of cumulative proof, he finds the ghost's statements walking all-fours with his own intuitive perceptions, even then this legal-minded, this exact young prince will press to no conclusion—will neither upon supernatural testimony nor intuition base an overt act. He will, for the present, do nothing more than doubt; and, lawyer-like, he still gives the benefit of the doubt to the *de facto* King. Even the vision which three other sane men have seen may yet be the chimera of his own melancholy:

"The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: . . . yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me."

And then he adds—again the lawyer and acute and accomplished weigher of evidence:

"I'll have grounds
More relative than this!"

Wherein lies the "madness," so far at least, in the mental processes of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark?

There is a play, out of the Italian, made upon the murder of one Gonzago. Here are strolling players, who have a power, nevertheless, of recitation of which Hamlet himself has felt the force. Hamlet has heard that one's conscience may be—nay, has been—reached by such players as these. He conceives a plan of using this very play about the Gonzago murder to test the story he has heard, if so be it may deduce "matter more relative." He revises the dumb-show of the act of murder to suit the one portrayed by the Ghost, interpolates a speech or two of his own, and gives minute direction to the actor entrusted with them how to render his lines, beyond all peradventure,

effectively. And in the result, and not till then, will the prince recognize "the sensible and true avouch" not only of those senses to which the apparition has appeared, but of a whole court. Then, and not till then, will this "madman," this crazed Hamlet, "take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds."

And now ensues a scene which for two centuries or so the chorus of commentators has declared to be a breaking-forth of Prince Hamlet's dementia. But what says the play? Shall not this pensive, this calm and self-repressing Hamlet at least allow himself a burst of exultation at the complete success of his long-maturing schemes? That he does not declaim in rotund periods, that he does not call on the avenging gods, is purely characteristic of the balanced and self-correcting brain. Why—he says, in relaxing vein, to his friend—if my fortunes should some day turn against me, don't you think I could get a living with a strolling company of players myself? Yes, indeed, I think you might at least claim in time half a share in the profits of the troupe, says Horatio. To which Hamlet replies, still in complaisant mood, Nothing less than a whole share for me, and recites in the popular vein a verse, wanting the final rhyme, which Horatio suggests could have been completed in perfect appropriateness to the occasion:

"For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very CLAUDIUS!" *

only for *Claudius* Hamlet says "pajock" (that is, "peacock," or anything that is mere pretence and show without substance). The playfulness of two friends unbending may hardly pass as madness with minds not maddish themselves!

The parry of harsh words with poor Lady Ophelia, leading up to the abrupt dismissal, affords another recitement for the "madman" view. Perhaps all lovers' vows and dicers' oaths are madness. But here are lovers' vows reconsidered; and reconsideration is not quite the regulation act of a madman. In the leisure of a prince, no doubt, Hamlet has had love-passages with the sweet lady; perhaps had given her his heart of hearts, as, indeed, she has surely given hers to him. What matters it to the now gruesome story of the play? Now that the Ghost's story has become a truth to the deep-thinking man, now that he sees how henceforth his is a life committed to great purposes, there

* This reading is suggested to me by Mr. Davis.

must be no more sports with Amaryllis in the shade nor with the tangles of Nerea's hair, no more of marriages. There must be harsh words sooner or later, and abrupt speeches. They may as well come now as further on. A murderous and usurping king is to be done for, a dear father murdered to be avenged. After that, Ophelia again, perhaps. But until the times have been set right and the cursed spite of duty performed, it is needs must to wipe away all trivial fond records. They, with all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past, all dilettante matter in idle courtier life or at Wittenberg by youth and observation copied, must be expunged from the book and volume of a brain hereafter to be filled alone by that dear father's commandment, brought by that father's own perturbed spirit to mortality again. Indeed, we have found no madness yet. Perhaps it were better for Prince Hamlet if we had. Even in this inter-scene it is not hard to recognize the tender reluctance of the gentleman who is obliged, in harsh half-dialogue and half-soliloquy, to tell the lady that she must release for ever all thought of the man who perhaps loved her once. It might, we even think, have been kindlier done by taking the Lady Ophelia herself into a prince's confidence. The woman who loved a Hamlet might have acquiesced in his honor and the *noblesse oblige* of it. At least a woman like Macbeth's lady would have acquiesced. But perhaps Ophelia was not a Lady Macbeth. So far we go with the text. Hamlet so decides, and we are reading, not composing, his story—reading it, not from Saxo Grammaticus, or Belleforest, or the æsthetic commentators, but from Shakspeare. Hamlet assumes aberration, perhaps to soften his cruelty, perhaps in cold blood; but, anyhow, Ophelia is to be sacrificed, and sacrificed she is.

Thereafter, the Ghost's word once taken, we see Hamlet sword in hand. Twice he strikes at the King, who has, in the face of the court, confessed the murder of his predecessor (confessed it certainly as plainly as Macbeth at the banquet revealed the taking-off of Banquo). The first time Hamlet drops his point because King Claudius is at his prayers, and the prince will not run the risk of having England (that is, *his* Denmark) take its priest's cue and canonize a sovereign slain, like Becket, at the altar; the second time, so luck will have it, kills Polonius instead. Conscience-stricken as he is, Claudius yet proposes to make things endurable for himself. He has this troublesome prince announced as mad to the court (to whom explanations of the killing of Polonius and of that scene at the play are in order), and announces that the throne in tenderest solicitude will ar-

range that he be sent abroad for change of scene and treatment. Outside it is bulletined to the populace that Prince Hamlet is despatched on embassy to England to exact a long-delayed instalment of tribute-money. But such items leak through the sieve of courts, and the very grave-diggers have the truth of it. Had Hamlet been the madman the commentators make him and Ophelia thought him, he had, perhaps, never penetrated the subterfuge. But he had been on his guard against plots to get him out of the way. Even when the King had called him "cousin" and "son," and invited him to "be as ourselves in Denmark," Hamlet had been swift to interpret the purposes for which Rozencrantz and Guildenstern were imported, and had mentioned to those insinuating gentlemen that he was not quite yet bereft of reason; nay, nor a pipe to be played upon.

He sees it to his advantage to accompany and outwit them, and he does it with rare effectiveness. But our commentator is not disconcerted with this *ruse contre ruse*, and is ready with his hermeneutics; cites many learned works in mental pathology, and shows how normal to a mind diseased is a certain penetrating shrewdness. Hamlet having been pronounced stark mad to begin with, all the *res gestæ* is to be bent to that end, and bent it accordingly is.

But one scene more is to intervene ere the purpose of a prince is made a fact accomplished—the scene at poor Ophelia's grave. To read madness into the intense pathos and philosophy of that monologue over Yorick's skull and the mortality that turns Cæsars into clay puts even our commentators to their reading. But they do it somehow. It is a tribute to the vast penetration of the people, to the great common consent of mankind, that this scene will subdue and dominate and hold the breath of vast audiences, and that not an individual will miss the modulated lesson of it all. How many of these vast audiences read or think of reading a volume of our commentators in order to comprehend that exquisite height of dramatic intensity? Doubtless not one. And yet our commentator will write, and the old book-stalls will teem with the books so written, and the copies are always choice finds because "uncut."

That could hardly be a chronicle of a human life which recorded that its subject never lost his patience or his temper. It must be confessed that, a very few moments after this high strain, Prince Hamlet is human—is sane enough to entirely lose his. He has been through much. And to a man so deeply conscious

of the perspective of events, so keenly cutting below the surface and into the motives and hearts of men, so contemptuous of mere words and noise and phrases, to see Laertes, tricked out in the fopperies of France, playing maudlin mourner where he, Hamlet, had suppressed everything—it was hardly to be borne without a little touch of nature. But he is not long beside himself. He knows that he rants, and that a hostile court are taking notes to pin lunacy once more upon him. He contents himself:

"I loved you ever: but 'tis no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day!"

The excitement of return; of the meditation on mortality, on Yorick's skull, and on Cæsar turned to clay; of the funeral in consecrated ground, and the sudden confronting of the court, are subdued into only just this little measure. After all, the cat will mew, the dog will have his day—and so, enough.

With unerring perception, once more a calm and determined man, Hamlet falls in with the King's second subterfuge of the wager, and instantly recognizes the perfect and fitting opportunity—for all these days, months, and years awaited—sent by Fate at last. At last he will have a weapon in his hand in full view of the court and in the presence of the King—a King not at prayers, but on his throne. He will make short work of him now. The matter is out of scheming, and the prince has only to bide the hour. The weight of the disjointed times off his mind, he has leisure and mood for trifling. He can fool Osric to the top of his bent, or he may for the first time talk of himself to his only friend: "Thou wouldst not think how ill's all here about my heart: but it is no matter." But when Horatio would undertake to put off the sword-play, "Not a whit. . . . If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all." The readiness of long years, the readiness that never has relaxed through all the interruption of events—the readiness is all; and here it is!

There is surely very little of the "court-jester" in the closing scene, when the dying Hamlet, although he has accomplished his never-relented-from purpose, and has no wish to live, yet, as his blood ebbs, remembers that this accomplished purpose may be set down to a moment's impulse, and the long, silent struggle for opportunity, the once more accorded lesson of revenge, be never known by those whose judgment he could yet wish kind to the last prince of a lapsed dynasty! Perhaps Hamlet foresaw

—let us admit the fancy for a moment—the long line of commentators who to-day, as for the last one hundred years, are interrupting the reader of Prince Hamlet's story at every word by superimposed numeral or asterisk, or other zodiacal sign, to ask him if he is quite sure he understands what he is reading, and wouldn't rather please stop and see what a nice little wheelbarrow-load of archaic and dusty débris he has just trundled up and emptied at this, that, and the other point; who is bending, perhaps, all his little sapiency to prove the incapacity, the shiftlessness, the puling imbecility, vacillation, and all the rest of it, of Hamlet the Dane. Perhaps Prince Hamlet saw all this in his mind's eye when he said to Horatio:

"O good Horatio! what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,"

(for Horatio was himself proposing to drink the cup and follow his friend,)

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

—Endure the buffetings of life to say a word for me; show why I broke Ophelia's heart, by mischance killed her harmless old father, why I took the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds; put down the poisoned cup, and tarry here to report me and my cause aright—nothing extenuate, but tell them the story of harsh fate, and of my duty all, all done! "If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart," do this for Hamlet! "The rest is Silence!"

We confess that, unless, indeed, Hamlet is a mystery for each man to read himself into, unless every man is to make of Hamlet what he himself under the circumstances would have been, and unless it is of no sort of consequence what Shakspeare drew him to be, we cannot read any blunted purposes into the soul of this English prince. Under what standard of comparison does he merit the interpretation? Surrounded by Claudius, the conscience-eaten; Polonius, the parasite; Osric, the flunky; Laertes, true cub of Polonius, coming from dissipation in Paris to remouth his father's platitudes and do the cat's paw for a murderous and cowardly King—surely not by confronting him with these does Prince Hamlet appear "cruel, evasive, dilatory, infirm of purpose, a court-jester"! Surely not out of this precious directory shall we select Hamlet as the madman! In Macbeth, indeed, we

had the man who would "proceed no further in this business"; in Brutus one whose "whole mind," spurred amid his rhetorical patriotism to a single overt act,

"—is suffering the nature of an insurrection";

but not in the Hamlet of Shakspeare can we find one of these paradoxes.

And yet what little necessity for any analysis at all to find a madman, when we consider that Horatio is at Hamlet's side? Surely to no one but a Shakspearean commentator is it necessary to suggest that Horatio was no keeper of lunatics, nor quite the person to figure throughout the play as the friend, confidant, and *alter ego* of a madman. The æsthetic critic who can conceive of Horatio, clear-minded, strong-headed, acute, practical, who checks his friend with a

"—'twere to consider too curiously to consider so,"

and who, when all is over, can say above his lifelong and now lifeless friend:

"Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placèd to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads";

continuing, during the entire period covered by the Shakspearean chronicle, the follower of a man who had better have been in a madhouse—is perhaps best as he is: an æsthetic critic! To such a one Hamlet the Dane may have been a candidate for Bedlam. But at least King Fortinbras knew better when he pronounced the proper and fitting eulogium of this just man, tenacious of his purpose:

"Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him."

A CATHOLIC VIEW OF PRISON LIFE.

IT must be doubted whether any government in the world, in this year of grace 1886, has grasped the whole ideal of the *object* of punishment, and therefore of its method or its spirit. If I may hazard an opinion where so many of the wisest thinkers have differed both in principle and in detail, I should imagine that to change the heart and the character of a criminal was the first and last motive in all punishment. If it be replied that this is not the legal idea, because punishment means the legal payment of a debt which has been incurred both to the law and to society, I should rejoin that this may be so from a law-court point of view, but that it is not so from a Christian or a philosophical. If punishment be regarded as a deterrent from crime (a deterrent both in endurance and in prospect), it must follow that, since to *prevent* crime is a chief object in punishment, to *improve* the criminal must be a means to the same end. "I punish you that you may not do it again, or that others may be forewarned of the penalty," is only half of that motive which, Christianly and philosophically, should influence the legislative mind. "I punish you that, in the process of your being punished, you may be built up into a totally new character," seems much more suggestive of the divine ideal of punishment, which I should imagine to be "purification by pain."

Yet when we use the word "pain" we are using a loose word which may be interpreted in a variety of senses. Pain may mean physical or mental suffering, without a touch even of motive or of object. It may mean simply the infliction of a woe—not the endurance of, the submission to, a woe, with high courage, religious patience, a penitent spirit; it may mean nothing better than a detested evil, a thing to be hated for its own self. Now, this wrong estimate of pain—both physical and mental pain—is just precisely that estimate which ninety-nine prisoners out of every hundred naturally take of their law-inflicted punishment. I say "naturally take," for neither in law-courts nor in prisons is there any earnest recognition of the duty of suggesting a higher estimate. Barring only the "attendance at divine worship" and the kindly sympathies of the chaplain of a jail (with, of course, the use of libraries in prisons, and also the practically helpful service of "learning a trade"), there is positively, at least in Eng-

land, scarcely any attempt whatever at the rebuilding of the whole character of a convict. A prison means only a place of working out a sentence, whether it be for six months or for a whole life. It is *not* a place for Christian penance and edification, any more than for intellectual invigoration. It is rather a place where the one sentiment is degradation; the one object, to "get through" the horrid task.

I have visited Catholic prisons in France and in Italy, and have recognized the high intention of the officials. Particularly at Belle Isle, near St. Nazaire, I was wonderfully struck with three excellent characteristics: the prominence given to the attractiveness of the prison chapel, the constant, affectionate fatherliness of the prison chaplain, and the soothing influence of the surrounding sea and tranquil country. The *idea* of the place was that of a retreat; there was nothing which was repugnant or degrading. And some of the worst classes of criminals were sent there. I talked to some of them, in the company of the prison chaplain, and they all seemed resigned, *not* degraded. (This was twenty-two years ago.) I compared, in my own mind, such a penal religious house with some of the dens of demoralization I had seen in England. The atmosphere of the two "systems" was quite opposite. It appeared to me that in this Catholic prison the first object of the officials was to refine, and so to purify, the prisoners' characters; whereas it had always seemed to me that in England the (at least) result of prison life must be to degrade prisoners down and down to semi-brutedom; as though a criminal, because a law-breaker, ought to be made to realize the possibility that he might, after all, be not human.

I know nothing of American systems of penal servitude, and must therefore build up my inferences, and also my "philosophy," on the foundation of my English experience. It has appeared to me that even inspectors have stopped short at the inquiry: "Is the discipline carried out according to law?" Now, it is the very law as to the whole matter that I should object to. I may be presumptuous, but it seems to me that the English judges, as well as the whole legislative body, utterly fail to apprehend that punishment is *first* curative, and only afterwards penal or retributive. I cannot conceive of erring mortals, be they judges or criminals, taking any other view of human punishments than that they are designed for the improvement of the delinquents. Let us first discuss the "religious" view of the subject. It is obvious that, spiritually, no one man can judge another man; nor can he (therefore) mete out to him exact pun-

ishment. *Ne judicas, et non judicaberis*, has obvious reference to our intellectual incapacity, as well as to our fitting Christian humility. Punishment, therefore, can never be intended as the administration of the *lex talionis*, since it is absolutely impossible to know (none but God can know) what "measure for measure" would be in any case. To know what would be "measure for measure," it would be necessary to know, (1) the whole nature of a culprit, his constitution of mind, heart, and nerve; (2) the exact pressure of the temptation on that whole nature at the exact moment when the offence was committed; (3) all the incidental circumstances, auxiliaries, incitements, which constructed a momentary attitude of the will. God knows all this—no one else. So that, spiritually, all "judgment" is both indecent and imbecile, save the judgment which we may perhaps pass on ourself. The *only* fact of which we are sure (in another's crime) is that there must have been some moral defect; and, therefore, since we are sure of the defect, but not sure of the (precise) guilt, what we have *first* to try to do is to cure the defect. The very effort at being cured will be the punishment. What is Christianly called penance involves a combat with the lower will, as well as the foregoing of lower pleasures; it is punishment both in will and in deed; and the more superlative the penance the more superlative will be the frustration of the promptings of the lower will to gratification. But if you take away the conversion of the will you take away the real object of the penance. Penance without good-will is not penance. It is punishment, but it is spiritually of little use. And it is just here that we touch the point where the utter hollowness of the penal system is made transparent to the Catholic mind. Punishment can frighten; it can disgust, it can pay the bill which the culprit owes to the law, but it does not of itself do the mind the smallest good; nay, of itself it may only harden the disposition. Penal servitude, as it is understood in England, is the dry performance of a task which is *not* improving—that is, which is not necessarily improving—which cannot remotely touch the confines of the spiritual man; which degrades but cannot elevate, sours but cannot sweeten, hardens but cannot soften; *demoralizes* by the self-conviction of one's own ignominy, and demoralizes all the more because it does not take into recognition the *capacity* of the convict's soul for what is highest.

How, then, it may be asked, would you so administer law-punishments as to combine the penal with the spiritualizing elements?

First, by setting steadily before the minds of all prisoners that they are to improve *themselves* by the opportunities which are given them. I know that this is impossible, save in a limited degree, in any prison which is not Catholic in its whole control. I know that no non-Catholic apprehension can initiate, still less develop in execution, that perfect system of "supernatural" education which is possible only within the ark of the church. Yet it is necessary to speak only as a Catholic in order to speak truthfully on the whole subject. The first idea, then, in a Catholic prison is purification. I do not use the word "sanctification," because it would sound too "interior" in any essay upon a lay view of penal servitude. Purification in a mental or moral sense; purification of purpose, and therefore of habit; purification of the intellectual conceptions of the highest aims—this appears to me to be the *first* object in punishment, as it is also its last and happiest fruit. I cannot believe that in this little life we can ever regard another's punishment save as a means to an end which shall be the best. And what is that "best," save the eternal regeneration of the whole being of the man who has "gone wrong"? In simple fairness—apart from all hypocrisy, all pretence, all cant or affectation—let it be asked: What is the difference between a sinner who is *in* jail and a sinner who has the luck to be *out* of it? The difference is that the one has been "caught" in an overt act of breaking an act of Parliament, while the other has only broken perhaps half a dozen divine laws, and has not been caught, and could not be. Be it remembered that the breaches of the criminal laws need not be exceptionally horrid "sins," save only so far as they are breaches of the divine laws, which alone are of the essence of obligation. So that a man may be condemned to penal servitude for twenty years for some offence which, in the judgment of the Divine Mind, was but a very small infraction of a divine law—some offence which was as nothing when compared with the colossal sins which the "man of the world" commits gaily every day, but which society graciously pardons in "men of position." It is the criminal code, not the divine law, which the prisoner has dared to mock; it is the penal statutes, not the commandments of the New Testament, which the vulgar thief or drunkard has outraged. And if every man who should commit a mortal sin, by breaking a law of God or of the church, were to be tried and sent to prison for each offence, we should be obliged to have a prison attached to every big house—a prison which would be much more tenanted than would be the big house. This puts the truth candidly,

without cant or hypocrisy, without lies, either social or conventional. Therefore, when we treat of prison life let us remember that we are treating of the punishment of those *few* who have been "caught" breaking civil or criminal laws; we are not treating of the lucky exemption of the *many* who walk the streets in the serenest liberty of their complacency, while breaking daily one or more of the divine commandments.

How, then, with any justice, with any manliness or magnanimity, can we fail to admit that we owe to "criminal" prisoners some exceptional reparation or restitution, since it is partly through our own fault—our neglect of duty or our bad example—that they have been snared into committing vulgar crimes, and since they are not, in the eye of God, any worse than, if so bad as, the habitual worldling or schemer or voluptuary? This reparation, this restitution, ought to be, as I have suggested, their "education," both spiritual and intellectual; their building up in the science of the spiritual life and their building up in intellectual apprehension; their being taught such honest trades as shall remove future temptations, with such invigoration as shall make them brave and industrious. Will it be objected: "Then where will be your punishment?" I call this objection most unintelligent. Who does not know that restraint for liberty, sharp discipline for lazy self-pleasing, the devotion of the mind and habit to lofty ideas for the habitual looseness of immorality or turpitude, are exchanges which are necessarily penal in the extreme, however softened by the loving spirit of the *whole object*? If the "religious life" be a life of mortification—that is, a resistance to the lower will—must not the penal life, which adds chastisement to the mortification, be essentially "punishment" in severe sense? To my thinking, if you made prisons religious houses, *plus* only forced industrial retreats, you would preserve every element of just punishment, while getting rid of every element of degradation. It is that "degradation" which is the bane of our prisons. It is the wrong, the obvious injustice, of our prisons. A prisoner *is* degraded by being "condemned." What you have now to do is to undegrade him. You have to lift up, not to beat down; you have to encourage, not to depress; you have to improve the mind, not to weary out the body; you have to make a Christian out of an assumed pagan, a fair scholar out of an ignoramus, a sensible man out of a dull libertine, a good workman out of a waif-and-stray. In doing this you would regenerate "the criminal classes." You would make it impossible that "the dog should return to its vomit, the

sow to its wallowing in the mire." Why is it that "returned convicts" go to the bad again and commit precisely the same offences as before? For two reasons: first, that you have not *taught* them; secondly, that society—that cruel, canting, unjust hypocrite—shuts its doors upon the returned convict who *has done* his penance, while it is careful not to do penance for its own sins. But if prisons were made schools as much as prisons, religious retreats rather than coarse penal cages, society would not have the excuse (which it most certainly has now) for refusing to give work to the unimproved. If society were assured, on the authority of prison officials, that the returned convict was a criminal no longer, that he was a thoroughly renewed and taught man, society, for very shame, could not refuse to give employment to a man who was at least as good as itself. I would have the whole prison system radically altered in some such respects as the following: That *all* prison life should be probationary; that no sentence passed by judge and jury should be considered to be absolutely final in its allotment, but that the prisoner's prison conduct, his progress, his real improvement, should be the ultimate awarder of his length of punishment; that prison guardians of the highest character and personal fitness should be continually in communication with all prisoners, and should take counsel with chaplains and with governors, and also with regular standing committees, as to the advancement which had been made by each prisoner, and as to the (possible) misapprehension of judge and jury; and thus I would put an end to the flagrant wrong which is now normal—the passing hasty sentences on a hasty trial; the trusting the keys of a life's liberty to one fallible judge, who may be a savage or who may be illusioned; the leaving no *locus penitentiæ* to the victim of a temptation, who may or may not be bad in will, but whose trial was a one-sided affair. And, above all, I would never commit any *young* person to the *same* character of punishment as I would commit matured persons—a disgraceful mistake in the English system, which is equally barbarous and imbecile, and which stamps the nation which commits it as hardly civilized.

Manifestly, for young persons—say for youths under twenty—a much gentler and more sympathetic treatment is required than for those who have grown old in their iniquities. In nine cases out of ten very young persons have gone wrong through defects in their moral education, through the neglect or the incompetency of their guardians, or through having no guardians at all. Nothing can be more absurd or more wicked than to treat the

fledgling, "the flighty and frisky juvenile," as one would treat a man of, say, thirty years of age, who might be presumed to have sown his wild oats. Yet in England it is quite common to condemn a mere youth to incarceration along with the "hardened criminals" of the worst class, whose society he has given to him to reform him! Now, I should imagine that if the "probationary" principle, which I have ventured to advocate in *all* cases, can be justified in one case more than in another, it must be in the case of a first offender, whose youth and whose ignorance are his apologists. I should maintain that in no instance whatever ought a youth to be sent to prison at all. He ought to be sent only to an industrial retreat. It is true that in England we have no such retreats—none that are even worthy to be mentioned. In Rome, in the days of Pius IX., I well remember that there were such institutions. I am informed, too, that they are still to be found in exceptional states. But why are they not a first requirement in every state? Take any huge metropolis—say London or New York—and it follows necessarily that a certain proportion of the population must be "neglected" in every moral and social sense. And how monstrous that, when the young criminals come to be "tried," they are to be dealt with, in punishment, precisely as though their antecedents had been most favorable to the development of their characters! Nay, as a rule, it is the irresponsible—the almost irresponsible—youth or neglected young man who "catches it hardest" from the Christian judges; while the youths of fair position who *have* been well brought up are let off with a fine or a mild rebuke! That there is "one law for the rich and another for the poor" is true not only in regard to relative punishment, but in regard to the inciting causes which poverty vainly pleads, but which "respectability" usually pleads with great success.

I have said that society owes reparation and restitution to the criminal classes who have been netted in overt crimes, and I suppose it is natural that society which sets a bad example should be indifferent to the reformation of the captives. Yet society, be it remembered, is not the government; is not the judicial or ecclesiastical power of the realm; is not the *de facto* responsibly paternal authority at whose door lies the duty of perfecting punishment. How is it that our bishops—I mean our Anglican bishops or dignitaries—do not busy themselves with this subject of supreme import; do not hold congresses, and make their suggestions to the government, on matters which are most especially within their province? True, non-Catholics cannot grasp the

whole of the subject: they have not the "spiritual science" at their command; yet the Christian aspect of penalty would seem to be a study which ought to come within the province of their ministry. Nor is it possible not to regret that, even in Catholic countries, this most delicate groove of "charity" is not more cultivated. Spite of the hardness of governments, it might be possible for ecclesiastics to exercise much more influence over them than is attempted. In England we can scarcely look for such influence: there is not the motive, the apprehension, the instinct. In England the inspectors of prisons are the sole counsellors. They appear to think themselves quite equal to their task. So they are—from the standpoint which they profess. They give us their official reports by the dozen; and these reports are almost always highly complacent. I have read every volume of such reports which has been issued for a long series of years. The "reading" is somewhat heavy and dry. The chaplains usually tell the same tale: "they have every reason to think the system is working well." The medical inspectors pile up categories of the invalids, but always tell us that the sanitary arrangements are excellent. The disciplinarians are of opinion that recent improvements will work wonders in the reformation of even the worst class of criminals. And the governors and the committees of inspection publish volumes on the amount of labor which has been accomplished in the way of building a magnificent break-water, or some great basin in a dock-yard at Chatham, or possibly a new harbor or lighthouse. We have also the assurance that the convict classes earn (for the country) about a quarter of a million sterling per annum; that the "educational departments" are in most respects progressive; that the prisoners are generally anxious to read good books (the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and books of travel), and that the new system of separating first offenders from old offenders gives promise of most beneficent results. So far, so well. No one doubts that "prison reform" is not neglected. No one supposes that, in eighteen hundred and eighty-six years, some advance has not been made over the pagan Roman style of prisons, where the only appreciable object was to punish, the only ethical indoctrination was to commit suicide.

Yet what does all such "advance" really amount to, whether Christianly, philosophically, or experimentally? To tell us that there are now tailors' shops and basket-makers' shops in which some of the prisoners may learn such trades; that there are two thousand volumes in a prison library, and that some prisoners

"prefer reading to having their dinners"; that the worst class of prisoners acquire habits of steady industry by working at stone-masonry or at carpentering, or that the sanitary and the culinary arrangements have been brought up to a high standard of efficiency: all such items of "reports"—and they are wearisomely repeated—only touch the mere outline of the machinery of prison life; they do not even suggest the highest objects. Let us, for a moment, put together a few of the aspects which we have touched upon, and see if we can arrive at some conclusions.

Why do some of the criminal classes get into prisons? Chiefly for three reasons: because they have been badly brought up, because they have been maddened by extreme hardship, because society sets them a bad example. It comes to this, then, that most of the criminal classes might plead misfortune as at least auxiliary to the climax of their career. And as to the question of morals, the criminal classes might plead gravely that the laws are not framed with a view to morals so much as with a view to social security—to the protection of the property of the individual. It is most important to bear in mind what the laws appear to *him* when we are judging the law-breaker who has been caught. Such laws, in regard to honesty, are mainly constructed on the principle that you must not thief save in some business or some trade; but that "in business" you may thief as much as you like. "Business" may be defined, equally in truth and in pleasantry, as the art of extracting money out of other persons' pockets without getting into the hands of the police. And the criminal classes see around them many thousands of examples of the world bending its knee to successful villany, while at the same time the world turns up its nose in sovereign contempt at the unsuccessful industries of virtuous men. The criminal classes know well that if they had the means to start companies or to embark in any speculative kind of enterprise, with the certainty of making fortunes by injuring the poor, society would hug them to its bosom and eat their dinners and drink their wines with profound respect. They know, too, that in most businesses there is trickiness and shabbiness, over-reaching, over-charging, and legal robbery; and that the laws are not designed to place any suppression on such rogueries, but, on the contrary, to protect the business-man in practising them. "Morals," therefore, as the criminal classes apprehend them, mean the science of robbing legally and respectably, and, above all, of robbing with success. It would be unpardonable affectation to speak of the criminal

classes save as being *created* out of the bad morals of the successful classes, or to deny that the successful classes differ chiefly from the criminal classes in having superior opportunities and education.

More than this, the average selfishness of the employing classes, their want of delicate sympathy with the employed, engenders the feeling in the working-classes—indeed, the conviction more than the feeling—that they are not cared for morally, but only financially. They are cared for as being the instruments of fortune-making by those who are so lucky as to have capital, and who would give them in charge for a paltry theft of half a dollar while they themselves swindle the public every day.

If, then, the moral *relations* of the criminal classes to those classes on whom they make a rough war are such as society has first created, it must follow that society owes a deep debt of reparation to thousands of those prisoners who would *not* have stolen had they not learned the trick from their “superiors.”

And it must follow that deep pity and compassion, the utmost magnanimity of charity, ought to be extended to those victims of misfortune who, in a really Christian society, would have been too well taught and exampled to have fallen into law-breaking enormities. I have said that it cannot be expected of society that it should play the part of the Catholic priest to its own victims. But it can be expected of Christian governments that they should take counsel of the best authorities—of men renowned for their sanctity and their wisdom—as to the purest philosophy of “penal reform.” I have in particular mentioned three points on which the discretion of government might with great advantage be exercised. First, I have advocated that no sentence of any judge should be accepted as final in regard to time, both on account of the personal caprice which measures sentences and the inadequacy or injustice of many trials. In connection with this reform I would make *all* punishment probationary, dependent, as to severity, on the prisoner’s conduct, and subject to such modification as the after-light on a criminal’s story might show to be reasonable or equitable. At present, at least in England, no after-light on a hasty estimate, on a hasty trial, on a hasty verdict of twelve intelligent (?) jurymen can modify the extent of any punishment without a cumbrous appeal to the Home Secretary; and since it is nobody’s business to take the trouble of such appeal, the poor prisoner has to work out a hard sentence. Thirdly, I would do away altogether with the practice of send-

ing young persons to jail; sending them, on the contrary, to an industrial home, and subsequently placing them under the care of chosen guardians, who should be responsible to the government for wise conduct. These three points are comprehensive of many minor points, and, in particular, of the after-career of ex-convicts.

In regard to that after-career, there exists in England—though on a small scale—what is called the Prisoners' Aid Society, a modern invention, which has unquestionably done good, and which is prospered by the wisest philanthropy. Yet it is obvious that no society can work with great success against the obstinate and stupid verdict of society, which has gone forth all over the country in the anti-Christian formula: "Let the excommunicated remain outcast for evermore." Society *won't* forgive any one who has been in prison; *won't* give him "a clean bill" and start him afresh. Society orders the police to hunt down every ex-convict, and the police obey the mandate most scrupulously. The cruelty of such conduct is only equalled by the hypocrisy with which society pretended to be shocked by the "crime." If society were really shocked at any "crime" it would take every care to draw a veil over it, to welcome the sinner to true repentance, and to insure his having no further provocation. But that detestable hypocrite, society, which revels in divorce-cases and in every scandal, and positively gloats over every fall of a fair famed woman, will not hear of receiving back to its impure arms the wretched culprits who *have* done a sharp penance, and who *would* lead virtuous lives if they were permitted. Now, this fact is absolutely inseparable from the consideration of the whole science of prison life, prison reform, prison consequences. We have to teach society the first principles of Christian philosophy before we can persuade it to take an interest in those criminals who have been sent to prison *through the evil example, in most cases, of society*. This may perhaps be a hopeless task. The world is too old to become regenerate. It is too rotten to be converted to magnanimity. It is too soaked in conventionalism, in the puerile falsehoods of "propriety," to face truth with manliness or common sense. But though society must be despaired of, as abandoned to its vanities, its toilets, its money-worship, its animalism, there is still the huge army of Catholic ecclesiastics who might take the whole subject into their care.

May it be respectfully noted that the points which have been touched upon are never alluded to from the pulpit nor in

pastorals; that in "fashionable churches [the expression has some warranty!] the frock-coated or silk-costumed congregation is seldom outraged by allusion to prison life." Lacordaire once fulminated in a Paris pulpit against the "crimes of heart which make respectable persons criminals"; but it is not usual to hear preachers honestly informing their congregations that they *may be* much worse than prison convicts. Still less do they urge on them their own moral responsibility in first *creating* a criminal class by their own selfishness, and then not caring one straw whether that class continue criminal or be encouraged by Christian kindness to a better life. Now, might not this subject be so elaborated by ecclesiastics as to gain the attention of Christian governments, so as to lead governments to call in the aid of ecclesiastics to counsel them on the most interior points? Is it a matter of no serious interest that, say in England alone, some ten thousand ex-convicts should be roaming about, not precisely "seeking whom they may devour," but seeking how *not* to be devoured by society? These men cannot live. They are not allowed to live. They are driven by society to hide in holes and corners, out of the sight of every "respectable" person. Then they starve. Then they thief again. Then society says: "What can we do with the criminal classes, who are so incorrigible, and seem to like being sent to prison?" Well, if society had to go without a dinner for a fortnight it would probably relax its morals on the subject of *taking* food when no one would make it possible to *earn* it. I could not blame a man who stole my forks and spoons if, after he had asked me to give him work, I had pointed him out to a policeman. I should hold him to be justified against me; and I should regard myself, not him, as the thief. Yet this is how society acts in England; and cannot the bishops and clergy take the subject up in earnest and teach society its duty to ex-convicts? The two grand objects to be achieved—as I have ventured to suggest—are, first, to make prison life probationary, and, next, to provide homes for ex-convicts. To do either requires a desperate amount of earnestness. And this is just what cannot be looked for from society, but what can be looked for—can be respectfully asked—from the clergy. The whole subject may be "surrounded with difficulties." No one doubts that a certain proportion of the criminal class are "bad," in the worst senses of the unpleasant word "bad"; that they are the self-constituted enemies of society, and that society is not responsible for *them*. Say about one-quarter of the criminal class is "bad," one-quarter the victims of sheer ignorance, one-quarter the mere dupes of

evil associates, and one-quarter not criminal but weak. Here, then, we have *three* out of the four quarters arbitrarily classed with the *one* quarter, "bad"! This is cruel. It is false. It is anti-Christian. The probationary system which I have ventured to advocate would be a God-send to these three-fourths of the "criminal class"; would be an act of justice to *them* as well as a benefit to society, which would cease to *compel* men to become criminal against their will. In this year 1886 we ought to have arrived at an apprehension of two truths which are still fearfully obscured: that moral guilt and legal guilt are not twins nor necessarily brothers, and that there are more criminals in society than there are in jails.

MORNING.

A GLEAMING opal in a sapphire sea
Flashing across the orient seems the sun,
His bright crest topped with rubies all ablaze,
While o'er the distant hills a purple haze
Hangs with a royal splendor.

The grasses lift their shields of living green,
The birds sing fervently their matin song,
A thousand blossoms burst to perfect flowers;
It is day's resurrection! Happy hours
So pure, so rare, so tender.

I quaff in draughts the perfume-freighted air,
Elixir pure of life that youth restores;
I watch the bee within the rose's heart
Steal her life's wine, then (changeeful lover!) dart
And woo the lily slender.

I feel the fresh, free breezes on my face,
I feel my being thrill with wild delight;
Like Adam when he stood in Paradise
And knew he lived, I feel the glad surprise
Of life and all its splendor.

FRANZ LISZT.

THE personal adventures of Franz Liszt were so peculiar, and his individual traits were so interesting, that in making a romance out of his career biographers have been apt to overlook the importance of his place in the history of modern music. That will be more justly and more highly valued hereafter, when apocryphal stories of his eccentricities and his escapades are no longer sought with avidity by a sensation-loving public, and supplied in quantities and patterns to suit the demand. In truth, there was matter enough in his early and middle life to keep gossips busy. He was not only one of the most astonishing pianists who ever lived, but he was also one of the most brilliant and erratic personages who ever dazzled that alluring world where art and society, genius and fashion, condescend to each other and frolic in company. The Parisian Bohemia in which he reigned was not a paradise of beer and tobacco, populated by jovial poor students and reckless journalists; it was a land flowing with Burgundy and sparkling with wax-lights, a pleasure-land of unconventional aristocrats, prosperous poets, and successful artists, among whom nobody shone without rank, or fame, or at least some piquant kind of notoriety. Only the union of remarkable gifts with the most audacious vagaries could have made Liszt what he was to the Paris of half a century ago—the despair of other artists, the wonder of the concert-room, the favorite of the *salon*, the idol of susceptible women, at once a fascination and a riddle, by turns a recluse and a man of the world, a fashionable *roué* and a St. Simonian philosopher, the most striking figure in a circle of notabilities which even Paris has not often matched, and the most impressive musician in an art-epoch to which Chopin was teaching the poetry of the piano and Thalberg revealing unimagined possibilities of execution.

His later life was more decorous than these years of riotous triumph, but it was not less picturesque. When he gave up the exciting rôle of a virtuoso, it was to play the benign part of a general musical Mentor. In his quasi-retirement he never shrank very resolutely from the public gaze. At the grand-ducal court of Weimar he made the opera-house illustrious by a model representation of neglected master-works, and the connoisseurs of all Europe learned to watch that little capital, long famous by

its artistic and literary glories, for interpretations of the musical drama unique in their high purpose and reverential fidelity. When he received the tonsure and betook himself to Rome for intervals of monastic quiet the public tongue wagged faster than ever. He never "entered the church," as many imagined. He only haunted the gate of the outer courts and rested there awhile in its shadow, assuming no clerical obligations, and nothing of the clerical character except an unmeaning courtesy-title and a close row of buttons on his straight coat. He was now the greatest living master of his art, and perhaps it seemed convenient to borrow a little sobriety from the sanctuary. But Liszt was also sensitive to religious impressions and profoundly moved by the grandeur and beauty of the church, and in his last years all his finest thoughts were inspired by sacred themes. I met him at Bayreuth in 1876, where a little court clustered around him, comprising ladies of title, distinguished artists, and young musicians from many parts of the world. He passed his days receiving incense; but in the early morning I used to see him at Mass in the church, alone, and very simple and devout in his demeanor. He was a man in whom the religious temperament, at all events, was highly developed. He has been the subject of a copious literature, scandalous enough in early days, but overflowing in these recent years with testimonies of strong affection. For he not only founded a splendid original school of playing, but by his charm of manner, his tender and sympathetic disposition, his gentleness towards the young and earnest, and his fine generosity he converted his multitude of pupils into ardent disciples, who have traversed the world telling stories in his honor.

The appearance of Liszt was a part of the general movement of Romanticism, which, after deeply affecting literature, especially in Germany and England, began to exercise a remarkable influence upon musical and dramatic art. In England the romantic drama had always flourished since Shakspeare, while in music romanticism had never obtained, and has not yet obtained, the slightest foothold. In Germany the reaction against classical formality could be traced as far back as the later works of Beethoven, and was clearly marked in Schumann's songs and piano pieces. But it was in France that romanticism presented the most curious study. Here the new movement was for a while a noisy revolution. The poetry of Victor Hugo and the acted plays of Hugo and Dumas, with their bold defiance of conventionalisms which French art had regarded almost as axiomatic

truths, produced a comic disturbance in mercurial Paris, where the literary debate quite reached the fervor of politics. The romanticists broke with the established school in their choice of subjects, in their feeling for the past, and in their imaginative treatment of purely ideal conditions; but their rebellion was also a defiance of certain stringent rules of composition, for which no better reason could be given than that, like Sir Anthony Absolute, they were old and arbitrary. Perhaps it was the best service of romanticism, not that it extended the choice of literary subjects, but that it made this fight for liberty the final and successful contest against the periwig style of poetry, the drama of dress-swords and red heels, of togas and buskins.

The three men who did most to extend the principles of the new school into the domain of music were Franz Liszt, Hector Berlioz, and Richard Wagner. Only the second of these was a Frenchman, but all three happened to be working in the French capital at the same time. Liszt was at the height of prosperity, so fortunate and so fond of pleasure that his capacity for serious undertakings was probably not suspected. Wagner, hungry and disheartened, earning a miserable pittance by hack-work for the music-sellers, and rebuffed by the opera-houses, looked up at the famous pianist as Lazarus looked up at Dives. They only brushed each other's skirts in passing; one little suspecting that the shabby young German was a transcendent genius, the other as little imagining that the illustrious Hungarian was to become his best friend and interpreter. Berlioz was not on intimate terms with either of his great musical contemporaries, though in art matters he had more in common with both of them than they or he, perhaps, ever acknowledged. Proud, sensitive, irritable, poor, misunderstood, neglected, raging at the insincerity and mediocrity of popular favorites and the ignorance and frivolity of the public, he was doubtless unhappier than Wagner, because the source of so much of his misery lay less in the injustice of fortune than in his own heart. He did not live to taste the reward of appreciation. It was not until long after his death that the world realized what he had done for the progress of music; and even then the popularity of his compositions was a fashion rather than a well-grown fame. In Liszt and Wagner the romantic spirit expressed itself in the choice of subjects quite as plainly as in the method of treatment. In Berlioz the subject was of less consequence; the great innovation was the discarding of established forms for the sake of the fullest possible development of the poetical idea. Possibly one of these days the rules of con-

struction observed by the classical composers, especially in large works such as symphonies and operas, will seem as pedantic as the laws of the mediæval mastersingers. Berlioz, at all events, found them absurd. In his zeal for their destruction he became, if not the founder, certainly the most successful apostle, of "Programme Music," which undertakes to illustrate a definite poetical text, and to follow it, thought by thought, without reference to the conventional restrictions as to form. The principle of free expression is carried into every department of music, including the song and the opera; but its most striking use is in the symphony, and in those complex works for many voices and instruments for which no precise designation has yet been agreed upon. The habit of Berlioz was to write out a synopsis of a poem or poetical fragment, and to represent every item in this text by an appropriate musical passage. To understand the music it was necessary to read the programme as one listened. Sometimes the effect was admirable, for Berlioz had moments of high inspiration; in his musical setting of *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, there are pages of ravishing beauty, which bring before us scenes of the drama even more vividly than the acting stage. But it is obvious that the system must often confound the provinces of music and speech, throwing upon the former art a function to which it is essentially incompetent, or else reducing it from the dignity of an independent exponent of noble and poetical thought to the humbler place of a mere accompaniment of the printed line. Berlioz not only marred his music by thus degrading its rôle, but in trying to be faithful to his text he was sometimes betrayed into the most prosaic realism. Thus in the famous *Marche au Supplice*, which enters into the opium dreams of his love-sick artist, the representation of the procession to the scaffold closes with an imitation of the chop of the headsman's axe—a contrivance which is probably the most hideously vulgar effect in any reputable piece of music. He had that imperfect perception of the grotesque which seems to be a common defect of the French genius. In his occasional inability to distinguish between the poetic and the merely sensational, his lack of that fine, incommunicable, sure artistic sense which we call taste, he sometimes reminds us of Victor Hugo. Moreover, for the conception of the purest music there is surely need of a serenity, dignity, and abstraction of mind which lift the composer above turbulence and passion. We doubt whether Berlioz ever attained repose of soul except for brief and infrequent moments. If we read his painful *Memoirs*, filled with extravagance, bitterness, contempt, despair,

vanity, self-pity, and absurdity, and saddest when they are most absurd, we shall understand why his music speaks to us so often of grandiose fancies and so rarely of lofty aspiration, so often of vexation and struggle and so rarely of calm delight.

Liszt also has been classed among the writers of Programme Music. That place, perhaps, may suit him if we call the compositions of the Berlioz school "Panorama Music"; but between the French and the Hungarian master there is an important difference of method. Liszt never attempted to make music represent language, or even definite thoughts; he seldom used it as an illustration of any particular words or actions; at most he wished it to call up in the listener the state of mind which was his when he wrote it. The series of compositions for the orchestra to which he gave the name of Symphonic Poems are the best examples of his plan. These are all based upon a text—a poem, a poetic extract, a painting, a biography—but the musician employs it only as an inspiration for himself and a general hint for his audience. It is not at all a guide to the contents of the composition. It is sometimes a help to enjoyment, but the music, whose value is absolute and complete in itself, can always do without it. I say sometimes a help to enjoyment; the *Tasso*, for instance, is made more interesting by the prefatory lines which tell us that it symbolizes the sufferings and triumph of the poet, and that it is founded upon a song in which the Venetian gondoliers celebrate his memory; on the other hand, I am by no means sure that the magnificent movement of *Les Préludes* derives any additional effect from the fragment of Lamartine by which it was suggested. The text, with Liszt, is only the point of departure. The idea which he proceeds to follow out is not literary, but purely musical, and he treats it by a purely musical method, with all the art of the classical symphonist. There is no thought of forcing his musical theme into correspondence with the changes of the poet's fancies; the object is only to develop its own beauty and suggestiveness. Thus it is that the Symphonic Poems are distinguished by a simplicity and unity in which the parallel works of Berlioz are lacking. They are not all beautiful, for Liszt's imagination sometimes led him a strange road; but when they are charming their charm is complete and continuous, while the most striking music of the Programme school, exhibiting snips and patches of unrelated melody, too often reminds us of a crazy-quilt.

Liszt therefore differs from Berlioz essentially in the manner of looking at his subject—perhaps it would be better to say of

feeling his subject. It is in their independence of hampering rules of construction that the two masters agreed. Subject only to certain well-understood principles of rhythm and harmony, they claimed entire freedom in the musical expression of their feelings. The classical school allowed no such liberty. First subject and second subject, theme and variation, development and combination, must follow one another in due order; and in the older writers each subdivision was rounded off with a little flourish, which meant nothing musically, but served to mark the boundary-lines and keep the sections apart. Somebody has compared these separation passages to the stuffing in which eggs are packed. In Haydn's symphonies they are quite obvious; in the opera, until Wagner's time, they were so conspicuous that a large part, even of the most popular works, consisted of worthless filling; they were thought indispensable in the song, and they figured largely in solos for the pianoforte. Liszt had no use for them, because he paid no respect to arbitrary divisions.* There is no trace in the Symphonic Poems of the systematic arrangement of sections and subsections in which the art of musical construction was supposed largely to lie. Even in the two longer works, the *Faust* and *Dante*, to which Liszt gave the name and something of the conventional outline of "symphonies," the musical impulse flows steadily on without regard to customary boundaries. The pianoforte music of Liszt, embracing almost every species of composition for that instrument, is characterized by similar, or even greater, freedom; and in his songs the subordination of the constructive plan to the poetical and musical sentiment is complete. The same principle of free feeling is carried out in his sacred music. Although not much that he has done in this department has been adopted by the churches, nearly all of it is profoundly religious in spirit. The oratorio and the sacred cantata, perhaps, owe him a new lease of life. It needs courage to speak disrespectfully of those allied art-forms, illustrated by the genius of Handel and so often consecrated to noble purposes; but it is certain that they have no hold upon the people except in backward-looking England, where the middle-classes regard them with the same just, measured, and respectful affection which is extended to the British constitution and the lord-chancellor's wig. Here they have never been cultivated save from a sense of duty, and at present we can hardly say that they are cultivated at all. Some excellent persons persuade themselves that they enjoy oratorios; but in most cases this is an amiable delusion. There are passages, of course, in all the great

works of this class, to which no one with musical sensibilities can listen without delight. But the complaint that oratorio belongs to an antiquated pattern of composition is not unreasonable. Old-fashioned things are not always the best. The formality of the oratorio is hopelessly at odds with the restless and impulsive modern temperament. It is impossible to imagine a man of our time inventing such an art-form; and it is an unwise reverence for ancient authority which induces composers to go on repeating devices adapted to the taste of an earlier generation. The oratorio of the future must differ widely from the oratorio of the past. It is not to be supposed that Liszt's *Christus* will ever displace Handel's *Messiah*; but it may well turn out that the Hungarian composer has indicated the lines upon which Handel's successors will have to modify the sacred music of festivals and concert-rooms.

While we assign a high importance to Liszt's innovations, we must all admit that their immediate success with popular audiences has been questionable. The most remarkable and original of his orchestral works, the Symphonic Poems, have always been a puzzle. Ten years ago, in a conversation with him about music in America, I mentioned that the whole series of these compositions had been performed in New York. He shook his head, with a serious smile, and remarked that no city of Europe had treated him so well as that. One, at least, of the poems had never been played anywhere except in New York. With us, in several cases, the performance was at best a curious experiment; it cannot be said that more than two or three of the set really won acceptance with the public, and the interest in them for a few years past has been growing not greater but less. The truth is that, while Liszt possessed the artistic temperament in a phenomenal degree, his æsthetic perceptions were always imperfect. The last refinements of a cultivated sensibility struggled in him with the inherited instincts of a half-barbaric taste—barbaric delight in splendors and surprises of sound, in passionate movement, in startling and changing rhythm, in strong sensations, in fierce contrasts. Hence there is a great deal of his music which astonishes but does not please. It can only be described as ugly music. This is enough to account for the failure of his symphonic compositions to keep their ground after their novelty was gone. It is still more significant that they have not been imitated. Saint-Saëns has produced a few Symphonic Poems, but they are illustrations of particular incidents rather than poems in Liszt's sense, and they do not constitute an ex-

ception to the general statement that composers have concurred in rejecting the new art-form and keeping to the old style of symphony, with its divisions and fences and laws of form substantially intact. They are doubtless wise. The free system may suit a musician of genius whose thought is clear and manageable; but most composers will fail to produce a symmetrical, compact, intelligible work unless the ground-plan is measured out for them in advance.

The influence of Liszt, then, has not been at its strongest in the establishment of new forms, but it has infused freshness and the spirit of freedom into the treatment of the old. There is no successful composer of the present day who has not felt the life-giving impulse which pulses in Liszt's vigorous genius, and who has not learned from him many a secret of poetical expression. In the art of pianoforte playing, as well as in compositions for that instrument, he brought in a new era, enormously enlarging the capacities of the performer, while he gave a new richness and meaning to the music. Here he reached an unbounded popular success, which time has not impaired. It used to be thought that Thalberg had carried the technique of the piano to the furthest possible point; it seemed as if he had found what pianists had long wanted—a third hand to fill up the middle parts while right and left were busy at opposite ends of the key-board. But Liszt surpassed even Thalberg's wonderful technique. His music sounded fuller, his harmonic combinations more extended, his command of the range of the instrument more complete; and with all this was the abounding passion whose intense accents made us forget the marvels of execution. Such brilliant effects were not altogether the result of Liszt's personal accomplishments and temper. Most of them he taught to his pupils and perpetuated in his printed scores. They are reproduced, more or less imperfectly, in every concert room and in thousands of private houses; and, like all the other manifestations of his poetical spirit, they have left an impression upon the character and tendencies of the art which will not soon be obscured.

In a record of his services to music it would be a great error to overlook his influence in raising the standards of excellence among the working members of the profession. How much he did for the advancement of the technique of the piano every amateur understands. What he did for the orchestra is not so well known. He shares with Hector Berlioz the credit of inventing many daring and beautiful combinations of instruments, and of treating individual instruments in novel and delightful

ways. Berlioz probably excelled all other masters of our time in the intimate knowledge of the characters and capabilities of every component part of the band; but his felicity in the arrangement of striking tone-effects sometimes led him into excessive indulgence in such experiments. Liszt's use of a parallel talent was more discreet, and his orchestral coloring, while hardly less brilliant and original than that of Berlioz, is more homogeneous and satisfying. As a painter would say, he understands "values." The inventions and methods of both these masters have become the common property of musicians, and nearly all the best recent works for the orchestra are full of them. But the new mode of writing supposes a very different sort of band from that which the old symphonists worked with. An orchestra is now treated as a company of virtuosi, and the principal men in such organizations as that of Thomas are required to be artists of high training. The ability of orchestra-players has been rising for many years. A wonderful improvement has taken place since Beethoven had to lay aside a *Leonora* overture because the opera-band could not play it. Only forty years ago, however, some of the most respectable orchestras of Germany found the music of Berlioz beyond their powers when the French composer made a professional tour of that country. The condition of things has changed very rapidly since then, and the change has been hastened principally by the new demands of the new composers. Liszt's influence in this direction was incalculable. He not only gave a powerful incentive to technical training, but he taught orchestral players to bring to their work feeling, expression, and a sense of individuality; and he taught conductors how to use the new powers of their men.

ENGLISH HYMNS.

THE average hymn is an anomaly in literature. Its widespread influence, so seemingly disproportionate to its real merit, is due to the swift communication of a welcome thought, rather than to any comeliness of language with which that thought is dressed. In a minor degree this is also the case with national anthems—struck off at a white heat and crudely strong, like new wine; with patriotic war-songs, where the fervor of the moment atones for all deficiencies, and with those wisely commonplace poems which have succeeded in rendering faithfully back to us the conventional emotions of our own hearts. But the national anthem can only arouse us when the nation's honor or interests are at stake; in calmer moments we are languidly unconcerned about the star-spangled banner, and listen to "God save the Queen" as to a decorous prayer. The war-songs cease to thrill us when the battle-flags are furled, and after many years' acquaintance with "A Psalm of Life" we no longer find in it that depth of moral philosophy which can be relied on for a vigorous support. But the strength of a hymn lies in the few great facts it represents, and with which our interests are too vitally connected to permit us to grow weary of the theme. To the mourner it whispers consolation; to the despairing, hope; to the weary, rest; and what wonder that, listening to this voice of comfort, we cease to be fastidious about halting numbers and imperfect rhymes. Wide as the sea is its sphere of usefulness; to the illiterate, to the commonplace, and to the learned it carries a healing message, proving by its catholicity the hidden source from which it draws its being.

Mr. Samuel Duffield has recently published a bulky and rather pretentious volume, entitled *English Hymns: Their Authors and History*, in which he has sought to gratify that pious curiosity which a great many good people are presumed to feel concerning the origin and vicissitudes of their favorite songs. Here we find Newman and Watts, Faber and Wesley, Keble and George Herbert, with a host of less famous writers, whose poems are alphabetically indexed and made the subject matter for some harmless criticism and a vast fund of anecdotes, which go far towards swelling the six hundred and seventy-five pages of which the book is composed. Some of these tales have so little connec-

tion with the hymns that we are at a loss to imagine why they were inserted. Episodes of the late war, village stories on the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" order, and trifling incidents in the lives of ordinary men serve only to rob the volume of its literary compactness, while adding sorely to its weight. We turn, for instance, to

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,"

and find a detailed account of an estimable old lady, who wore a black silk gown, a white muslin kerchief, a cream-colored shawl, and a mob-cap, and who sat in an elbow-chair, with "a little paradise of a conservatory" opening out from her drawing-room. Beyond the fact that the old lady was heard on one occasion to sing a few verses of the hymn in question, there is absolutely no reason why all these particulars, and a great many more, should have been related about her, and it is hard to understand just what she is doing in a book at all. On the same principle Mr. Charles Wesley's admirers are edified with the history of old William Hiskins, of Fexham, Wiltshire, who came to church one fine morning, notwithstanding his years and decrepitude. Wesley's hymn,

"Arise, my soul, arise!"

being given out, Hiskins joined in devoutly, and on his way home stumbled into the canal and was drowned—a climax for which we were hardly prepared, and which, to say the least, is discouraging to the church-goer. Again, why should Mr. Duffield think it necessary to commend to our notice a hymn by William Knox, on the singular ground that another poem by the same author was a favorite with President Lincoln; and why strain our credulity by relating the conversion of a young man on hearing a companion recite during the pauses of a storm the following wretched verse:

"The God that reigns on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides the stormy sky
And manages the seas" ?

The lines, which are by Dr. Watts, are probably the very worst he ever wrote, and ought not to be associated in any sane mind either with the majestic voices of nature or with the awful attributes of God.

Notwithstanding its serious defects, Mr. Duffield's work has been received with an unstinted praise which compels us to

doubt whether the critics of the press are in the habit of reading what they review. One enthusiastic writer assures us, indeed, that "the refined enjoyment provided by the book begins with the first page and continues to the last"—which would seem to imply that he has mastered all its contents, but which, we fear, only means that he has spared himself the fatigue of its perusal. This eulogist is likewise of the opinion that "the beautiful inspiration of very many of our modern Christian hymns is, no doubt, a much stronger argument in favor of the continuance of divine inspiration than all the reasoning that has ever been done on the subject." Yet we doubt if the evidences of Christianity, as revealed in the modern hymn-book, will ever greatly ease the theologians of their burden. The "inspired" hymns are few and far between, and the greater number express nothing but a vague religious sentiment, emotional rather than instructive, and bearing no real proportion in their literary value to the magnitude of the topic which, even in this age of scepticism, rivets the central interests of mankind. The best sacred poems are in no sense hymns, and have never gained the widespread popularity which belongs to the more simple and direct effusion. Newman and Keble are not household names like Dr. Watts and John Newton; and even Blackie's beautiful "Angels holy, high and lowly" can hardly hope to stand side by side in the public estimation with such songs as "I would not live away" and "Rock of Ages." In the sustained excellence of *The Christian Year*, which neither sinks into mediocrity nor rises to perfection, we see the well-balanced serenity of Keble's mind, and remember gladly that he was Newman's chosen friend. The two so widely different worked hand-in-hand on the famous *Tracts for the Times*, the one directing, the other eagerly following in his lead. "In the sort of warfare they had undertaken to wage together," says a writer in *Blackwood*, "Keble was incapable of keeping abreast with Newman, and Newman became almost immediately the master-spirit of the campaign. His was then, as it still is, an intellect which could not be satisfied with what appeared to him only half a truth. He could not, like Keble, rest upon probability. He must have certainty or nothing." So one went forward into the clearer light, and the other remained behind, dazed and saddened by the separation; happy, indeed, in his clerical duties and his domestic life, but "in exceeding doubt and perplexity respecting the affairs of the church." There is something inexpressibly touching in that last reunion at Hursley vicarage, when, after the publication of the *Apologia*, Newman, Keble, and Pusey dined

together once more, and once more, before death parted them for ever, united the broken links of their affection.

It is very hard to warm up to Keble's poems. Many of them are really fine, and all express with fitting dignity the great truths they aspire to handle; but the flame to light our souls is lacking, the true poetic instinct is seldom visible in their creation. That they awoke at first as much resentment as admiration was naturally due to the extreme Catholicity of their tone. Men said they were songs of the church rather than of God, and felt stunned by the writer's unqualified admission of the Real Presence in the Eucharist and by his loving reverence for the Blessed Virgin. From a long hymn on the Annunciation we quote the last three stanzas, both as proving how tenderly Keble has dealt with his subject, and because they are among the most graceful and pleasing he has ever written:

"Ave Maria! Mother blest!
To whom, caressing and caress'd,
Clings the Eternal Child;
Favor'd beyond archangels' dream,
When first on thee with tenderest gleam
Thy new-born Saviour smiled.

"Ave Maria! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine;
For he, thy son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly, lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

"Bless'd is the womb that bare him—bless'd
The bosom where his lips were pressed;
But rather bless'd are they
Who hear his word and keep it well,
The living homes where Christ shall dwell
And never pass away."

It is not possible to compare Keble as a poet to Newman. Newman's poems have been well designated as "the work of a powerful intellect, unbent for a season from sterner tasks"; and while not equal to his incomparable prose, they stand to-day without any peer in the world of English religious verse. Keble is so lavish of his fancy that his best pictures are indistinct from being overcrowded. Newman presents his subject unsoftened by accessories, and, with the tranquillity of restrained power, seeks rather to veil than to give expression to that depth of thought and emotion which reaches the very fibre of our souls. All our

longings, aspirations, fears, doubts, terrors, are reflected in his pages; and the voice that answers them is fraught with human sympathy, tempered by that wise, sad resignation which is our only strength. Who has not echoed in his heart this passionate cry :

“ O Christ ! that it were possible,
After long years, to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be ” ?

There is so much sentiment written nowadays on the loneliness of the forgotten dead—a favorite topic with modern morbid poets—that the real loneliness of the living is well-nigh overlooked, and with it that unanswered question, that heart-breaking doubt, as to whether the heaven-centred souls concern themselves about our daily lives. Once our burdens were theirs, our pleasures, successes, disappointments shared by them; now these things still mean as much to us as ever, but the dead give no token, and we cannot tell whether their radiant eyes are fixed upon us as we go. To this wistful desire to still interest those who loved and cherished us on earth comes as a healing message a little poem of such pure and tranquil beauty that the two last verses are surely unsurpassed in their absolute perfection of form and thought. It was written in 1829, and is entitled

“ A VOICE FROM AFAR.

“ Weep not for me :

Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !
Joy in the gifts Heaven’s bounty lends ;
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

“ I still am near,
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
Now, too, I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers and musings sweet.

“ A sea before
The Throne is spread—its pure, still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God’s knowledge, and are blest.”

¶ The extreme pureness and lucidity of Newman’s style often deceive uncultivated minds into thinking his poems simple rather

than profound; and it is to these good people that an English critic offers the sharp reminder that, while such poetry looks easy to write, it is in truth very difficult to imitate. "It is always possible to be trivial and vulgar; but to unite, as here, great simplicity of thought and great plainness of speech to dignity, is a formidable task." The same may be truthfully observed of his prose. It looks so much harder—until we try it—to write like Mr. Pater than like Newman that we do not always understand the rare perfection which makes every page seem easy to our eyes. A marked individuality of style is common enough, and we have plenty of striking instances under our notice. Carlyle, Browning, Blackmore, and a host of others can be readily recognized by their cultured peculiarities; but for absolute purity of language we have only two great living masters—Matthew Arnold and Newman; nor are there at present many shoulders in training to receive their mantles.

Father Faber's hymns—well known and well loved as they are—belong to a wholly different order of creation. Some one has harshly said that the world lost a poet when Faber became a priest, and it is singular that any one so deeply imbued with the poetic spirit should have written lines of such unequal merit, or have clothed many of his most beautiful thoughts in such loosely constructed verse. The delicacy and pathos of his conceptions will never be denied; but these things, while sufficient for a good hymn, cannot of themselves make a perfect poem—and Faber is essentially a poet. No one can doubt this who has ever read "Pilgrims of the Night," "The Sorrowful World," or those strange verses called "The Creation of the Angels," and beginning,

"In pulses deep of threefold love,
Self-hushed and self-possessed,
The mighty, unbeginning God
Had lived in silent rest."

It is to be regretted that the New England publishers of an illustrated, "unsectarian" edition of Father Faber's hymns should have thought fit to decorate this mysterious and noble poem with a woodcut representing a fat little cupid riding in a high-heeled slipper, by way of car, with a rose for a pillow, an arrow for a whip, and two of Aphrodite's doves for horses. This may be what Mr. Gosse calls "unconscious impiety," but as a matter of fact it is hard to assign any reason for the unconsciousness.

The most serious defect that can be urged against Faber's hymns is an occasional lack of reverence, a freedom with holy

things and holy names, which in his case was but the outspoken expression of an abiding love, but which nevertheless is a dangerous precedent to establish. There is no fault more common in the ordinary hymns for the populace than the easy assumption that we are in the full enjoyment of the divine favor, and nothing is more rare than any hint of our unworthiness to occupy that position. "Perfect love casteth out fear"; but the emotion which is produced by aid of a favorite tune and a mellifluous verse is not a perfect love, and can hardly be relied on in the practical battles of life. It is strange to see a writer like Faber, whose prose works have been considered the most severe of spiritual guides, abandon himself so readily in his hymns to this confident familiarity with God. It is stranger still that the same man who gave us the solemn warning,

"Prayer was not meant for luxury,
Or selfish pleasures sweet :
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet,"

should ever have written such lines as these :

"The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold—
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.

"They know not how our God can play
The babe's, the brother's part ;
They dream not of the ways he has
Of getting at the heart " ;

or these :

"How can they tell how Jesus oft
His secret thirst will slake
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
Are taught by God to take ?"

while in such poems as "The True Shepherd" the same tone of familiar freedom is even more apparent.

We lay stress on this point only because it is a device too easily followed, and too aptly developed by coarser hands into something infinitely worse. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has expressed himself very strongly on the subject of those dismal old hymns, dear at one time to the Presbyterian heart, which gave you distinctly to understand that hell was yawning beneath your feet, and the vast majority of mankind dropping quickly into it. He has drawn a vivid picture of the defiant young soul driven to the verge of suicide by the horror of such accumulated

ideas, and tempted, in mingled fear and resentment, to "dare the worst" with which she was so pitilessly threatened. And beyond doubt the dreadful certainty with which revivalists were wont to promise eternal punishment has, in its time, overthrown many sensitive organizations and helped liberally to populate the madhouse. Richard Weaver used to boast of shaking a dying woman "over hell" until, one by one, she dropped the money-bags from beneath her pillow to the floor; and while the self-denying devotion of Weaver's life is proof of his sincerity in the work of conversion, his methods remind us irresistibly of the missionary who carried a Bible in one hand and a revolver in the other, and gave the heathen their choice in true highwayman fashion. As for the point which is occasionally made by the biographers of these stalwart preachers, that "the Almighty Arbiter set his seal" upon their denunciations—meaning that penalties of some sort followed their neglected warnings—it is well to recollect that several of the unfortunates "cursed" by Ludovick Muggleton, the illiterate founder of a forgotten sect, actually died from sheer fright, to the great strengthening of his cause and the comfort and consolation of his disciples. Nevertheless, if we take the trouble to peruse some of the modern hymn-books, especially those of an exoteric order, we cannot fail to perceive how the cheerless visions of judgment and hell have yielded place to a most genial assurance of heaven, and how sinners are counselled, not exactly to repent and do penance, but to cast away all fear, and rejoice in the love of their Saviour. Surely Faber is not altogether innocent of this tone when he writes thus of God the Father:

"Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold."

But for the keynote to Faber's confidence we must turn to another and nobler poem, and there learn how awe may be extinguished in devotion. He who could say truthfully:

"O God! who wert my childhood's love,
My boyhood's pure delight,
A presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night,"

might well lift his eyes tranquilly to the Judgment Seat; but it is hardly safe to assume that we have all cause to feel elated on this matter. In too many popular hymns salvation is guaran-

teed us on the easiest of terms, and with a jovial conviction that leaves no room for doubt. The blood of the Lamb has washed away our sins—one hymn even assures us

“He’s graciously waiting to wash more”

—and Chanaan’s happy shores lie stretched before us all.

As a result of this frame of mind condemned criminals of the most brutal type face the unknown future with unruffled composure, convinced, in the words of one of them, that they “will awaken in the bosom of their Saviour”; and men of dubious morals live two distinct lives, one of emotional piety fit for Sunday use, and one of tricky dishonesty more congenial to their every-day avocations. All thoughts of God’s justice, which will not be for most of us

“—the gladdest thing
Creation can behold,”

are merged in an assurance of his love; all fears for our own deficiencies are lost in the comfortable feeling that we are loving him very much in return, and, though giving frail proof of our sincerity, are telling him so with unexampled fervor.

Walter Bagehot has administered to this class of religionists a rebuke so sternly and truthfully disheartening that his words are not likely to win their way abroad, or reach the ears to which they are directed:

“The attractive aspects of God’s character must not be made more apparent to such a being as man than his chastening and severer aspects. We must not be invited to approach the Holy of holies without being made aware—painfully aware—what holiness is. We must know our own unworthiness ere we are fit to approach or imagine an Infinite Perfection. The most nauseous of false religions is that which affects a fulsome fondness for a Being not to be thought of without awe, or spoken of without reluctance.”*

If the young men and women who, in the intervals of gossip and flirtation, sing hymns at the sea-shore on Sunday evenings, shouting out the holiest of names in a lusty chorus, could realize that it was “a Being not to be thought of without awe, or spoken of without reluctance,” whom they are addressing with such careless irreverence, it might occur to them that this species of religious dissipation should be conducted on a less broadly humorous basis.

Few literary qualifications are required for a popular hymn, and few are noticeable in its construction. Some of the best

* *The Ignorance of Man.*

sound like echoes from older voices, as in George Herbert's "Said I not so?" where we see a reflection common to most serious poets, from St. Gregory Nazianzen to Adelaide Procter. And in the long-drawn weakness of Bishop Ken's "Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun" we recognize the same impulse which stirred St. Gregory in his "Morning Prayer," now familiar to us all through Newman's beautiful translation. But the hymns which delight the populace are not Newman's, nor Herbert's, nor even Bishop Ken's. They are to be found in vastly different compilations, published under the patronage of Tate and Brady, or Moody and Sankey, or the Salvation Army, or some equally capable literary judges. They abound in grotesque imagery and noisy zeal, and assume that the first duty of a Christian is to make his religion as clamorous as possible:

"O God! my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice
While I have breath to raise my voice.

"Then will I shout, then will I sing!
I'll make the heavenly arches ring!
I'll sing and shout for evermore
On that eternal, happy shore."

They are particularly fertile in curious parallels, which are presumed to hold the attention of a crowd by presenting some well-known image to its mind: We are soldiers marching to glory; we are sailors weathering a storm; we are wayfarers resting in shady places; we are modern tourists travelling comfortably by rail—the last device being particularly welcome to the enervated penitent of advanced civilization:

'The lines to heaven by Christ were made;
With heavenly truths the rails were laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.

"Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way.

"The Bible is the engineer;
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here
It doth the way to heaven steer."

And so on through several more verses, reading which we no longer wonder at Mr. Matthew Arnold's vigorous denunciation of

hymns, a subject on which he has many times expressed the most heterodox views.

"In the long run," he argues, "bad music and bad poetry, to whatever good and useful purposes a man may often manage to turn them, are in themselves mischievous and deteriorating to him. Somewhere and somehow and at some time or other he has to pay a penalty and to suffer a loss for taking delight in them. It is bad for people to hear such words and such a tune as the words or tune of

" 'O happy place ! when shall I be,
My God, with thee to see thy face ?'

—worse for them to take pleasure in it." *

Without thinking that the penalty for such transgressions will be a very heavy one, we cannot but regret that religious impulses should often manifest themselves in this fashion; not so much for the offence given to our more cultivated tastes as for their own utter barrenness of purpose. Except in the temperance hymns, there is seldom a practical suggestion of reform in all these noisy verses. To tell a loafing, swearing vagabond that

"Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in"

is not making it plain to him that he must cleanse his foul mouth and support his little children. He would never shout half so lustily over these unwelcome truths. As for the temperance hymns, they are perhaps more pointed than pleasing :

"May drunkards see sobriety
In an alluring light"

is a wish in which we all heartily concur ; that they

"May be brought to hate
Drinks that intoxicate"

is a most desirable possibility ; but, as a *Blackwood* reviewer observes, none of these sentiments are presented with any great felicity of language. Still, as keeping the idea of one needful reformation steadily before a man's mind, they are of more value than smoother lines about golden gates, and golden streets, and golden harps, and all the wealth of gilded imagery so vaguely dazzling to the shrunken conceptions of the poor.

Mr. Arnold tells us that the German hymns are much better than the English, and Mr. Ruskin finds a real merit in the simple, pious songs of Italy. Cardinal Antonelli used to say that the poorest and most ignorant Italian never lost a certain inborn

* *Last Essays on Church and Religion.*

accuracy of taste which enabled him to know what was beautiful; and the same thing has been observed of the Spanish peasant, who, hopelessly illiterate, has not, like our own artisan, been warped into vulgarity by the sordid ugliness of his surroundings and the sharp edge of a contentious life. There is a little hymn—the prayer of Calabrian shepherds to the Virgin—which is occasionally sung by Catholic choirs, and which for grace and simplicity can hardly be surpassed. Take but the three following verses, and see how easily they express the sentiments natural to the rustic suppliants: a loving admiration for their beautiful country, a devout reverence for the Mother of God, and a docile confidence in her protection:

“Madonna, keep the cold north wind
Amid his native seas;
So that no withering blight come down
Upon our olive-trees.

“And bid the sunshine glad our hills
The dew rejoice our vines,
And bid the healthful sea-breeze sweep
In music through the pines.

“Pray for us, that our hearts and homes
Be kept in fear and love—
Love for all things around our path,
And fear for those above.”

Here we have all the true requisites of a hymn: the emotions of fear, hope, and love, a devout and yet definite petition, simple thoughts that all can grasp, and language which neither puzzles the ignorant by its subtlety nor offends the cultivated by its crudeness. Such artless verses do not aspire to the province of poetry, but they fulfil the purpose for which they were designed: penetrating into hearts that the poet has never touched, drawing us together in the common fellowship of prayer, and linking our wandering, selfish thoughts to the great problems which make our interests one.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

THE revelation which God has made to man through his Son Jesus Christ is one of authority. This is a legitimate aspect of divine revelation. A large class of mankind see divine revelation under this aspect as its most prominent feature, and to this class divine revelation must give perfect satisfaction, though the essence of Christianity is not authority. True faith brings man to the acceptance of the divine authority; therefore, faith is necessary that man may know and worship God aright.

Faith includes as one of its essential features believing what God has revealed on the authority of God revealing. This definition implies that God has made a revelation which he proposes on his own authority. If this be so, the truths revealed must be certain; if they come from God, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, they cannot be questioned without impugning the veracity of God; if they are proposed on the authority of God revealing, the rejection of them is the denial of God. It is, moreover, the same destruction of faith whether one or all of the revealed truths are denied. But how are we to know what God has revealed? St. Paul asks this question: "How shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?" (Rom. x. 14, 15). From this text it is evident that the hearing of a preacher divinely sent is the means appointed for giving us this knowledge. Who have been divinely sent to preach the gospel? The apostles were; and an examination of their commission will settle the question about others. After his resurrection Jesus spoke to them, saying: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations. . . . Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (St. Matt. xxviii. 18, 19, 20). Jesus also said to them: "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you" (St. John xx. 21).

The apostles, as their commission declares, had authority from Jesus Christ to teach men to observe all that he had commanded, which they were to do until the consummation of the world. He made their message complete and the cessation of their office

impossible. This living authority necessarily produces and perpetuates unity. Authority and unity go together; unity without authority would be something like a circle without a centre.

Rev. Dr. Caldwell, in the *Andover Review*, says that "nothing but explicit divine command can be the basis for such a perfect and indivisible unity" (as organic unity). He also says: "It seems almost impossible for all variations in worship to be harmonized except by some œcumenical authority." But divine authority in it makes unity an essential mark of the true church.

Where are authority and unity to be found in Protestantism?

Rev. Dr. Richards, in the *Andover Review*, says: "Protestantism is something far removed from the ideal of the church as one body with one Lord, one faith, one baptism." Yet he says "that ideal is not strained or unnatural. One Lord and Saviour comes into the world, lives one perfect life, and dies one blessed sacrifice. To one mankind he comes bestowing one full salvation. To be of him, to be in him, to be like him is the one goodness possible for believers. All are agreed that he founded one spiritual kingdom. Its essential unity would seem more simply and effectively symbolized by a single organic structure, of however varied and diverse parts, than by many. . . . Every believer has his vision and dream of one body at last; . . . he at least awaits it as a heavenly fruition. What we all look to hereafter may we not aspire to now?" He adds, in conclusion: "The prayer of Jesus ('That they may be one') shall prevail: the head shall have one body, the foundation one building, the shepherd one flock, the bridegroom one bride, the Lord of all one kingdom." The actual Roman Catholic Church is Dr. Richard's ideal church. It is "a single structure of varied and diverse parts." Its unity "is not strained or unnatural," for it embodies men and women, such as we are. It is more sensitive of race characteristics, of nationalities and individualities, than all others. Did Catholicity resist Protestantism on account of these distinctions? How could it, when these had always existed, and exist now, among Catholic peoples more distinct than among any other?

Catholicity abhors what Dr. Caldwell calls "uniformity" and "absorption." Whoever needs or wishes proof of this should look at the races, nations, and individuals in the Catholic Church. The church insists, when they have historic value, that different religious rites must be retained. Have Celts, Saxons, Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, Japanese, or Chinese been denationalized by the church?

"Let "every believer who has had his vision and dream of

one body at last" rejoice; the one body is here, and, if he will be faithful, "the heavenly fruition" will come.

Dr. Caldwell holds with Catholics that organic unity without divine authority is impossible, but Dr. Richards says that such a unity is going to be in the future. If it is to come, on what basis will it rest? Can human authority, perhaps the decision of a great body, an élite few, or an individual genius, produce it? If so, it would be a despicable surrender of the very thing aimed at, which is a unity that perfects liberty.

But who would dare to call the recognition of a divinely established authority anything but a reception of divine light, an emancipation, an entrance into liberty.

Happily, the vocation of the Catholic Christian is to liberty; he is one whom "the truth makes free." He is one whom a church which is "the pillar and ground of truth", elevates and enlightens. "Peter and the eleven" were members of such a church. Later on Ignatius, Polycarp, Irenæus, Cyprian, Chrysostom, Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine were not in severed churches.

It is not strange that one who will not "hear" a divinely established church has to be regarded "as heathen and publican," but it is passing strange that men without guile read the commission of Christ to the apostles, admit with St. Paul that "sects," like "fornication, idolatry, and witchcraft, are works of the flesh" (Gal. v. 20), and persist in sectarianism!

"PROGRESSIVE ORTHODOXY." *

WHAT is known as Orthodox Congregationalism has been shaken to its very foundations by a new departure in theology, called "Progressive Orthodoxy." The time-honored and famous citadel of Andover has fallen, partially at least, into the hands of the innovators, who, conscious of the stronghold which they have secured, have boldly proclaimed to the world their nicely-chosen interpretations of Christian doctrines.

Probation after death for those who in this life have not had explicit knowledge of the Christian faith is the central idea of "Progressive Orthodoxy." A theory of the Incarnation and Redemption has been framed to suit this idea.

Passing by the many errors which are to be found in the whole system, we shall consider in this article only the question of probation after death.

In the first place, we would like to know how a disembodied soul is properly in a state of probation? Is not this life (the union of soul and body) the normal condition for moral action? The sin of Adam, which was the cause of the fall, and the actual sins of all men have been expiated by the sufferings of Jesus Christ in the flesh, because they are the sins of man, as man in the flesh. The work of redemption was consummated when the Son of God expired on the cross; the glorified body of the Redeemer was on the third day reunited to his glorified soul, because it was fitting that the body should share in the glory of the soul, having been humiliated with the soul. But the resurrection of the Saviour was like what the resurrection of the just will be on the last day. Is it conceivable, then, that a man may depart this life in sin, leaving behind him a body of sin, and after leaving this world his soul by itself repent and on the last day be reunited to its body of sin? By no means, unless by an almost unheard-of exception, similar to that of the deliverance of a soul from hell after death.† The whole man must repent or the whole man

* *Progressive Orthodoxy: A Contribution to the Christian Interpretation of Christian Doctrine.* By the Editors of the *Andover Review*, Professors in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† The accounts of these exceptions are only pious legends. If true, they cannot be satisfactorily explained, unless we suppose that these exceptional persons were restored to this life by a miracle, and in this way an opportunity for repentance given. In such cases the particular judgment would appear to have been temporarily suspended.

The opinion that even one person will be delivered from hell after the general judgment is against faith.

cannot be saved. "For we must all be manifested before the judgment seat of Christ," says St. Paul, "that every one may receive the proper things of the body, according as he hath done, whether it be good or evil" (2 Cor. v. 10).

The proper conditions both for repentance and the commission of sin are wanting in the soul of man as separated from the body. A man does not renounce the world for Christ's sake when it is beyond his reach; he does not mortify the flesh which he no longer has; his body will not be given up to Satan at death and his soul afterwards be given up to God. If he is to have a glorified body in heaven, it will be because his "members" have been "the temple of the Holy Ghost"; because he has glorified and borne "God in his body" (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20). Can a body that has not been mortified and subjected to the spirit share in the glory of the spirit? Moreover, when the soul has been separated from the body by death it may not sin further without having a deeper guilt than at the time of death, which would make it unsuitable to be reunited to its body as that body was at death.

Now, soul and body are to be at least as intimately united for all eternity after the general resurrection as they are in the present life. But "Progressive Orthodoxy" teaches that a man who has knowledge of the Gospel in this life, if he wishes to be saved, has got to fight his way to heaven by keeping the commandments, overcoming the world, the flesh, and the devil, while the man who has died without the knowledge of the Gospel has got no such battle for salvation, because he cannot have it. Once a man who had listened to a preacher's lucid explanation of the Christian doctrine remarked afterwards to the preacher: "It is not the faith but the morals of religion that sticks me." If that man could have died without knowledge of the Gospel, perhaps Andover could deal with him more lightly than it knows how to now! Whence may we trace the origin of this new doctrine of probation after death?

We think that the orthodox Protestant notion of hell has had a tendency to make many seek for some explanation of theology which would keep men out of it. If hell be considered as simply and only a place of torment, if both original and actual sin bring a soul to endless suffering, there is more difficulty in believing that probation ends with this life than, if it be thought not against faith, to hold that hell is a place of perfect natural beatitude* for those not guilty of actual sin and for those who have deliberately sinned, a place where the suffering is rigidly proportionate to the actual guilt.

* St. Thomas Aquin, other saints, and many great theologians hold this opinion.

Another source of the new doctrine of probation after death is the theory that explicit knowledge and acceptance of the Christian faith is absolutely necessary for salvation. If Christianity is for all men, why put such a limit to the operation of grace? What is Christianity but divine grace itself? If it be believed that sufficient, or at least remotely sufficient, grace for salvation is given in this life to every man, and that a man may make an act of faith in God as existing and "as a rewarder to them that seek him" (Heb. xi. 6) without an explicit knowledge of the Incarnation and Redemption, the condition in this life of those who are invincibly ignorant of the true faith is not so hopeless as Andover theologians would wish us to believe. They require more explicit conditions for salvation than right reason or orthodox theologians of all ages have. It is of no use to increase strict conditions which do not follow from reason. How can God be the rewarder of those "who believe in his existence" and "seek" him and reject those who do this? With this extreme theory of explicit knowledge and acceptance of the Christian faith as necessary for salvation, labelled as "orthodox ballast," they launch out into the wind and waves with probation after death for the heathen who have not had in this life explicit knowledge of the Christian faith in flying colors! We do not predict for them a safe voyage. Andover theology evidently does not rely on the general drift of the Scriptures in teaching probation after death, but relies on the exceptions that God could make if he would, and perhaps has made for some, and makes of them a divine rule of action. Error readily proceeds from trying to make of exceptions general rules.

Let us preach what is revealed and what we know, and not run after exceptions. Why thrust in our faces an exception which tends to weaken in the minds of the faithful a general rule of Scripture? Because St. Jerome interprets the Scripture as saying that God will not judge in eternity* (Gen. vi. 3) those who perished in the deluge, should we infer that God never judges or punishes in eternity when he does so in this life? Do you think because of this exception that St. Jerome believed the unorthodox opinion of a law of pardon for all in like circumstances? But what do you mean by "Progressive Orthodoxy"? Have you explicitly brought out what was implicitly in the Christian revelation before? If your doctrine is new it is not true. It is too late in the day for us to make experiments on the

* St. Jerome holds that all these persons were saved by their repentance previous to death.

Gospel; we ought to know by this time, if ever, what the Gospel generally means.

"But Orthodox Protestantism makes men's chances of salvation too small," you say. Therein lies the difficulty which you aim to set aside by probation after death.

Do you not know that the Catholic faith gives one a larger hope for men than Orthodox Protestantism? By Protestant Orthodoxy, however, must not be understood Progressive Orthodoxy. But it will be in vain for you to think that you can long maintain Progressive Orthodoxy. Probation after death will not stand the test of theological criticism. It can be traced only to your individualism. It is an eccentricity of faith as uncatholic as Swedenborgianism or Spiritism. Be careful lest, in your anxiety to get the heathen into heaven, you shut yourselves out.

Missions will not overtax the energies of the church with such an appendage to its faith. A missionary is a messenger of God, "a shining torch," "a fire on a mountain," sent forth with the spirit and power of an Elias, St. John the Baptist, St. Paul, St. Xavier to preach by his life and words to a dying world.

In the single question of probation after death it is easy to see that the Orthodox Congregationalists have the advantage over the Andover Progressionists. The Orthodox Congregationalists have our sympathy in their grief at what has happened in Andover. All upholders of orthodoxy should stand by them and help them to combat the new error. Not a few Episcopalians, all Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists, are with them heart and soul.

Let the Progressionists shift for themselves. Mr. D. L. Moody with his Bible and Scott's *Commentary* is a better guide than the Andover scientists with all their knowledge of Hebrew and Greek.

Is the memory of George Whitefield, who, though not a Congregationalist, yet preached in the orthodox churches of New England, dead? Were it not for Whitefield's continual holding up of Calvinism one would suppose that his sermons were those of a Catholic Liguorian missionary! We say to the Orthodox Congregationalists: Unseat "Progressive Orthodoxy" from Andover if you can. See if the teaching of the present professors (on the Incarnation, for example) is different from what their promises or contracts require that it should be. The Massachusetts courts should decide whether the trustees can give the emoluments of those chairs to those who depart from the doctrinal standards fixed by the benefactors.

We think that you once let Harvard University be taken away from you too easily. We know the history of Harvard University. We know it was founded by an orthodox minister to be an orthodox institution, and now we know it is teaching Unitarianism and Rationalism! In our judgment there is nothing like having men with new doctrines found new colleges and seminaries.

A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER III.

INTERRUPTION.

"AND now, dear," said Desmond, "as I have given you my serious promise, let me go my own way for the rest of the evening. I want to look over the papers in the old wooden box in the shanty, to put them in order for your reading. Don't expect to see me again till to-morrow morning, and tell Jeanne I shall not come in to supper. I shall spend most of the night at my task."

"I fear it will be a painful one," said Bawn, beginning to tremble for the consequences of her own boldness.

"Not so painful as it might have been. Your faith and confidence have given me courage, and, after a life-time of silence and isolation with my trouble, your sympathy is very sweet. Already I feel happier than I believed it possible I could ever feel again. Little daughter, you have comforted me."

"Daddy, I hold you to be one of God's martyrs."

"That is wild talk, my darling. Only to-night do I realize fully how wicked I have been. I have suffered morosely, without admitting the blessedness of suffering."

"I cannot wonder."

"My daughter's trust has broken my pride. I freely pardon all who injured me. Go, now, my precious one, and pray for me if you would help me."

"I am always praying for you. Sometimes I think I hear the angels grumbling, 'Here is this Bawn again, clamoring about her father!'"

"Continue your violence, my dearest. A most unusual hope and happiness have descended upon me to-night."

"Thank Heaven for it! And after this we shall be so happy!"

Then they parted, Desmond going to his shanty and Bawn returning to the house, where she baffled Jeanne's inquiries about her father, merely saying that she had seen him and that he would not return in time for supper. Retiring early to her room, the girl remained long on her knees trying once more to weary out the patience of the angels. In the vigorous hopefulness of her healthy youth she was not satisfied with asking resignation and peace for her martyr, but demanded comfort the most complete, a crown of happiness the most absolute, to make amends for long years of desolation and pain. How strangely such vehement prayers are sometimes answered only those can know who have dared to utter them.

Having made her demands of Heaven, Bawn lingered still, looking out of her window, her eyes resting on the sleeping, sombre woods, the dreaming prairie spanned by the star-sown sky, the white, moon-silvered gables and roofs of the homestead. A dog bayed in the distance, a faint lowing came from the cattle-sheds, and the geese gabbled in the farm-yard. Echoes of whistling and faint laughter floated up from the fields, where some of the laborers were amusing themselves. Red fire-side lights shone under the eaves and made the moonlight more white, more ethereal by contrast.

While her eyes took in the beauty of the night her heart swelled with indignation as she thought over her father's communication of the evening, and asked herself in amazement what kind of men and women these might be whom he had described as good and true, yet who could believe him a criminal, and, driving him away from them deliberately, could lose him out of their lives for evermore. Stupid, base, inconceivable beings! There was no word in her vocabulary strong enough to express her contempt and disgust for them. So patient, so kindly as he was, and so quietly brave in spite of that amiable weakness of character which his daughter felt in him, and which made him more lovable in her eyes! Why could he not have forgotten them? Why could he not despise them as she did? To think that, after all these thirty years, the memory of their love should live so cruelly within him and would not die!

"Oh! that he and I could go back among them," she thought, "and force them to believe in the truth. I am not blighted and heart-broken, but young and strong, and full of faith. I would walk into their homes and reproach them with their falsehood. I would tell them of his noble, gentle, and laborious life; of how

the poor come to him for help and the rich entrust him with their interests. I would ask them to look at his sad eyes, his white hair, and I would say, 'Is this the man you branded and drove out from you?'"

Flinging herself on her bed, she cried herself to sleep, and soon slept the undisturbed slumber of pure and perfect health. After some hours she wakened suddenly with a strange, startled feeling, a belief that her father had been standing at her bedside the moment before her eyes had opened, that he had bent over her and spoken to her. Even when wide awake and aware that this must have been a delusion, a dream, she felt uneasy, as though intelligence had been given her that something unusual had happened. Dawn was already making objects dimly visible in the room, giving them that ghostly aspect which all things take at the first sign of the approach of another day, and, wondering if her father had returned to the house, she lay listening, thinking it possible his entrance might have wakened her. All was still, and, with an anxiety that would not be controlled, she rose and went to the window commanding a view of one end of the log hut. The faint star of light which she could always see when he was there at night was burning still. How long he was lingering over that painful retrospection! How tired he would be to-morrow! Full of a tender concern for him, she dressed quickly, went noiselessly down the staircase, and let herself out of the house, with the intention of persuading him to give up his vigil, and of preparing some refreshment which he might take before going to his much-needed rest.

She was soon at the door of the shanty, and, finding it unfastened, went in, calling softly to her father that it was she.

There was no answer. The light on the table was burning low with a flicker that seemed to struggle with the encroachments of the dawn-light, and she could see her father's figure sitting in his chair by the table, his head leaned slightly to one side and resting on his hand. His other hand lay upon some papers which were before him on the table—the letters he had taken from the casket, which stood empty by their side. Her first impression was that he had fallen asleep—no unnatural consequence of his long day's wandering in the open air, followed by hours of vigil. She hesitated, unwilling to disturb him, and waited, expecting to see him wake or stir.

The lamp flickered out, and the daylight grew stronger in the room. Desmond's face was in shadow, and his attitude was one of such perfect repose that his daughter felt no alarm, only

remained patiently standing at the window, debating whether she should return to the house and prepare some coffee, or wake him first and persuade him to accompany her.

It struck her at last, with a vague sensation of chill, that the room was unnaturally still, that she had heard neither breath nor slightest movement from the figure in the chair since her entrance into the hut. The moment after this vague alarm had seized her she was by her father's side, kneeling at his chair and looking fearfully and scrutinizingly into his face.

Something she saw there made her start with a cry of fear and anguish, and seize him by the hands, which were stiff and cold to her touch, like hands of the dead. The noble face was gray and rigid, with an awful look which even the sweetness on the lips and the peace on the brow could not soften. Had death indeed found him in this moment of forgiveness and contentment, and had the brave heart broken while thus reviewing in a tender spirit the evidences of the wreck of its happiness? How Bawn regained the house and summoned aid she never knew, but in a short time every remedy that could be brought to bear upon the apparently lifeless man had been tried, and not without effect. He recovered at last from what was proved to have been a long and very deathlike swoon.

The next day the swooning returned, and the doctor from St. Paul whispered to Bawn that, though her father was stricken with heart-disease, yet if properly cared for and saved from all anxiety he might recover so far as to linger, an invalid, for years. It was a shadowy hope, and all but Bawn admitted it to be so. No better sign of the seriousness of his case could have been given than Jeanne's unwonted control over her tongue, or at least her tones; for had her husband been likely to recover she would not have so spared him. As it was, she did all her grumbling in her store-rooms and dairy, where she lamented much that she was so soon to be a widow after all the pains she had taken to be a wife.

Meanwhile Bawn sat by her father's bedside, looking neither despairing nor melancholy. A run round the garden, morning and evening, kept a speck of color the size of a carnation-bud in her cheek, so that Desmond should not say she was wearing herself pale with her constant and devoted attendance on him. With smiles that never failed—smiles, sweet and penetrating, that had a restoring power, like good wine—she tended, cheered, and amused him. If good nursing could bring back any half-dead man to life, then Arthur Desmond must soon have arisen and

walked. For some time he hoped with Bawn that he should do so, but little by little he learned from his friend, Dr. Ackroyd, how small was the amount of such expectation he could dare to indulge in. Making up his mind to die, he felt no regret, except for the sake of the beloved daughter he was leaving behind him. Watching her sitting at his window, at work on nice things for his comfort, to be worn, as she fondly hoped, in the coming winter, which he knew he should never see, he remarked the beauty of her face and form, and the signs of an ardent though controlled nature which were so clearly visible under her serene and smiling aspect. In her pale-blue linen dress and bunch of field-daisies he thought her so charming that nothing could be added to her beauty. What would become of her when he should be laid in the earth? Rich, handsome, good, with a mind cultivated far beyond those with whom she was ever likely to come in contact, how was her life likely to be spent? Ah! if he might be spared yet a few years longer, the time he had hitherto spent in selfish, retrospective sorrow should be used in the endeavor to pilot his darling into some secure harbor for life. He would make a trip to Europe—take her, not to England, but to those Continental places where varieties of people are to be met. Who would recognize him now or remember his story? It was not possible but that some good man, her mate in heart and mind, seeing her, should love this dear Bawn; and, a shelter having been found for her, what mattered about the rest?

Then, having travelled in imagination as far as Europe, Desmond's thoughts went further still, and the face of another woman became present to his mind. After half an hour of dreaming he sighed heavily.

"Daddy, what is ailing you?" said Bawn, with all her heart in her eyes.

"I have been thinking, dear, it is a pity I told you—all I told you that evening. What is the use of it now? The bitterness is gone, for ever gone. Under the shadow of Death's wings all things take an even surface. I have often thought to ask you about the letters and papers, dearest. I was reading them when I got this blow—"

Bawn's heart always stood still when he would speak like this, calmly, of death. But she answered in her cheerful way. "They are all safe in the casket. I have not looked at them."

"Better not look at them at all, then, my dear—at least not till I am gone."

Bawn left her seat and knelt by his bed, laying her head on the pillow beside his.

"Do not talk so," she said, "if you would not kill me. You are going to be well, and then we will forget and be happy. And I must read those letters, though not until you bid me. I have a presentiment that in the course of my years I shall meet those people who spoiled my father's life; and I should like to know all about it."

"Dreams, my darling—dreams. How should you ever meet with them; and what could come of it but pain?"

"I don't know how I shall meet them, but I have a long time to live in this world, and they are in it, too—some of them, surely—and there is no knowing how things may happen. And as for pain, there might be pain, indeed, but the truth might come out of it."

"Well, dear, I feel that I have no right to deny your request in the matter, having told you so much as I did. You know the worst, and, if your mind will run on the subject, it may be well, as you say, that all the circumstances should be known to you. Open the casket when you like, and make your own of the contents."

"May I speak to you of this again when I have done so?"

"Dear, I would rather not. My life has been lived, my burden borne. Peace has come to me at last, and I will not give it away again. Make what use you please of your knowledge in after-years, but smile and prattle to me now while I am with you. I have done with the past, and let us think of it no more."

Bawn was afraid to move her head lest he should see the tears dripping down her cheeks. His perfect peace, forgivingness, satisfaction, wrung her heart more than the most bitter complaints could have done. The peace of approaching death was upon him, though Bawn would not have it so. How sweet it would be when he should get quite well and would talk like this about what in former days had been a horror not to be shared or softened! After a long time of silence she ventured to withdraw her head from the pillow and steal a look at his face. She thought he had fallen asleep, and so he had; only she need not have feared to awake him, for, though his eyes were fast closed, his spirit was already awake in the sunshine of eternity.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE PAST.

THE second winter after Arthur Desmond's death had come round, and his grave was covered with snow. Bawn, having lived through one tragic year, was trying to begin another with patience, which was the more difficult to her as Jeanne had begun to wear a gold locket and bracelets and to entertain friends and relations who in her husband's life-time were not welcome in his home.

One clear, frosty evening she came slowly down-stairs from her own rooms, where she had of late lived almost entirely, and looked wearily through the windows as she passed them, up at the keen stars and across at the forest darkness, lingering, loath to enter the drawing-room, and yet resolved to conciliate her step-mother, whose wrath she often excited by her avoidance of the obnoxious cousins and friends.

As she sat down by the fire in the lamp-light she looked very unlike the blooming, vigorous Bawn who had lived so full a life at her father's side. Near her were the books he and she had read together, but she did not read, nor did she sew much, though a work-basket stood at her hand with varieties of material for such feminine occupation.

"Bawn, I wish you would talk a little," said Jeanne pettishly. "It makes one fidget to look at your quietness. And I want particularly to have some communication with you. Very seldom indeed you allow me to set an eye on you."

"Well, Jeanne, you cannot say you are lonely. You have company that pleases you better than mine."

"That may be, miss. As you say, I am not fitted for a lonely life. Now you, for instance, judging by your ways, are fond of mooning all by yourself, and so you will find it easy to grow into an old maid, as, from your demeanor to gentlemen, I see is your intent. But I can tell you I am of a different character and am not going to follow your example."

"Jeanne," said Bawn, with a gleam of her old smile, "you always will make me laugh. And I dare say it is good of you. I have not smiled for a long time, I think. How, dear Jeanne, could you manage to turn into an old maid?"

"Oh! you can make pleasantries, can you, though you were so angry at my Cousin Henri's clever jest the other day, sweeping out of the room like the goddess Dinah!"

"Don't, Jeanne—don't remind me of it, please," said Bawn, a slight frown crossing her fair brows. "I fear I am not as good-tempered as I used to be. I am growing irritable; don't provoke me till I can get back to my natural ways. Some day when your Cousin Henri is tired of coming here you will find me less unamiable than I am now."

"No, he will not cease to come here, miss; as long as I please he shall come here. And that reminds me. I was going to tell you—I suppose you are aware—that I am a widow a year to-day."

"Yes," said Bawn sadly, and she shivered and drew nearer to the fire.

Bold as Jeanne was, she grew a little nervous as she tried to proceed with her communication. Bawn's utter obtuseness took her by surprise and made what she had to say more difficult. Could not the girl guess what was coming? On the contrary, her eyes had fixed themselves on the fire with an abstracted look. She was evidently not thinking of Mrs. Desmond at all.

"I want to tell you, if you will listen to me," said Jeanne desperately, "that I am not a woman to have her life blighted by one man—"

Bawn was now sitting bolt upright, startled more by the simpler that had come upon her stepmother's face than by the woman's words.

"Hush!" she said sternly, and threw out her hands as if to stop further conversation.

Jeanne shrank back, shocked by the look on the girl's face.

"I am acting for the best in all our interests," she said whimsically, and flourishing a handkerchief of black some inches deep.

Bawn bent her head with one deep sob, and there was silence in the room for some minutes. The younger woman struggled with her grief and disgust; the elder fumed and told herself that she would tell her news that evening, no matter how disagreeable her stepdaughter might be.

"If you would not always intercept me I would tell you what I want to say," she burst forth at last. "Well, then, I am going to be married."

"Married!" repeated Bawn mechanically.

"You will be jealous, I suppose, that I have had the first offer; but, indeed, I assure you Cousin Henri is serious in his intentions, too."

"Married!" repeated Bawn to herself. It seemed she could not be persuaded that the woman whom her father had dignified with his name could be in earnest in making such a statement.

"Yes, I tell you. The young man is a patriot of my own."

"Young man!" murmured Bawn, more and more amazed.

"And why not a young man? I suppose you mean to predict that I am not a young woman. Have I a gray hair in my head any more than you, miss?"

Bawn was silent while all the truth pressed upon her. Jeanne was but a year her father's widow, and she was going to become the wife of some vulgar acquaintance.

"I know what you are thinking of, of course," pursued Jeanne. "The house and farm are yours, and you can turn us out of them if you please. But if you would only be reasonable, Bawn, and think of Cousin Henri, we might all live here together and make our fortunes again and again."

Bawn was thinking and did not hear her. After all, the woman was only following her natural instinct in returning to the coarse associations from which Desmond had withdrawn her. Let her go. A few minutes' reflection assured the girl that this ought to be a relief to her rather than anything else. Only it would leave her, Bawn, so solitary.

Jeanne's last words rang upon her ear, and the meaning of them came back to her after a few minutes.

"Put me out of the question," she said quietly; "and please do not mention your cousin's name to me again. I will think the matter over and tell you what I shall do about the house and farm."

"You could never work it," cried Jeanne; "and a manager would be sure to rob you."

And this was all that was said on the subject then.

When Bawn laid her head on her pillow that night she felt a bitter sense of renewed desolation which she knew to be in reality meaningless, but which had to be suffered, nevertheless. Jeanne, disagreeable as she might be, was the only creature to whom she was bound by any tie. She had shared the past with her, and to part from her utterly was to break the last link that bound her to it. Yet this was what had to be done, and there was only one generous and sensible way of doing it. The most rational thing that she, Bawn, could do would be to leave this great place, in which she could not think of living alone, to her who had been mistress of it so long, who knew how to manage it

and thrive in it. Yes, she must go forth out of her home and find herself a shelter elsewhere.

Upon this decision she slept; but in the middle of the night she awoke suddenly, as if some one had called her. It seemed as if a voice had spoken in her ear, saying: "Why not go to Europe—to Ireland? Why not carry out your old idea of seeking for your father's friends and enemies?" As a strong light springs up in a darkened room and reveals all the details that had been only hidden and not annihilated in it, so the thought that had roused her from sleep showed her the deep desire and unshaped purpose which sorrow and weakness had held dormant in her brain.

Excellent idea! To what better account could she turn her time and the wealth which her father had left to her? Here was a new interest for her life, and closely linked with the beloved who had suffered and was at rest.

She rose, lit her fire and lamp, and unlocked the drawer where a year ago she had, with heavy tears, deposited her father's old wooden casket. In proportion as the contents had been precious to him they were precious to her, but until now she had not trusted herself to look at them. Now she eagerly unfolded document after document, as if she would find between their pages light and instruction to carry out the plan she had conceived.

Under the papers was a miniature portrait, the face of a beautiful girl—soft blue eyes, a cloud of dark hair, face like a blush-rose, mouth and chin tender but weak. The dress was of conventional elegance in the fashion of a by-gone day.

"You are the woman who loved and yet condemned him," she said to the pictured face. "Poor weak creature, I pity you! Perhaps you married a man who was really bad, and so suffered for your sin; or may be at this moment your heart is broken by the evil ways of a son. If so you are justly punished for not knowing a good man when you saw him."

The fair face smiled undisturbed by her reproaches, and Bawn wept.

Desmond's own notes and statement ran as follows:

"I solemnly swear that I am not guilty of the crime laid to me; that I had no act or part in the death of Roderick Fingall, who lost his life on the mountain of Aura, in the Glens of Antrim, on a May evening in 18—. Even if I were capable of the crime I had no motive to urge me to it.

"It is true we both loved Mave Adare; but she had given

her promise to me, and I never dreamed of doubting her. The circumstances were these: Roderick and I had been good friends enough till he learned of my engagement to Mave, and then he took a dislike to me, fancying I had supplanted him. He had never spoken to her of his love, nor had she suspected it; but he thought she understood him, and mistook for a deeper feeling what was only sisterly friendship for himself. This she declared to me, and I believed her; but he chose to hug his grievance and fancy himself wronged.

"Neither Roderick nor I was rich, but accident had for the moment given me a probable advantage over him. An old man from Barbadoes had turned up in the Glens, and, though the Adares, Fingalls, and I were unconnected by ties of blood, he was related in a distant way to each of us. He boasted of having made a large fortune, and, having returned to bestow his bones in his native land, intended to bequeath his money to some one of his kindred. He constantly declared that he would not divide it, but would leave it to whichever of his relatives pleased him the best. This was, perhaps, intended to put all on their mettle to be good to him, though it might have had the effect of keeping some at a distance. I may truly say I did not think of him at all, so absorbed was I in my happiness as Mave's accepted lover and in the daily enjoyment of her companionship. Still, in some way—why I never could tell—a report got abroad that 'Old Barbadoes,' as he was called, had taken a fancy to me and intended to make me his heir. People said that when Mave and I were married he could benefit both Adare and Desmond by giving us the bulk of his wealth. I declare that neither she nor I believed there was any foundation for this gossip, nor did we allow ourselves to wish it might be true.

"The rumor had the effect of making Roderick more restless and irritable. In the bitterness of his disappointment all the generosity of his nature seemed obscured for the time, and he was heard to say that Mave had preferred me because I was the favorite of 'Old Barbadoes.'

"He was a good fellow at bottom, though of a passionate temper and a little melodramatic in his ways, and Mave and I did not despair of winning back his friendship in time. But death barred that.

"I was a stranger in the Glens, and my small patrimony lay in the south of Ireland. Father, mother, and sister being dead, I was the only remaining member of my own family. After my mother's death I had been induced to visit Antrim, which was her

birth-place, and there I spent the happiest as well as the most terrible months of my life. Mave, in the midst of her family, seemed to me like a wild rose blooming in a poisoned atmosphere; for the Adares were strange people, proud, thriftless, and of a morbid turn of mind, who, with failing fortunes and extravagant habits, considered themselves above the degradation of any kind of work. The men led idle and unwholesome lives, and were hated and feared by their poorer neighbors and dependants. I delighted in the thought of taking my Mave out of the strange company of her people, away from the gloomy hollow of the mountain which was her home, and bringing her to my bright little Kerry domain. We should not have been rich, but I was full of plans for earnest work, for building up my fortunes by determined industry. I said to myself, 'Idleness is the rock on which so many of my class in my country split and go to wreck. I will steer clear of it.'

"Roderick Fingall's statement that Mave had been influenced by the fact of my being 'Old Barbadoes' favorite stung me more than any other of his taunts, and on one or two occasions I spoke angrily of his impertinence and carelessness of the truth. Mave did her best to soothe me, and seemed, I thought, unnecessarily fearful of a quarrel arising between us.

"I will make a plain statement of what occurred, as far as I know, on the evening of Fingall's violent death.

"There had occurred that day between Mave and me something like a misunderstanding on the subject of Roderick, and I was a good deal vexed in spirit when I set out to take a long ramble across the mountains, hoping to walk off my ill-humor.

"I had done so. Heaven is my witness that I had forgotten all bitterness by the time I found myself climbing the side of Aura. My mind had gone gladly back to the contemplation of my own happiness, and, full of hope and joy, I felt my veins thrilling with the glory of the sunset, often so magnificent among those Antrim hills. I had no thought of unkindness towards any one when I saw Roderick Fingall approaching me with bent head and gloomy eyes; I felt nothing but pity for his disappointment, self-reproach for having allowed myself to be irritated by the expressions of his morbid jealousy. He was walking to meet me, without having perceived my approach, and, thinking himself alone in this mountain solitude, had allowed his face to express unreservedly the bitterness of his soul. Filled with compassion and compunction, I disliked the idea of surprising him, and began to whistle that he might be warned of my nearness to him.

"He misunderstood me and took my whistling for a sign of triumph and derision, as I found when, a few moments afterwards, we passed face to face on a narrow path above a steep and ugly precipice.

"'So,' he said, 'you have come to dog my steps even here, to flourish your confounded good fortune in my face!' or words to that effect.

"'No, indeed, Fingall,' I said. 'I had no such thought. We have met by accident. Let it not be an unfortunate chance. I feel no ill-will towards you. I wish to God you felt none towards me.'

"I thought I saw a gleam of relenting in his eyes as I went on.

"'We were once good friends; let us be so again. I never knowingly did you wrong, and if I have caused you pain it is a grief to me. On some points I believe you to be mistaken. You will live to find it out.'

"He looked at me scrutinizingly. I think he was beginning to believe in me. The bracing, brilliant mountain air, the glorious sunlight, the ennobling beauty of the scenery around us were all in my favor, and I felt it. He looked up, threw the hair from his brow. I saw that a struggle was going on between his natural generosity and the evil spirit that had got possession of him. Finally his eye sought mine.

"'God is around and above us,' I said; 'let not this glorious sun go down upon our wrath. Fingall, why cannot we be friends?'

"I stretched out my hands towards him, and he made a movement. As God is my judge, I do not know whether he intended to advance towards me in friendship or to retreat in denial of my appeal. His step backward may have been an involuntary one; the next moment he might have flung himself forward into my arms. My memory of the look in his eyes assures me that to do so was his intention. But he stood upon treacherous ground. In the excitement of our feelings neither of us had noticed that he had backed while speaking to the very edge of an abyss. He took one fatal step and vanished. I heard his cry as he went whirling down the precipice—then all was silent. . . .

"I hurried down the mountain in a terrible state of agitation; met some people and told my story, and we went in search of him. He was found quite dead. At the inquest I gave my evidence, and a verdict of accidental death was returned. His family were in a frantic state of grief. He was his mother's young-

est and favorite son, and the calamity threatened to deprive her of her reason. So deep was my own affliction that it was some time before I began to perceive that people were looking askance at me. Some one was whispering away my fair fame. A nameless horror rose up beside me, dogged my steps, haunted me like an evil spirit; when I tried to grasp it, it slipped through my fingers and vanished. I resolved not to see it, tried to forget it, ascribed its existence to my own over-excited imagination; but still the reality of it was there, asserting itself at every opportunity. At last one day with a sudden shock I came in front of it and saw its face, ghastly with falsehood and corruption. It was believed that I had murdered Fingall!

"The whisper grew and swelled into a murmur so loud that I could not shut my ears to it. Even in Mave's tender eyes there arose a cloud of doubt. Her smile grew colder and colder, and a look of fear came over her face when I appeared. I became aware that I had a powerful though secret accuser, who, while assuming to screen me, was all the time gradually and persistently blasting my good name.

"There came a day when I could bear it no longer, and I went to Mave and asked an explanation of the change in her manner towards me. I said I knew there were evil rumors in circulation concerning me, but I should not care for them. I could live them down, if only she would bravely believe in me. At once I saw my doom in her averted eyes. It seemed that, whoever my accuser might be, he had her ear and that her mind was becoming poisoned against me. Seeing the despair in my face, she burst into passionate weeping; but when I drew near to comfort her she shrank from me. In the agonizing scene that followed I learned that some secret evidence had been laid before her which she considered overwhelming. Timorous and gentle I had known her to be, but that she could be so miserably weak and wanting in trust of me, whom she had chosen and dignified with her love—of disloyalty like this I had not dreamed. I went to her brother Luke, who was the dominant spirit in that unwholesome household, stated my case, declared my innocence, and asked him, as man to man, to help me to free myself from this curse that was threatening to blast me. I found him cool, reticent, suspicious, professing to be my friend, unwilling to say anything hurtful to me, but evidently firmly convinced of my guilt. He said that, for the sake of old friendship and of his sister's former love for me, they were all anxious to screen me from the consequences of what had happened. I answered that I

wanted no screen, only to come face to face with my accuser. He smiled slightly, saying that that I could never do.

"I left him feeling as if I had been beating my heart against a rock, and for some time longer I held my ground, lying in wait for my enemy, striving to kill the lie that was slowly withering up the sap of my veins; but as air escapes the clutch of the hand, so did this cruel calumny fatally and perpetually elude my grasp. As the wretch doomed to be walled up alive watches stone placed upon stone, building up the barrier that separates him from life, so, slowly and surely, I saw the last glimpse of light disappear from my horizon. One day I rose up and shook myself together, and owned that I could bear it no longer. I went to Mave for the last time, and, finding her still possessed by the belief in my guilt, I bade her an abrupt farewell and went forth like a lost soul out of her presence. I shook the dust of the Glens from my feet and departed from the country without taking leave of any one. Strange looks and wags of the head had so long followed me that I believed scarce a man in the place would have cared to shake hands with me. I was looked on as a murderer who for certain reasons of old friendship had been allowed to escape justice, but whose presence was not to be desired in an honest community.

"To understand fully the general abhorrence in which I was held one would need to know the character of the Glens people. A murder had not occurred among them within the memory of man, hardly a theft, or anything that could be called a crime. The people had their faults and their squabbles, no doubt, but they were, on the whole, a singularly upright and simple-minded race, who kept the Commandments and knew little of the world beyond their mountains.

"I went forth from among them with the brand of Cain on my forehead, to go on with my life as best I might in some spot where rumor could not follow me. No man bade me God-speed. Every one shrank from my path as I walked the road, and doors were shut as I passed them by. In all this there was only one exception. As I walked up Glenan with my heart swooning in my breast and my brain on fire, a woman opened her door and came a little way to meet me. Her name was Betty Macalister. She had been a servant in the Fingall family, and had recently married and gone to live in Glenan. Doubtless she knew the whole tragedy as well as any one knew it, but she opened her door and came out and offered me a drink of milk, which, I suppose, was the best way that occurred to her of expressing

her good-will. My first impulse was to dash it from her hand and pass on. How could she dare to be kind when Mave —? But a look in her homely eyes, which had an angel's light in them at the moment, altered my mood. I took it and tasted it, and returned it to her with thanks.

“‘Good-by, Mr. Arthur,’ she said, ‘and God defend the innocent!’

“I could not answer her. I looked at her silently, and Heaven knows what she saw in my gaze. She threw her apron over her face and rushed sobbing into the house.

“I went to London, where I stayed till I had effected the sale of my little property in Kerry, and the home that was to have been hers and mine was made over to strangers. All that time I walked the streets of London like a man in a nightmare. So long as I kept walking I felt that I had a hold on my life, had my will in control; but when I sat down the desire for self-destruction rushed upon me. I believe I walked the entire of London many times over, yet I did not know where I walked and remember nothing that I saw. During this time I wrote to Luke Adare, telling him I was going to Minnesota and would send him my address when I arrived there. I was not going to behave like a criminal who had been glad to be allowed to escape. If at any future time I were to be wanted by friends or enemies they should know where to find me.

“After that Luke wrote to me, once to London and two or three times to Minnesota. There was nothing in his letter which seemed to require an answer, and I did not answer him. Indeed, it was, and is still, a wonder to me that he wrote as he did to a man whom he believed to be a murderer, and one who would not even confess or regret his crime. There was a sympathizing and pitying tone in his communication which surprised me, for Luke was no tender sentimentalist. He gave me no information about home; he never mentioned Mave. What was the reason of his writing at all I could never make out.

“I received one other letter from the Glens, and that was from Betty Macalister, to whom I had also given my address, having an instinctive feeling that if anything were to turn up to clear my good name she would be more likely than Luke to let me know.”

Bawn here turned to Betty's letter, which was as follows :

“YOUR HON. DEAR MISSTER ARTHUR :

: “This comes hoppin' you are well as leaves me in this present

time the same and husband. The hollow fokes is not doin' well. The ould Misster Barbadus he left all he had to Misster Look. The ould house luks bad an' Miss Mave she dozzint walk out at all. The gentlemen has quare ways an' the people dozzint like them a bit better nor they did. There was great doin's for a while, but the munny dozzint last with them, A think, for the ould place is lukkin' bad now. My man an' me stiks to you thru thick an' thin, but yure better where ye are.

"Yures to kommand,

"BETTY MACALISTER."

This epistle, which bore a date ten years after Arthur's departure, Bawn read over and over again, and one piece of information it contained struck her as remarkable: "Old Barbadoes" had left all his money to Luke Adare—the money which it was supposed would, under other circumstances, have come to Arthur as his favorite.

The next letter she opened was from Luke himself. He wrote:

"I hope you are doing well, for in spite of all that has happened I feel a deep interest in your welfare. The New World is before you, and your story cannot follow you there. Indeed, it is hushed up here, for all sakes, though it never can be quite forgotten. You may yet be a prosperous man, outlive the past, and make new friends. I shall always be glad to hear of you and to know what you are doing, etc., etc., etc.

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"LUKE ADARE."

The remaining letters were much in the same strain, expressing a desire to know something of the exile and showing a leniency towards him as a murderer which was hard to understand. Some of them contained reproaches of Arthur for not having written to give an account of himself. "Only that Betty Macalister has had a line from you I should think you were dead," he wrote in the latest date of twenty-five years ago. It was evident that Desmond had never gratified the curiosity of this anxious friend.

Bawn was very apt to jump, rightly or wrongly, to a conclusion, and by the time she had folded up all the papers and replaced them in a box she had made up her mind that Luke Adare was the person who, for his own selfish ends, had whispered away her father's good name, blighted the lives of both sister and

friend. Arthur a murderer and banished, and Roderick Fingall dead, the inheritance had devolved upon Luke as the eldest of the Adares.

"And this frail creature," she said, studying Mave's portrait again, "this was a tool easy enough to work with. Had you been a brave, true woman, ready to stand up in his defence and fight the lie with him, he might have been able to hunt down the liar and clear himself before the world. But you quailed and deserted him, you coward! Luke was the villain and you were the fool!"

The greater part of that day Bawn spent riding alone over the prairie, revolving and maturing her project as she went, considering the details of it and the dangers and difficulties it might include. That evening she walked up to Mrs. Desmond in the drawing-room and said in a tone of simple friendliness:

"Jeanne, I have made up my mind to let you have the house."

Jeanne was amazed. She had made her demand, well aware she had no right to make it, and without expecting to find her audacity so quickly rewarded.

Bawn continued: "I am going to St. Paul in the morning to speak about it to Dr. Ackroyd."

Mrs. Desmond was instantly alarmed. She did not like the interference of Dr. Ackroyd, who would make it a matter of business.

"Why need he interfere between us?" she said. "Cannot we make our own arrangements? You are of age."

"I wish to consult him," said Bawn quietly. "It is not long since he was my guardian. And you forget, Jeanne: it will be necessary for me to find some shelter for myself when I leave the place to you."

"This is very provoking of you," cried Jeanne, "to talk as if I wanted to turn you out. Why can we not all go on together?"

"Let that be; it is my affair," said Bawn. "I have other plans for my future."

"Now what plans can she have?" thought Jeanne, looking round the handsome room, and running over in her mind all the goodly possessions and advantages she was gaining by Bawn's generosity. "It must be that she means to go to Europe and figure as an heiress at the fashionable places." And Jeanne thought, with an impatient sigh, of how admirably that part would have suited her, if she had just been twenty or thirty years younger and had not acquired the passion for making money.

CHAPTER V.

A WILFUL WOMAN.

THE next day Bawn made a journey into St. Paul to consult her guardian.

Dr. Ackroyd had been her father's oldest friend in Minnesota, and the only man who had ever approached to anything like intimacy with him. At a time when the doctor had been hardly pressed by pecuniary troubles Desmond's generosity had laid the foundation of his ultimate prosperity—a fact which he had never forgotten.

"Doctor," said Bawn, walking into the snug room where he and his wife were sitting, "I have come to talk to you on business. You know I am a woman of business capabilities now—twenty-one years of age last month."

The doctor nodded. "Yes, yes; she has found it all out. I was her guardian a month ago, Molly, but now she will be for taking the bit in her own teeth, no doubt."

"I have a pretty good fortune, haven't I, Dr. Ackroyd?"

"As pretty a fortune as any young woman in America, I should say at a guess; and that is saying much. Come, now, what do you want to do? Trip away to Paris, and all the rest of it?"

"And quite natural too, Andrew, at her age, and with such a fortune and such a face!" said Mrs. Ackroyd, a motherly old lady, with whom Bawn was a favorite.

The same thought was present in the minds of husband and wife as they looked at Bawn's fine, fair face, with its grave sweetness and a certain majesty of womanly dignity which in her most thoughtful moments sat on her brow. At such moments her coil of golden hair looked like a royal crown. Now, as she gazed into the fire, seeing something which they did not see, they easily fancied her in brilliant rooms, shining in white satin or some such raiment, with crowds of adorers hovering round her. They knew the sort of thing that happens, well enough. Many a lovely young heiress sails from America and gets turned into a countess or a marquise before many summers have poured their choicest flowers into her lap.

"Yes, I have been thinking of going to Europe," said Bawn, "though not to Paris."

"It is the gayest place and the prettiest," said the doctor. "Of course there are the summer resorts—"

"I was not thinking of gayety, nor even of prettiness," said

Bawn; "though the place I mean to go to is, I believe, beautiful enough. But if it were the ugliest place on earth, and the dull-est, as it probably is, I should want to go all the same."

She spoke musingly and looked into the fire, seeing in the burning wood fairy glens, and mountains with giddy paths from which a false step might hurl a man in an instant—mountains with lonely hollows of their own, and secret paths dark enough to overshadow a human being's life.

The doctor gazed at her in astonishment. "Come," he said, "I give it up."

"Doctor," said the girl suddenly, looking at him straight, "did it ever strike you that my father had had a great trouble in his life, one that must have been more than the ordinary kind of trouble?"

The doctor's face changed. "I always thought it," he said gently.

Bawn turned red and then quite white. "It is true," she said; "and the journey I want to make has reference to that trouble."

She paused and hesitated.

"My dear," said Dr. Ackroyd, "if you have anything to say to me in confidence, my wife will go away."

"No," said Bawn firmly, stretching out her hand to the old lady, who was regarding her with deep concern. "I can trust you both, if you will bear with me."

Mrs. Ackroyd stirred in her chair with good-natured emotion and a little curiosity, and, wiping her spectacles with the hand that was not in Bawn's grip, put them on, as if they would help her to see well into whatever was going to be laid before her.

Bawn went on speaking, white to the lips, but with firm voice and calm eyes:

"My father left his country, you know, as a young, quite a young man. Well, he left it under a cloud. Some enemy had whispered away his good name and blighted his life. He had friends, and there was a woman who had loved him and was to have married him; and they one and all—good God! can you believe it?—they one and all cast him out of their lives, withdrew their faith and their friendship from him, and sent him across the world with a broken heart and spirit—poor heart that nothing could ever heal; noble spirit that is free from pain at last!"

Grief brimmed over Bawn's sad eyes as she finished. She suddenly covered her face and sat drowned in tears.

Her friends did not worry her with questions and consola-

tions, only suffered the floods that had opened to wash themselves away; and the girl said presently:

"There, that is over. You are very, very good to listen to me."

"Now," she continued, with a light leaping into her eyes and determination straightening the quiver of her lips, "I know that he had an enemy who slandered him, or all this could never have happened. He himself believed that he was the victim of circumstances, but I do not believe it. Certain notes and papers have been put in my hands to read, and I have formed my own conclusions from them. I shall never rest till I have sifted the matter to the bottom—in as far as it can be sifted," she added wistfully, "at the end of thirty years."

"Ah! that is it," said the doctor with a smothered sigh. "And, my dear child, I don't want to contradict you—I feel with you intensely—but how, if at the time he found it so impossible to clear himself, how do you dream of being able to do it now?"

"Not by walking into the country, into the houses of those people, and saying, 'You are my deadly enemies. I am Arthur Desmond's daughter, and you calumniated my father. Confess your sins, or I shall—I shall go back crestfallen where I came from!'" said Bawn, with lips relaxing into a little smile. "No; that is not my plan. I think I have been studying to acquire the guile of the serpent during the last few days, and I have laid a little plot which I cannot put into execution without the assistance of a friend."

"Well?" said the doctor, looking at her inquiringly. "Continue."

"I intend," pursued Bawn, "to go to the place—a secluded spot it was; and I believe, I have been told, it is not the sort of place that changes much—a glenny and mountainy place such as we read about but do not see here."

"I know," said the doctor, nodding, and instantly seeing pictures in his memory; for he, too, was an exile and loved Scotland.

"I shall go there," said Bawn, "not in my own name and character, but as the orphan daughter of a farmer, an emigrant, who, from what she has heard from her father about his native land, has taken a fancy to see it and live in it. She has brought her small fortune—say five hundred pounds, her father's savings—to invest in a little farm such as a woman can manage. In this way I will settle down among those people, as near them as possible, and, without exciting their suspicion or putting them on their guard, will try to get at the long-hidden secret, strive to unearth

the too-long-buried truth. When I succeed I shall disclose my identity, pour out the vials of my wrath upon the false or good-for-nothing friends, shake the dust off my feet—and come back here to you.”

“A pretty romance, my dear, but about as wild and impossible as pretty.”

“Do not say so.”

“What do you propose to do if you find it beyond your power to get at that long-lost truth?”

“Come back here all the same, only worsted,” said Bawn; “but it will be long before I confess myself beaten. A number of people must be dead first.”

“And if you find them all already dead?”

“That is not likely,” said Bawn quickly. “Not in such a healthy country place, where the people live long. I have thought it all out, and the chances are with me.”

Dr. Ackroyd was silent. Wild as the girl’s scheme was, he saw she was completely in earnest, and he knew her long enough and well enough to have had experience of a character indicated by the shape of her broad, fair brows and certain expressions of her clear gray eyes and good-tempered mouth. There had always been a simple and intelligent directness about her intentions and a robust fearlessness in carrying them out that made such a proposal from her somewhat different to what it might have been coming from any ordinary impulsive, romantic girl, who would be pretty sure to give up her plan in disgust and dismay after a first tussle with a few uncomfortable obstacles. He admitted to himself that, if any girl could carry out such an enterprise, no better one than this could be found to undertake it. But of what was he thinking? All the strength of his influence over her must be exerted to prevent her entering on such a wild and uncertain path.

He was sufficiently a man of the world to know what had never entered into the saddest dreams that ever flitted through Bawn’s golden head—to be well aware that there existed a possibility, if not a likelihood, that Arthur Desmond had been really guilty of whatever crime or transgression had been laid to his charge. During all the long life that he had spent in this new country Dr. Ackroyd had met with a great number of men who in their youth had blundered into evil, and had either come out here of their own free will or been sent by their indignant friends to begin life afresh where their past was unknown. And why might not Desmond have been one of these? He would prefer to believe, with Bawn, that the man who had lived here so

stainless a life and suffered so deeply had been guiltless from the beginning, and the victim of malice or a mistake. But the entire faith of Bawn's heart could not make its way into his. Not only did he see the probability of failure for her enterprise, but feared that she might be met by some overwhelming testimony to his guilt—guilt long expiated, and perhaps for ever forgotten had not her rash and loving hand rooted it out from the past which had buried it. Might not even such a bright and strong creature as this be felled by such a blow?

These thoughts trooped quickly through his mind, and Bawn watched the changing expressions of his face.

"Well," she said quietly, "you are not going to oppose me?"

"My dear," he said, "I will oppose you with every argument, with all the persuasion, I am capable of compelling to my aid. Had this occurred some time ago I should have been in a position to forbid you absolutely to carry out so wild an intention. As it is, you are your own mistress. I cannot control your actions. I can only beseech you to take an old man's advice, and *let the dead past bury its dead*. Your father is at rest; the waves of time have rolled over his sorrow. You need never come in contact with any one who knows anything of his story. In any other plan for your life, in any indulgence you can imagine, I will help you to the best of my ability; but I cannot see you act in a way which I believe would be the ruin of every prospect you have in the world."

"I have no prospect," answered Bawn sadly. "What could I do with my life while this shadow rests on it?"

"Your idea is over-strained. By and by you will form new ties—"

"Never!" said Bawn solemnly. "Even if I wished it, and it were likely, never could I till this cloud is cleared away."

The doctor was startled and silent. He had not been told what was the nature of the wrong thing of which Desmond had been accused, and the look in Bawn's eyes at this moment suggested that it was something even worse than he had imagined. But he spoke cheerfully.

"Pooh!" he said; "you are in a morbid humor. Put off the consideration of this matter, for a time at least. You will change your mind; you will give it up."

"I will never give it up," said Bawn, her soft lips closing and tightening with resolution. "The wish has gone too deep. There is nothing else to live for in my life."

This was the beginning of a struggle which lasted for two months between Bawn and her ex-guardian, and at the end of

that time Dr. Ackroyd felt himself obliged to lower his colors and let the girl have her way. Rather than allow her to follow it without help or protection of any kind, he was forced to yield and take the affair into his own hands. Step by step she gained upon him; bit by bit she got all her will. His first concession included the proviso that he was to be allowed to bring her across the ocean himself, and that, before he suffered her to go seeking her fortune in that unknown spot towards which her desires were carrying her, he was to pay a visit to the place as a tourist, take note of how things stood there, gather information about the people, and make up his mind as to how far her plan for coming among them was safe and practicable. To all this Bawn uneasily consented at first, fearing much that such protection and precaution might excite attention and frustrate her aims. Fate in the end decreed that she was to go her wilful way and perform her pilgrimage according to the programme she had at first marked out for herself. A dearly-loved child of Dr. Ackroyd's was discovered to have fallen into a dangerous state of health, and he found it impossible to leave her. Bawn must either go alone or not at all. She chose to go.

"You can put me on board and give me in charge to the captain," she said; "and when I land, if I find any difficulty, I can telegraph to you, and you can telegraph to your English friends, whom I will not go near if I can help it. This will surely be protection enough for a steady young woman like me, of the class to which I shall belong. Nobody will mind a simple farmer's daughter. How many poor girls come out to America every day to earn their bread under circumstances so much worse than mine! If I were travelling with you I should be always betraying myself; and if, as you say, 'the world is so small,' somebody would be sure to see me who might meet me afterwards and find me out."

Her friends felt themselves unable to restrain her. After all, their own child was their first consideration, and Desmond's daughter was impatient to be away. Jeanne was married, and Bawn felt herself pushed bodily out of her home. There was nothing more for her to do here except to procure an outfit of very plain clothing to suit the station of life she had chosen, to make some money arrangements transferring a few hundred pounds to an Irish bank, and, leaving her fortune in Dr. Ackroyd's hands, to say good-by to the dear old home and to the beloved grave where peacefully her father slept.

SECULARIZED GERMANY AND THE VATICAN.

THERE can be little doubt that in this queer world of ours very great men, and very wise men too, sometimes say extremely foolish things, or, at all events, have exceedingly silly things attributed to them; and in one or other of these categories must be classed the famous saying for which Prince Bismarck has the credit, that "he never would go to Canossa." Of course he never would go to Canossa; how could he? To go to Canossa implies previous excommunication, and excommunication implies previous membership. As a Lutheran, it is true, the prince is presumably a baptized Christian; and if the rite were validly performed, and if no mortal sin has ever cut him off from a state of grace, he belongs to the soul of the church; but so long as he remains in even unconscious schism he cannot belong to the body. Powerful as his highness undoubtedly is, he can neither claim the privileges nor incur the penalties of the humblest Catholic in his dominions. A mosquito which has been annoying a shepherd, and trying to divert his attention from the flock, might as well vow it would never return to its place in the sheepfold; an urchin who has been amusing himself by throwing stones at the steam-cars might as naturally vow that he never would return to his duty as conductor; or—if these images be unworthy the dignity of the great chancellor—the Emperor Nero might as reasonably have announced his firm determination never to return to the true faith of a Christian, as Prince Bismarck that he never would seek absolution from the censures of excommunication. If, by the grace of God, his highness should ever desire reconciliation with the church, not penance but baptism, conditionally imposed no doubt, must be the sacrament employed. There is no need of hair-shirt or of pontifical authority. A penny catechism and the nearest priest will be sufficient for the exigency. The mediæval struggle of the investitures was a question of the internal economy of the church, and endured through centuries. The *Kulturkampf* of Prince Bismarck has been from beginning to end the device of an alien power to overcome the church itself, and has perished in its own foolishness.

Perhaps, however, the prince was talking a little at random—or metaphorically, let us say—and all he meant to convey was that, having once attempted to force the church into action con-

trary to her conscience, he had no intention of leaving off until the conscience of the church had given in. If that were his meaning—as there can be but little doubt it was—he had far better have gone a few ages still further back for the metaphor addressed to another illustrious persecutor, and have announced his fixed determination to go on kicking against the pricks as long as any pricks remained for him to kick against. For if his highness had studied history with that diligence and generality with which he is anxious to inoculate the Catholic clergy, and more especially “the epoch-making events” and “motive-tendencies” of the different ages, he might have learned for himself, without illustrating for the thousandth time in his own person, that whoever attempts to coerce the Holy Father may cause temporary bitterness to the church, but will chiefly succeed in permanently undermining his own authority; that whoever, in short, falls on the stone of Peter will be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder. The gnat is brushed away from the face of the shepherd; the idle boy runs from the train as soon as he has flung his stone; the Emperor Nero—but really the Emperor Nero is altogether too grand for the occasion; and what remains but a few cuts and bruises and drops of blood, and perhaps a general laugh at the wantonness and the defeat of the mischief?

For, indeed, were it not for these same scars and bruises, for the misery, spiritual and temporal, inflicted upon the faithful of Germany by these fantastic tricks before high Heaven, for the parishes left pastorless, the priests imprisoned, the bishops exiled, one could do little else than laugh at this latest, idlest, most useless, and most aimless attack upon the liberty of conscience. The very battle-cry of the persecutors—the *Kulturkampf*—betrays the genuine spirit of “priggishness” which animates that which does duty for a soul in the breast of every persecutor; and the business was conducted from beginning to end in a spirit worthy of its inception. The campaign commenced with the expulsion of the order of the Jesuits. And why the Jesuits? one asks with surprise, not having yet become acclimatized to the atmosphere of happy inconsequence pervading all the proceedings. Why dismiss, in the name of culture and education, the community which, beyond all others, has maintained a reputation for educative ability and cultured intellect? Well, it is difficult to suggest a reason. Perhaps his excellency was experiencing a little reaction after his successful “flutters” with Austria and France, and that personage who is always ready

with some attractive work for idle hands took the opportunity to make the suggestion. Or possibly the prince, not having as yet the novels of M. Gaboriau for his recreation, was suffering an indigestion from perusing the works of Eugène Sue or the late lamented Mr. Charles Kingsley, wherein the Jesuit is for ever at work forging wills, upsetting families, caballing against governments, or varying these useful and creditable occupations by acting, with the permission of his superiors, in the capacity of Anglican clergymen and retaining at the same time a "dispensation from holding" the Immaculate Conception or the infallibility of the Holy Father. For our own part, we believe that the prince acted upon none of these profound considerations, but upon another principle of about equal value—namely, the principle upon which the late Lord Beaconsfield used to be fond of talking about ordering the British fleet to move up into the Dardanelles: not, as the event made clear, that any particular object was to be gained by his vessels entering those mysterious waters, but that the phrase carried with it a delicious ring of high diplomacy, and would stand for an excellent sample of a vigorous foreign policy.

The Jesuits expelled, wider measures were to be taken, and a brand-new minister with a brand-new broom came forward to sweep all the school-rooms of a brand-new empire. Humanity was to be enlightened at last. All the ignorance of the miserable clergy who had preserved the light of learning as far back as Christian learning could reach was to be swept away. The dark-minded church to whose influence was due the foundation of half the schools and far more than half the universities of Europe was to be taught something at last, now that a Prussian minister had arisen to teach at once the true theories of religion, of education, and of medicine. For ordinary students the common curriculum still sufficed; but Catholic theologians must spend three years beyond the common course in studying—everything except theology. The arcana of German philosophy were to be revealed to them; and they were to understand the mysteries of Hegel and of Fichte. Psychology was to tell them all about the plastodylic soul, and they were to be learned in all the ways, not of virtue, but of Virchow. History was to unfold to them, not her simple facts, which were of little value to a German philosopher, but her most recondite teachings as to her "historic moments" and her "inner developing forces," and the ecclesiastical student was to be assiduously trained in the use of every weapon in the whole German armory for darkening counsel by

words without knowledge. Meanwhile the means by which he could maintain himself during the prolonged period required for these useful acquirements was a problem to be considered; and as a contribution towards its solution the minister shut up the cheap boarding-houses to which the Catholic clergy had hitherto resorted.

Such was the mellifluous invitation which Dr. Falk, like another Dr. Dulcamara, issued to the Catholic clergy; and yet, strange to say, the ears of those whom he addressed remained impervious to its sweetness. Somehow the church persisted in thinking that she knew as much about the proper education of her clergy as the Prussian state—a notion fundamentally opposed both to German philosophy and to Prussian officialism. Then the strife began in earnest. The empire offered certificates upon its own terms. The church refused to allow other hands to interfere with the training of her own ministers. The state declared it to be illegal to ordain uncertificated candidates. The bishops refused to acknowledge secular authority in spiritual matters. What followed? Parish after parish beheld its pastor driven away by the government. Bishop after bishop went first to prison and then to exile. Thus at one time all the archbishoprics and bishoprics of Prussia were lying without an occupant, either through death or banishment, except those of Kulm, Osnaburg, Ermeland, and Hildesheim. For years the prince persisted in this cruel and idle crusade, until at last it dawned upon his highness, who is an acute man and can sometimes take in a novel idea when it is very plainly and persistently placed before him—say for a decade of years together—that the only fruit he was reaping or likely to reap from this useless struggle was the opposition of the Catholic party in the Reichstag. Thereupon there came a change. The drum of Dr. Dulcamara ceased to beat, and Dr. Falk himself had disappeared from view. Then the chancellor looked over his spectacles at the Vatican and vowed he never would go to Canossa. The pope gave it to be understood that there was no question of Canossa in the matter. The church desired neither secular dominion over Germany nor spiritual submission from Prince Bismarck, but simply the right of educating her own ministers in her own way. Then the prince went a step further. Supposing the full requirements of the ecclesiastical laws were not insisted upon, could those laws be so far recognized that notification of appointments could be made to the state? Of course they could, provided that such notification in no way interfered with the education of the clergy or

the spiritual jurisdiction of the Holy Father ; and such, in fact, was the response of the Vatican. Then the storm began to abate ; the chancellor's teacup sank to a much-needed rest, the exiled bishops were brought back, the state payments were resumed, the Crown Prince of Germany paid a personal visit to His Holiness ; and the greatest mess made by the greatest statesman of the age was, partly at least, wiped up.

But though the quarrel thus forced by the chancellor upon the church in Germany has been perfectly gratuitous and absurd, yet there is a historical aspect of the case, from which it might be inferred that a fundamental antagonism exists of necessity between the modern empire of Germany and the Vatican, inasmuch as the former is the secularized form of the sacred empire which in former times acknowledged the Vatican for its supreme head ; and Prince Bismarck himself holds the office once belonging to the Prince Archbishop of Mainz. It will well repay us, therefore, to look back to that empire as it existed at the close of the last century, and to trace the series of extraordinary events whereby the relations between Germany and the Vatican have been modified so profoundly.

"It was not strange," says a well-known Protestant writer, "that in the year 1799 even sagacious observers should have thought that the end of the Church of Rome was come. An infidel power ascendant, the pope dying in captivity, the most illustrious prelates of France living in a foreign country upon Protestant alms, the noblest edifices which the munificence of former ages had consecrated to the worship of God turned into temples of victory, or into banqueting-houses for political societies, or into theo-philanthropic chapels—such signs might well be supposed to indicate the approaching end of that long domination. But the end was not yet." And then Lord Macaulay, with singular perspicacity, goes on to compare the Roman Church with the Grand Pyramid, which, according to Arab tradition, alone of all human buildings sustained the weight of the waters of the Deluge ; and to enumerate the European institutions which the Revolution had laid in ruins or swept bodily from the face of the earth. Indeed there is, perhaps, no more startling lesson to be learned in history than in the total transformation which well-nigh every social and political organization, save one, appears to have undergone through the action of the Revolution. It is difficult to believe that during the last hundred years there have been more territorial and constitutional changes in Christendom than during the entire millennium which preceded them. For a thousand years

backward we see the two great powers—the empire of the church and the empire of the false prophet—locked in deadly strife, the heretical dominions falling one after another beneath the power of Islam, the Catholic dominions preserving their freedom and at last breaking down the long-dreaded and once irresistible foe; we see dissensions break 'out hither and thither, and provinces and kingdoms agglomerate and dis sever; but the great outlines and landmarks remain ever unchanged, and to go back a century is well-nigh equivalent to going back a millennium. Less than a hundred years ago the heir of St. Louis was still seated on the throne of Capet, to all appearance without possibility of subversion. Less than a hundred years ago German archbishops were petty sovereigns in their own right and made treaties with Great Britain to supply the British government with men for foreign service. Less than a hundred years ago the Red Sea was closed to all “infidel” travellers, and the most tremendous penalties, both in this world and the next, were denounced by the Sublime Porte against any Turkish officer who should allow a Christian vessel to approach the port of Suez—“the privileged route,” as the sultan expressed it, “of the holy pilgrimage of Mecca.” Less than a hundred years ago England was not in dread of every accidental change amongst foreign nations for fear of her magnificent and suicidal empire of Hindostan; while Russia was a more or less insignificant and more rather than less barbaric power, confining herself pretty much to annoying her neighbors in the East of Europe, and interfering little or not at all in the general comity of nations. But, above all, two great institutions bore every mark of the most venerable antiquity—the pope still retained the oldest sovereignty in Europe, and still obtained recognition as the mediator amongst Catholic princes; the Holy Roman Empire remained the venerable structure founded a thousand years before by Charlemagne and Leo.

To study the organization of this latter community, and to trace the fate of its various elements during the century now passing away, is to read the very anatomy of history in its innermost operations. For the ancient empire of Germany was a kind of political sacrament. It expressed the spiritual authority ruling through the temporal power; and the process to which it has been subjected in the crucible of the Revolution has been of separation and reconstitution of the two authorities independently of each other.

The contrast between the great empire of Germany which came to a close in 1806 and that which arose in its place sixty-

five years later is in many respects so violent that no slight difficulty may be found in recognizing any connection between the two. In the former constitution the secular power was based, as we have said, upon the ecclesiastical authority, and assumed to a very great extent an ecclesiastical form, while even the military organization was subject to ecclesiastical as well as military direction; in the latter the ecclesiastical element has absolutely disappeared, and the civil power rests entirely upon the organization of the army. In the former empire a variety of states of greater or lesser importance were united by relations of great complexity; in the latter the whole mass of minor states are placed in the simple relation of regiments under a single commander. In a word, the conception of the former empire was a kind of republic of Christendom with an elective head, subject alike, in general and in detail, to the jurisdiction of the church; the conception of the latter is simply an absorption of the German nation into the army of Prussia.

Yet notwithstanding the opposition in their most distinctive features, the two constitutions undoubtedly possess an essential and clearly demonstrable connection; and it may shed no little light upon the political relations even of other European countries if we trace shortly how far the empire which William erected upon the defeat of Napoleon III. is identical with that which Francis laid down upon the triumph of Napoleon I. For if, following the natural method by which the mind connects the present with the past, we gaze backwards through the vista of the present century, each scene presented is full of interest. First, at the present moment we have before our eyes an enormous but most compact military organization, wherein each citizen is a soldier, each state the section of an army, and the monarch himself literally an emperor or commander-in-chief. Next, but a few years ago, we see a multitude of states with no central executive, but with two great rivals threatening to seize it. Then, again, backward from 1866 to 1815, we behold a chaos of disconnected atoms, of which the very confusion tells the tale of former unity. Next we come upon that fantastic vision, that anomalous congeries of disjointed states, that dream or idea of Napoleon—the Confederation of the Rhine. Then, further again for a brief period of three years, we come upon the mediatized Diet, the mutilated form of the Holy Roman Empire, with its broken pillars and tottering foundations, foreboding its total and speedy fall. Lastly, that same empire rises up before us as it existed a hundred years ago, and as it had existed

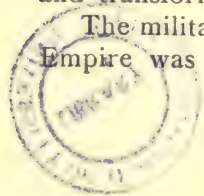


beyond century, if not with all harmony of outline, at least with all variety of detail, and we trace each portion of the ruins to their original position in the majestic pile. It is not, therefore, so much the history as the framework of the former and present constitutions of Germany with which we are concerned, and we shall only require to photograph, as it were, the organization as it existed in the days previous to its overthrow, and then to show its successive states of decline, decay, dissolution, revival, and reconstruction.

The structure of the Holy Roman Empire was unquestionably one of the most complicated political creations ever presented to mankind. Originated by Charlemagne and Pope Leo III., and more fully regulated by the Golden Bull of Charles IV., it received its most distinctive definition in the Diet held at Frankfort towards the close of the sixteenth century, and may be said to have preserved its form unchanged till the days of Napoleon. Its great fundamental principles of combining territorial representation with the independence of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, and of guaranteeing the freedom of the members by rendering the executive elective, were sufficiently complicated in themselves; but the action of the principles became even more intricate through the modifications imperceptibly introduced in the progress of time. One feature, however, marked the whole history of the empire in general, and every detail in particular, from first to last, and that was the precedence of the ecclesiastical over the civil authority of corresponding rank. A somewhat similar usage prevailed in England during Saxon times, when a bishop, assisted by an ealdorman, sat upon the secular judgment-seat. And even to this day in the British House of Lords, which affords a faint copy of the ancient College of Princes in the Diet of Germany (as the House of Commons, or Communes, parallels the College of Free Towns), the bishops take precedence of all secular barons, and the Archbishop of Canterbury of all peers whatsoever.

This principle of ecclesiastical precedence was carried out even in the military organization of the empire, which was altogether different in itself, and had a different history from its civil constitution. And as the military element is much less complex than the civil, and as it, moreover, predominates largely in the ultimate issue, we cannot do better than to trace first its growth and transformation.

The military system which prevailed down to the fall of the Empire was inaugurated about the year A.D. 1500, when the



ancient provinces were formed into circles, the forces of each circle being theoretically placed under the command of an ecclesiastical and civil director, although practically, as we shall more clearly see in dealing with the constitution of the Diet, the temporal prince often united both characters in his single person. Thus the Archduke of Austria, in view of the primacy of his house, was always considered an ecclesiastical as well as secular personage, and was sole director of the military circle comprehending not only his own archduchy, but also the Austrian dominions of Carinthia, Carniola, Styria, Switzerland, the Grisons, and the Tyrol. So the Elector of Saxony was sole director of his circle of Upper Saxony, and the King of Spain of his duchy of Burgundy until the detachment of that province by the treaty of Westphalia in 1648. But the rest were all subject to double rule. The Archbishop of Salzburg and the Elector of Bavaria presided over the military circle of Bavaria, the Bishop of Bamberg and the Margrave of Baireuth over that of Franconia; and the circles of the Upper and Lower Rhine, of Suabia and Westphalia, had each an ecclesiastic as well as civil dignitary at their head. Incongruous as this subjection of the military to the spiritual power may seem to a modern conception—and certainly what the history of England would have been if the Protestant bishops had exercised direct power over particular regiments demands a flight which may well take one's breath away—yet it is difficult to see in what other way any effectual restraint can be placed upon the multitudes now in arms, when one nation will go to war at an instant's notice for the imaginary succession of a phantom prince to a foreign throne, and another considers the invasion of an unoffending country to be fully justified by the supposed requirement of a scientific frontier.

However this may be, the ecclesiastical superintendence of the army was an essential element of the spiritual empire, and with the dissolution of that empire came to a natural termination, when the supreme jurisdiction over the forces of each state reverted directly to its particular sovereign. In this position matters remained until the Germanic Confederation was brought about, when a new and a most peculiar organization was effected. The scattered kingdoms of Germany were formed once more into a single federation, each state preserving its own independence and retaining command of its own little army; but the united forces of the community were placed under the direction of the General Diet, which, however, could exercise no direct authority over them, but could merely authorize some one or

more particular states to take command of the general forces in order to carry out the decrees of the Diet, or, as it was called, to perform federal execution. An arrangement of this kind was exactly adapted to afford plenty of opportunities to a statesman possessed of many iron generals and very few and extremely elastic principles. By the war of 1863 Prussia succeeded in obtaining the command of the forces as executor of the Diet in the case of Schleswig-Holstein, and, on the ground of vicinity to the seat of war, graciously took the lead out of the hands of her Austrian rival. By the war of 1866 the centre of imperial gravity was fairly shifted to the north, and a new confederation was formed with Prussia for its informing power. Finally, by the war of 1870, the whole forces of the late Diet, those of Austria alone excepted, became subject to the command of the King of Prussia, and the victorious commander-in-chief of so many kings and princes was naturally raised to the rank of "imperator." To peruse the titles of the German regiments is to trace the course of the absorption of Germany by Prussia. East and West Prussia, with Pomerania and Lithuania—Prussia proper, in fact—form the first two corps; Brandenburg, the homestead, so to speak, of the kingdom, having the third corps to itself. A separate corps also is supported by each of the states of Hanover, Saxony, Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Hesse. Schleswig-Holstein, with the Hanse Towns, make up another regiment; while the remainder are furnished by Silesia, Thuringia, Westphalia, and the Rhine. The whole list is a powerful sermon upon the prince's favorite text of "blood and iron." So much for the military organization.

In the civil constitution of the former empire the Diet consisted of three distinct bodies, a College of Electors, a College of Princes, and a College of Free Towns, of which the first—namely, that of the Electors—though much the smallest, was by far the most important in rank and influence. According to the theory of the empire, seven personages alone made up the sacred number, but after the Reformation had commenced its inroads an eighth elector was added to the college. Of the seven original members the three principal were ecclesiastics—namely, the Archbishop of Mainz, chancellor for the entire empire; the Archbishop of Trier, chancellor throughout the old Roman province of Arles; and the Archbishop of Köln, chancellor through the Italian dominions. Of the other four electors, all being laymen, each discharged some feudal duty towards his sovereign: the King of Bohemia being grand cup-bearer, the Count Palatine

of the Rhine high-treasurer and vicar-general of the empire, the Duke of Saxony discharging the office of grand marshal, and the Marquis of Brandenburg that of the grand chamberlain, just as the emperor himself, when about to receive the imperial crown at Rome, held the stirrup of the Holy Father. Yet, notwithstanding the feudal duties thus exacted, each elector was none the less a sovereign prince, and exercised within his own territories the same rights and privileges as the emperor enjoyed throughout the entire dominion.

Although the hereditary and not the elective principle regulated originally the devolution of the crown, yet the latter was adopted for a basis as early as the eleventh century, and was ever afterwards preserved with the greatest care and scrupulosity. Even when, as not unfrequently happened, the choice of the electors fell upon the legitimate heir for generation after generation, his hereditary character was considered as a mere incident and not as the essence of his tenure. "It is agreed," says the historian of the Holy Roman Empire, writing in the seventeenth century, "that the imperial power should not accrue through hereditary right, as the custom had hitherto been, but that the emperor's son, even if he were right worthy, should acquire by election rather than succession. But if he were not worthy, or if the people in making an emperor did not wish to have him, the people had the matter in their own power." And similar sentiments were expressed in yet plainer language, if possible, in the address to the emperor when the crown was conferred. To preserve the integrity of the electoral process recourse was had to the strictest regulations. Within a month of the emperor's decease the grand marshal was bound to convene the electors within a further period of three months for the purpose of solemnly electing a "King of the Romans"—for the full title was not bestowed till the coronation had been performed by the Holy Father. Frankfurt was the legitimate and usual place of meeting, though the ceremony was occasionally held at Aachen and elsewhere. A retinue of not more than two hundred followers was allowed to each elector, and so great was the jealousy of alien interference that throughout the whole period during which an election might last no other prince or potentate, of rank however exalted, was permitted to reside in the city.

In the second college, that of the Princes, a similar division existed to that in the College of Electors; the house being composed of two distinct benches, whereof the ecclesiastical always took precedence of the secular principality of corresponding rank.

During the sixteenth century the former house was made up of one archbishop, three prelates, twenty-one bishops, ten abbots, and the grand-masters of the orders of the Teutonic Knights and of Malta; while the civil bench was composed, nominally at least, of about sixty members of the ranks of dukes, margraves, land-graves, princes, and counts, but included incidentally both electors and foreign and domestic kings. By the theory of the law each principality was represented by an immediate tenant of the crown holding either a secular or spiritual benefice, but in practice all sorts of influences were at work to amalgamate and occasionally to divide the seats, and gradually to render the franchise rather a personal privilege than a territorial appanage. Marriage, succession, alienation, and, above all, secularization, all combined to destroy the simplicity of the organization, and sometimes to introduce elements altogether foreign to the country. Thus for several centuries the emperor himself had a seat on the ecclesiastical bench in right of his archduchy of Austria, while the King of Prussia (or Elector of Brandenburg), besides his seat (fourth in rank) on the ecclesiastical bench, which he held as representing the grand-master of the Teutonic Knights, held also the forty-second ecclesiastical seat in right of Minden, and four secular seats for Camen, Halberstadt, Magdeburg, and Further Pomerania. So also foreign kings became involved in German affairs, not for any consequence to the nations they ruled, but because of their accidental possession of a German principality. Spain was represented there at one time, not because Spain ever formed any part of the empire, but because its king held the duchy of Burgundy; Sweden became mixed up in German wars through Hither Pomerania, Denmark through Holstein-Glückstadt, England through the electorate of Hanover. A whole chapter of clues to the interference of one country or another in the general disputes of Europe may be found in the constitution of the German College of Princes.

As for the College of the Free Towns—twenty-four on the Rhine bench and thirty-eight on the Suabian bench—we cannot now say more than that it also betrayed its ecclesiastical origin in the fact that every free town was, originally at least, an episcopal city; and the relations are well worth studying between this college and the great mediæval association of the Hanseatic League—a league which we may yet see revived in another shape by the international organization of labor.

The first severe blow given to this unique and venerable structure came from within. At the dawn of Protestantism,

Albert, Grand-Master of the Teutonic Knights, apostatized from his vows in A.D. 1525, and, taking the whole appanage of the order for his private possessions, married the daughter of the King of Poland. This was the origin of the famous margraviate of Brandenburg, from which was developed first by the deglutition of bishoprics the kingdom of Prussia, and afterwards, by the agglutination of whole states, the modern empire of Germany.

Yet, though the seeds of decay were already implanted, the stately fabric remained fair and sound to view up to the very close of the eighteenth century. Traces of dissension no doubt were to be found, as when the Protestant electors withdrew during the Mass of the Holy Ghost preceding the act of election, and when assistant bishops had to be appointed to certain offices because their official incumbents were incapable of discharging the religious duties appertaining to them. But it was a strange hand which brought the august structure into ruin. Throughout the entire millennium which elapsed from the coronation of Charlemagne that venerable edifice remained unchanged, and yielded only to the earthquake of the Revolution; and the preamble of the treaty of Campo Formio, betraying even in its twofold date the revolutionary impress, marks, as it were, the exact spot of time when the mediæval spirit passed from European statesmanship and the spirit of modern politics took its place. Every line in that preamble is pregnant with silent instruction.

Four gentlemen of high distinction, though leaving no mark whereby posterity may recognize them, are required to represent the "Emperor of the Romans and King of Hungary and Bohemia"—the *Sieur Louis*, and *Sieur Maximilian*, and the *Sieur de Gallo*, and the *Sieur Ignace*, each with titles dating back for centuries and offices covering half a page. And then comes a single line bearing a single name filling a single office: "And on the part of the French Republic, Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of the French forces in Italy." No dramatist was ever more concise. Three years later came the coronation of Napoleon, and the compensations necessitated by the treaty of Lunéville—compensations, that is to say, granted out of the possessions of the church to the states which had lost territory through the wars of the Revolution. This was the process embodied in the famous Act of Mediation drawn up under Napoleon in 1803, whereby the distinctive features of the three colleges were in great measure obliterated, the ecclesiastical privileges and those of the free towns almost wholly swept away, the territorial representation

so altered as almost to become personal, and the whole media-tized Diet to bear somewhat the same resemblance to the Diet of the former empire as exists between chess-men when set out in array and the same pieces when huddled together in a box. No human power could now avert the final crash, which yet was hurried on by the acts of its own members. In 1804 the emperor, in a document wherein the crown of Charlemagne quotes as a precedent the action of the crown of Napoleon, raised his own archduchy to the imperial rank, violating thereby the fundamental rule of equality among the states; and two years afterwards he dissolved the Empire of Germany, laid down the title, and released all princes and people from their oath of allegiance, reserving only his new-created rank of Austrian emperor.

The sequel of those dissociated states was curious enough. Out of the broken columns and fragments of the ecclesiastical empire Napoleon reared up his Confederation of the Rhine, still preserving the hierarchical form of a College of Kings and a College of Princes, and still retaining a survival of hierarchical connection in the presidency of the Archbishop of Ratisbon; but the principle of election had wholly given way to the nomination of a dictator. That organization it doubtless was which suggested to the mind of Napoleon the fatal idea of a general confederation of European states, with the pope at their head, under the hegemony of France, which dominated all the rest of his career, and which resembled the image set up by the conqueror of another holy city, with its head of gold, and its body of brass, and legs partly iron and partly clay. This idea it was which led to his ill-fated marriage with a daughter of his Austrian enemy; which caused him to confer upon his little son the title of King of the Romans, borrowed from the disrupted empire; which led him, against his will, to lay sacrilegious hands upon the holy pontiff, and finally to destroy his fortunes in the snows of Russia in his frantic attempt to restore the monarchy of Poland. Thence came the curse of the excommunication, the thunderbolt of Moscow, the catastrophe of Fontainebleau. The huge image was struck upon the feet by an invisible hand, and the gold and the silver, the brass and the clay, were shattered into a thousand fragments.

From this point the history of the states of Germany passes from the civil into the military form. After the exile of Napoleon, France, to use the exquisite formula of diplomacy, "re-entered the limits of 1793," or, in the more brutal language of the world, was forced to give up the foreign possessions she had

seized, and amongst them the German dominions. Part, therefore, of the gigantic task performed by the statesmen assembled at the Congress of Vienna in 1814 was the reconstitution of Germanic kingdoms into a single confederation—a work which, indeed, would probably have been beyond the strength of any to accomplish, but that every nation of Europe was well-nigh exhausted by the incessant wars of a quarter of a century. The arrangement here concluded may seem in some respects complicated, and unquestionably had the effect of rendering the German nation almost a nullity in Europe, but at least it lasted for nearly half a century. In that confederation, as the old elective principle was already lost, so now the hierarchical element utterly disappeared, and the territorial basis of representation was changed into a plurality of votes proportional to the importance of the state. The events by which the feeble tie thus created was broken at last, and how one kingdom after another became absorbed in the army of Prussia, has been already narrated; and thus we see the various steps by which the old ecclesiastical elective republic (for a republic it was in all but name) of the south has been transformed into the secular military empire which owns Prince Bismarck as its uncontrolled dictator.

What may be the ultimate issue of these curious relations between Germany and the Vatican is a point too difficult for discussion, for it is part of that larger question which looms more and more quietly, and yet more and more sullenly, every year upon the political horizon: What is to be the relation of the spiritual to the temporal authority throughout the world? Still, so far as the experience of sixteen years will carry us—and that is but a very little way—the antagonism between the empire and the Vatican, which one would have naturally inferred from the creating of the former, does not appear necessarily to exist; and the issue of Prince Bismarck's gratuitous attack undoubtedly tends to confirm that impression. The empire would seem to be a kind of jolly giant, very fierce, a trifle stupid, but by no means radically ill-natured; and as for the Vatican, that most diplomatic of courts has been accustomed to deal with giants ever since it came into existence. It is possible, no doubt, that the revolution may yet break out in Germany with tenfold the violence with which it ever raged in France, as Heine, if we remember rightly, foretold long ago; and after the wreck of that storm perhaps the lines of the old Holy Roman Empire, with their elective principle and independent head, may suggest the outlines of a plan for the re-edification of Christendom. But at present there

is no question of the kind. The jurisdiction claimed by the Holy Father is purely spiritual; the jurisdiction demanded by the emperor and the prince is wholly secular. So long, therefore, as the latter require nothing contrary to faith or morals, so long there is no reason why, past history notwithstanding, perfect accord should not be maintained between secularized Germany and the Vatican.

AT THE THEATRE.

IF anywhere, it is at the theatre that human nature shows its motley side. There the world gathers to see itself as in a mirror held up to nature. Youth and age, riches and poverty, gaze with riveted eyes upon the mimic scene. Sympathy plays with nimble fingers upon the gamut of the human heart, ringing her changes from the deep bass of woe to the shrill treble of mirth. Eyes moisten and hearts beat faster over the sorrows in the play. The world, there looking upon its own picture, trembles and weeps, laughs and applauds, and forgets its real existence in the fiction of the moment. At the door of the theatre black Care hastily dismounts from the weary shoulders he bestrides like the Old Man of the Sea, and Sindbad forgets all about the odious burden waiting for him outside when he sees the effigy of his demon on the shoulders of Sindbad in the play.

How the human heart responds to the touch of nature, and this brief panorama of life stirs it to its depths! A queer compound this human nature of ours! See this vast audience with bated breath hanging on the words of the actors! With mouths agape and eyes a-wonder they stare at the painted scene, all the reality of life absorbed in the narrow compass of the boards the players tread. Observe that man with the iron-gray beard in the sixth row of the parquette; he is weeping—yes, it may look odd, but he is actually weeping over the sorrows of the neglected young wife in the play. Hers is the old story—a selfish husband whose love cools and whose indifference grows day by day. Her tender young heart lies bleeding and bruised under this brute's feet. The tears stand in the eyes of the man in the parquette when he sees how bravely, patiently she bears her humiliation, hoping so hopelessly to win the errant love back again. The roses fade from her cheek; the lithe young form grows

slighter and old ; she wilts like a sweet flower that, hidden away in a damp, dark place, gets no blessed sunshine, and so she droops day by day for the lack of the warm love that would bring color and life back to her faded eyes. The man in the parquette grows indignant at the conduct of that brute of a husband trampling under foot this tender, beautiful love, so precious, so pure, so true ! In his burst of indignation he grips the arms of his chair ! Between his clenched teeth he mutters how he would like to strip that brute to the waist, and bind him to a public whipping-post, and lash him till the flesh is raw, crying out at each stroke : " This for the wife-killer ! " For was not the husband in the play killing his wife by inches ? Do not neglect and indifference kill as well as blows ? So the man in the parquette would execute summary vengeance on the man in the play. But not so fast, Mr. Indignity ; this is all make-believe, sham brutality, sham sorrow, sham killing, sham everything. Whence this hot indignation over shams ? Are you shedding precious tears of sympathy over shams ? Not a bit of it, Sir Critic. This is no sham at all. Of course the picture is not the thing itself, but it represents one of the saddest realities of life—the waning of the light of affection, leaving life blank and dark. The brute in the play is an excellent portrayal of the brute in the parquette, the very man we saw just now weeping over these fictitious sorrows. Do you notice that the man in the parquette is alone ? At home sits a silent woman, whose heart this man's selfishness has long ago buried, and sealed the grave with a great, heavy stone to make sure that there may be no escape from this living tomb. Yes, he is just such another animal as the brute in the play, whom he would lash at the public whipping-post while he weeps over the sorrows of the young wife in the play. Brute No. 1 doesn't recognize his own picture in brute No. 2, or he wouldn't be so zealous to mete out chastisement to his representative in the play. He weeps because in the play he sees clearly enough the brutality of the husband, whose blind selfishness stands out well defined. The skill of the playwright has wrought the plot so cleverly that the husband's cruelty is brought out in full contrast with the wife's wrong. The man in the parquette sees the young wife's heart laid bare, its anguish, the deadly, sickening blight of a lost affection, its courage, its hope, its patience, its sweet devotion under its heavy sorrow. His sympathies are aroused, his pity excited, and there is nothing in his heart to interfere with their outburst. But at home—ah ! that's a different thing. There all that the playwright makes so evident

is hidden from his dull eyes. At home there are a thousand-and-one things happening at every moment to fret his temper, a thousand-and-one others to absorb his attention and make him forgetful of that silent woman, who bears it all with such sweet endurance; and so he neglects her and acts the part of the brute in the reality, while he grows indignant enough to throttle the brute in the play! So vice believes itself virtuous, and grows so false that it grows blind.

But this man is not the only one who weeps. Over there in the front row of the dress-circle, to the extreme left, with a dainty laced handkerchief held to her eyes, sits a dainty damsel, distilling from her sweet eyes pearly drops of sympathy. Her virgin heart is moved, and in the glow of her pity she would take the young wife in the play to her tender bosom, that they might mingle their tears together. Ah! if she could but peep into the future, that dark, silent, and unknown sea stretching its vast expanse before us all, perchance she would behold the vision of a young wife in reality whose cheeks would show the faded rose and the tear-stained courses of sorrow. Is the same fate awaiting her out there in that dim, shadowy time to come when she, too, shall be a young wife? Will the pitiless storm of life rain its fire— But there, draw the curtain over the scene. Are there not enough dreadful realities in this grinding world without borrowing them from the unborn future? Cassandra, hold thy tongue! Presto! but here's a funny fellow just come in! A merry smirk lurks about the corners of his mouth as he gyrates on two toes, jingling his bells. Motley's his name, and his quirks and his quips, and merry good-humor and pinches of wit, like flashes of light make rainbows on the tears of the weepers. Dry your eyes, sweet friends; here's cause for merriment. Heyday! Life's a holiday; put aside your burden, put out of your hearts that dull load of care! Forget and be merry! How easily we are moved to either side of nature! And the fool in the play whisks off the stage, leaving us in great good-humor with ourselves and the rest of the world. What a rollicking, jolly thing is life! Like a going to the fair on a holiday. Ribbons are flying, bells jingling, bands playing, the crowd flowing forward and the crowd flowing back, with here and there a strain of song from the throats of some happy, jolly dogs out, like the rest of us, for a holiday and a going to the fair. Plenty of sunshine and the bluest of skies, and the balmiest air ever breathed by merry, holiday lungs! What a glorious, glorious thing to live! Light

hearts, bright eyes, and the blood dancing in the veins to the merriest tune of life! A great alchemist is the fool in the play! How he changes the dull, sombre metal of sorrow into the bright, glittering gold of enjoyment!

Presto again! the scene is changed as if by magic, as they always do in the theatre. So it is in life: one play is scarcely over before another begins. A gloomy, chill, heavy room, its walls of massive, solid masonry, looks blankly out upon the audience. Above the huge doorway a visorless helmet between two crossed swords stares blindly. How oppressing is the atmosphere in this room! A vague feeling of terror seizes upon us, and such an unspeakable silence falls upon us that each one can hear his heart thundering in his ears! Some dreadful deed is being perpetrated! There seems to be murder in the air. Yes, there the assassin comes with stealthy step, a brawny man with a fierce, red beard, and, horrible! he holds a bloody dagger in either hand. His face is ghastly with fear, and his eyeballs bulge from their sockets! How noiselessly he glides over the damp stones, keeping his protruding eyes fixed upon the doorway he has just come through! So intent is he that he does not see the dark-haired, dark-browed woman standing in the middle of the room watching and waiting for him. She lays her hand on his arm; he starts back, lifting the blood-stained blades as if to strike, but, recognizing her, hoarsely whispers, "I have done the deed; didst thou hear a noise?" How breathless and silent the audience now! All that vast throng spellbound with the horror of the deed. A pin dropped could be heard all over the house. Everybody is on the edge of his seat, with neck craned, eagerly leaning forward, lips parted and eyes dilated! Murder has been done, most sacrilegious murder, and this is the murderer before them, his fatal daggers yet dripping with the hot blood of his victim—a venerable, silver-haired man of benign aspect, and this man's guest! The horror and the terror of the deed has seized upon the audience. But this is only a sham murder, we say; that blood sham blood—it is all sham terror, sham horror. Again you are wrong, Sir Critic; no sham ever held the human heart in that way. It is a faultless picture of an awful reality, which the great heart of humanity realizes under the master-brush of genius. It is the same old story of human nature, this time burned up and consumed in the red-hot crucible of ambition—the demon that has led more than one to murder and infamy, and consumed him to ashes. Nothing that is human is foreign to the human heart, and the oft-repeated tale of love and hate, of sorrow

and wrong, of life and death, will always hold their fascination and mystery as long as that heart beats with the pulse of life. That which misrepresents life is only sham. Exaggeration and burlesque or false sentiment never strike deep roots in the soil, and soon wither away. But the true and natural sentiments, whose life is deep-rooted in the universal heart of man, can never perish, for they are the realities of life and find an inexhaustible fountain-head wherever nature flourishes.

And the players there—what about them? In a few short hours they have lived a whole lifetime! Then off go paint and powder, doublet and hose—all the tinsel paraphernalia of the show is laid away, for the play is over. Yes, the play on the stage is over, and the play in the world begins again. For actors and audience there has been an intermission in the drama of life. As the curtain in the theatre goes down, the curtain rises again in the world, and the throng that has been witnessing that brief tale of love, ambition, mirth, and hate turn once more into the busy world to act their parts of love, ambition, hate, or strife. As each one goes out he finds his Old Man of the Sea waiting for him. There is no escape from him, that relentless, dogging old demon, and at best you can only get a respite from his torments. So each one accepts his burden and marches home to play his part as best he may. Behind the curtain the players hasten away from the painted scene and step into the street with the audience who have just been witnessing their representation of life's vicissitudes. The real play for all begins again; the interlude is over and the curtain of life goes up once more. Look at the crowd as it empties itself into the street. There goes the man we saw weeping in the parquette. Can that man shed a tear? Who would suppose so to look at him? His face is stern, hard, selfish. He is going home, where a lonely woman sits patiently awaiting him. He has no sympathy, no tears for her. He doesn't see the purple pain in her heart, nor the dreadful gashes the daggers of his neglect have made. There just back of him comes the sweet face of the young girl we saw weeping so sympathetically at the sorrows of the young wife in the play. You can see that she has been weeping, but she is smiling now as she looks up into the face of the young man by her side. Their play is begun again. What will be the end of this beginning? On she goes with the crowd, one of the many to take her small or great part in the world's play, where each shall play his part well or ill until the curtain shall fall upon the last act and the play be over.

My lord who strutted the stage-boards with bright, bespan-

gled doublet and brave plume dancing in his gay cap shall lay them aside, and the beggar shall put off his rags, and they shall pass out together. His majesty the king shall lay aside his paper crown and tinsel sceptre, and his fool shall lay aside his bauble, and they shall pass out together. For the play is over, and the sombre curtain has rolled down from above, hiding the deserted scene where motley life had so bravely trod the boards.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

EVERY Catholic writer who has been sufficiently successful to make him hopeful of earning a living by his pen must undertake to solve a difficult problem. He must face an unknown thing to which the position of choosing between two roads in an unknown country is comfort itself. He must conclude to write as a Catholic, openly and squarely, choosing, as Mrs. E. G. Martin has done in *Whom God Hath Joined* (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), subjects dear to his heart, entwined with his daily thoughts and inextricably part of his life, or he must, as Christian Reid used to do, put aside much that he seems almost forced to utter, because he knows that, though he may write like an angel, he will lose his audience if he offend its prejudices.

The experienced author knows very well that he must look to the non-Catholic book-buyers for his income. Catholics sometimes say in print that there is an immense crowd of Catholic readers waiting to buy the book of a Catholic novelist of merit, but nobody believes this. For instance, we are safe in saying that Christian Reid's profits from *Morton House* were much greater than from *Armine*. One was a delightful novel, but one that might have been written by Mrs. Oliphant, let us say, with some literary differences. *Armine* is also a delightful novel, but seriously Catholic; it could have been written only by a Catholic.

The Catholic who would make a living income by the profession of literature—and letters in the United States deserves to be called a profession—must cultivate reticence and reserve, and acquire the “colorlessness” of the public-school plan, or choose subjects which he sees through an artificial medium formed of the prejudices of his readers. This being the literary situation, Mrs. Martin's courage in offering a thoroughly Catholic novel

to the general public is remarkable. The readers of "Katharine," which now appears under the name of *Whom God Hath Joined*, will at once understand that there is no compromise with non-Catholic prejudice in that book, no reticence for the sake of making Protestant readers feel comfortable, and no artificial medium to soften the rays of truth. There has been only one change in "Katharine" to fit it for its new readers. The baptism of Marlow's child—one of the strongest situations in the novel—has been left out.

It will be wonderful, indeed, if *Whom God Hath Joined* succeeds with the great body of novel-readers. In the first place, it is too serious, and it has an evident motive. In the second place, it has not enough of what is called "human sympathy." Mrs. Martin concerns herself too much with souls. Novel-readers do not care about souls. They do not care whether a heroine's soul is saved or not, or whether the hero has any soul or not. Mrs. Martin's seriousness, her having a perceptible motive, and even her Catholic bias, might be overlooked if her novel was somewhat *risqué*. If there was a delicately-managed bit of impropriety—as there is in that very successful novel *East Angels*—we could understand why Mrs. Martin should address herself to the general reader. As it is, the pure, strong style of the book—it ranks as among the best specimens of English style written by man or woman for many a day—the true and heartfelt feeling, the logic of the narrative, its high morality, will not make it sell. Mrs. Martin must turn to Catholics to find readers for it. And to such of them as appreciate a good novel, and are willing to make the author's sacrifice in writing less of a sacrifice, we earnestly commend *Whom God Hath Joined*.

An historical romance which is neither historical nor romantic is a sad example of bad judgment. Sometimes people are inclined to forgive the doubtfulness of the history in romances—as they do in Sir Walter Scott's—if there be interest, brilliant color, and dramatic movement; but when the history is doubtful, and the doubtfulness of it does not flavor the story with pungent spice, a romance of that kind has no reason to give for its existence. *Constance of Arcadia* (Boston: Roberts Brothers) has a good name. It calls up associations at once picturesque and tender. It is suggestive of romance and of times in which an author could find dramatic contrast and gorgeous color. It is anonymous, too, which is in its favor. And yet the author has contrived to make a very dull narrative, full of absurdities about the Jesuits, written with a very solemn air. It is not necessary

to warn anybody against them, for the character of Constance is too uninteresting to excite interest. Her mother-in-law, Henrietta de la Tour, is another puppet, and Charles and Claude de la Tour are, like Charnacé, only names without anything but the author's assurance that they ate, drank, talked, and thought, to justify their place among human beings.

Constance de la Tour is the wife of Charles, who was lieutenant-governor of Arcadia when Arcadia was liable to be seized at any moment by Charles I. of England or Louis XIII. Constance is a Huguenot from La Rochelle. She loved in France the Sieur Charnacé, but Charnacé was a Catholic and she refused to marry him. She took Charles de la Tour, a canny Frenchman, who was making a fortune in Arcadia in the fur trade. De la Tour was strictly a man of business, an Arcadian Vicar of Bray. And Constance begins to ask herself whether she would not have done better to have married the "Papistical" Charnacé, when the latter appears in Arcadia. Charnacé has been sent out by the superior of the Jesuits. He is, it seems, a Jesuit of the "short robe." So soon as he hears that Constance is alive—he fancied that she had died during the siege of La Rochelle—he, in his cheerful "Jesuitical" way, thinks on means for destroying Constance's husband.

"He would not," writes the author, "be too scrupulous. It was surely an accusation of the enemies of the holy church, emanating from the great adversary, that he himself" (Charnacé, not the devil), "in obeying his superior, was willing to do evil that good might come. Is not all evil in the motive? The motive is good—the greater glory of God. Does not this holy end make holy the means needful to reach that end? The life, or at least the liberty, or at least the carnal prosperity of La Tour must be sacrificed—for the good of the church, the state, the holy Hundred Associates who were to plant Catholic colonies, and also for the spiritual good of La Tour himself:"

Charnacé, having convinced himself in this manner that it is his duty to ruin Constance's husband, goes to "his priest, Fra Cupàvo, and receives the sacrament." This confessor is a Jesuit, too, but, according to the author of *Constance*, he is also a friar. Later Charnacé, in spite of his piety, shoots off the lobes of his confessor's ears, who looks on the sieur as his "master." This condition of affairs has evidently been evolved from the inner consciousness of the author. Charnacé longs earnestly to dispose of De la Tour, that Constance might perhaps, under his influence, become the founder of a house of religious. Both Charnacé and Constance die—Charnacé very suddenly—without having

spoken the affection they feel. After this the singular Jesuits, who call one another "Fra," begin to conspire to get Charnacé's fortune, which he has left to Constance's son, who is to be in charge of a Huguenot guardian. The Jesuit "friars" arrange that a very charming widow shall declare that she is Charnacé's wife; and on the head of this are written these exceedingly silly sentences:

"Jean Cupàvo [Charnacé's confessor] did not, however, in his mourning altogether lose his wits. 'What is to become of the governor's property?' asked the priest. 'Is our mission of St. Ignatius to exist only on paper?' To be sure his excellency left no will or wife, but with the church all things are possible. Was it possible, also, that the church would avenge the father confessor for the loss of the lobes of his ears, which he had borne without a wrinkle or apparent disturbance of temper? Silent grudges have often borne an important part in the great crises of history. Why not in Arcadia?"

De la Tour, for reasons of a pecuniary nature, finally marries the widow, who

"Accordingly, at the suggestion of her confessor, mingled in her husband's cup of the wedding-wine powder of relics of *Saint Brébœuf*, the Jesuit father who suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois. And, after that, neither she nor the friars had reason to suspect Governor La Tour of heresy!"

It is a pity that the author of *Constance of Arcadia* should have written such a book. His enemies have reason to rejoice.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has taken advantage of the popularity he has acquired, by writing book after book in rapid succession, each better than the other. His *Kidnapped* (Cassell & Co., limited) is a De-Foe-like narrative of the adventures of a Scotch youth, David Balfour, who was kidnapped and cast away, who suffered on a desert isle, lived among Jacobites in the Highlands, and who begins another series of adventures at the end of the book. The characteristics of this story are manliness and an exact comprehension of the Highland character. The dialogue between David Balfour, a Presbyterian, and Alan Stewart, whose conceptions of Christianity may be described as "Highland," shows a keen perception of the motives of that strange people, whose fidelity and bravery are proverbial:

"Troth and indeed!" said Alan, speaking of a hated Campbell, "they will do him no harm; the more's the pity. And barring that about Christianity"—David had reproved him for the "un-Christianity of blowing off so many words in anger"—"barring that about Christianity (of which my

opinion is quite otherwise, or I would be nae Christian), I am much of your mind."

"Opinion here or opinion there," said David, "it's a kent thing that Christianity forbids revenge."

"Ay, it's well seen it was a Campbell taught ye! It would be a convenient thing for them and their sort if there was no such a thing as a lad and a gun behind a heather bush."

The Highlands were in process of conversion, however, by various catechists sent from Edinburgh, some also appointed by local dignitaries. One of these was accused of highway robberies. And of him another catechist says:

"It was MacLean of Duart gave it to him because he was blind. 'But perhaps it was a peety,' says my host; 'for he is always on the road, going from one place to another to hear the young folk say their catechism, and doubtless that is a great temptation to the poor man.'

"We had no sooner come to the door of Mr. Henderson's dwelling than, to my great surprise (for I was now used to the politeness of the Highlanders), he (another catechist) burst rudely past me, dashed into the room, caught up a jar and a small horn spoon, and began ladling snuff into his nose in most excessive quantities. Then he had a hearty fit of sneezing, and looked around upon me with rather a silly smile.

"'It's a vow I took,' says he. 'I took a vow upon me that I would nae carry it. Doubtless it's a great privation; but when I think upon the martyrs, not only to the Scottish Covenant but to other points of Christianity, I think shame to mind it.'"

Kidnapped is a novel without a love-story running through it, and it is the more to be commended for that. The old Germans held that there was a great deal to be done in life by their young men before they should "turn to thoughts of love," and David Balfour is an exemplification of this opinion, for which modern society would be better and more manly. *Kidnapped* is decidedly the most popular novel of the month.

An American political novel does not entice the cautious reader of light literature. One knows rather well what to expect by this time. The caucus, the convention; the point-lace candidate admitting plebeian voters into his house; the agonies of his wife when the "heeler" expectorates on her carpet and brushes against her *bric-à-brac*; Saratoga, high white hats, big gold chains, and German and Irish slang borrowed from the newspaper reporters—all this we have had, and all this is considered to be an epitome of American political life. Mrs. Myra Sawyer Hamlin, in *A Politician's Daughter* (D. Appleton & Co.), has introduced us to new scenes. She takes us to a Massachusetts country town. A Boston snob—of the kind fortunately growing less

common—who fancies that the fact that his great-grandfather worked hard to live around Plymouth Rock gives him a patent of nobility, walks home with Miss Harcourt, the politician's daughter, from church. His name is Arthur Bradley, and he carries a tightly-rolled umbrella after the English fashion :

"The avenue to Elmholm was a long, winding walk, quite an eighth of a mile in extent ; but, arrived at the great iron gate, solidly guarded by two lions, young Bradley paused, charged with his umbrella the turf at his feet, and began rather awkwardly : ' You know—you see—you will understand, my dear Miss Harcourt, how impossible—how utterly impossible—it is for me to go further. My party principles, my personal feelings, my family and education are so opposed to your father's political attitude that I should compromise my dignity by even entering the gates. It must have seemed very strange to you that I have so repeatedly excused myself from accepting your invitations, especially as I have been unable to conceal from you or myself the unbounded admiration I have for you. You are the only attraction which holds me in Terratine. Coming here transiently on business, I have been held here week after week in the hope of a casual meeting with you, and I have been rewarded here and there, as you know—first by Mrs. Allen in allowing me to take you out to dinner, and then by other kind people who have given me impersonal social opportunities. And here, at the end of six weeks, I cannot go and I have no right to stay. You know what my family is—"

It is understood that the sentiments expressed in this speech, which is suddenly cut short by Miss Harcourt, are quite proper to a Bostonian whose ancestors have grown in grandeur, like Becky Sharp's, because their descendant has concentrated his mind on them, and for no other reason. They seem to mean insufferable conceit to the outside Englishman or American who is not a Bostonian. But we all have our weaknesses. The Philadelphia matron who would die rather than visit persons that live west of Broad Street and north of Market ; the Baltimorean who positively cannot bow to vulgar people without a pedigree from the Cecils ; the New York maiden who must drop all acquaintances who cannot afford to join the proper dancing classes—all smile at the pretensions of the Bostonian. Probably there was caste in early Rome when the third generation of the somewhat dubious and tarnished gentlemen who founded that ancient colony refused to know anybody not descended from the Sabine women.

Miss Harcourt has no amiable tolerance for the Bostonian's belief in his family. She sacrilegiously declares that she does not entirely understand what his family is. He answers that "they have been cultured gentlemen ; they have been educated men ;

they have never been in politics." Then Miss Harcourt makes a speech that, if delivered on the stage, would "bring down" the gallery. She asks if the gentlemen of '76 had kept out of politics, what would have become of the republic?

Miss Harcourt bears herself in a spirited manner throughout the novel, rejects a typical politician's son, and marries Bradley. After this she was, we presume, translated alive to the heights where the Boston Brahmins sit on high and meditate on their great merits. *A Politician's Daughter* is a clever story, sketched rather than filled out. There are some good satirical hits, and some speeches worth remembering. The style is interesting but careless; it is evidently the work of a woman of refinement, whose observation of life is quick but not far-reaching.

George Manville Fenn's *Double Cunning* (Appleton & Co.) is a sensational novel, nothing more. *Katharine Blythe*, by Katharine Lee, is a harmless and flavorless story of the kind that English writers turn out by the hundred every year.

Señor Juan Valera is one of the modern Spanish novelists who, from a literary point of view, deserve recognition from the world. He knows and loves Spain; he has a delightful style, crisp and with a sub-acid, humorous flavor; and he knows how to tell a story. *Pepita Ximinez* (Appleton & Co.), translated into English, is the best known of his works. Señor Valera has written a long explanatory preface to the American edition of this work, in which he explains how it came to exist. He knows what life in the United States is, for he was till recently Spanish minister at Washington. Señor Valera's preface is like a heavy stone tied to the tail of a light and ascending kite. It is too heavy for it, and the kite would fly through the air all the more gracefully without it. The preface contains some wise sentences, more absurd ones, and several replete with that delicious Spanish humor with which *Pepita Ximinez* is seasoned, and which is obscured, but rendered nevertheless, as well as is possible, in the English translation.

It seems strange that Señor Valera had thought it necessary to study the religious mystical literature of Spain in order to create a pastoral like *Pepita Ximinez*. It would be a very charming book if it were not for an episode which will prevent it from having a place in the family library—an episode which was not needed and which spoils a story as *naïve* and reflective of the Andalusian life as any of Fernan Caballero's, and with a higher literary finish. Señor Valera pretends in his preface that he intended to do a number of high-sounding things in writing *Pepita*

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Ximinez. He has, after all, taken a young theological student, fervent, pure, docile, but without a religious vocation, and showed how, during a vacation at home, he fell in love with the young widow, Pepita, and married her. A Catholic reading the story feels that Señor Valera knows his hero and his hero's surroundings. Being a Catholic himself, though, he confesses, not a very devout one, Señor Valera does not shock our sensibilities by any of those exasperating misrepresentations that make absurd books touching on the life of Catholics and written by non-Catholics. It is a pity that Señor Valera did not leave out one objectionable scene and keep his preface for his biography. We cannot recommend *Pepita Ximinez* because of that one scene in which the student succumbs to temptation. It spoils a fresh and true pastoral comedy. The old dean is an excellent specimen of the Spanish priesthood, and the student himself is a witness for the inspiring power of the Catholic Church and the wisdom of her discipline. Señor Valera very superfluously supplies *his* lesson in a high-flown paragraph:

"What is certain is that, if it be allowable to draw any conclusion from a story, the inference that may be deduced from mine is, that faith in an all-seeing and personal God, and in the love of this God, who is present in the depths of the soul, even when we refuse to follow the higher vocation to which he would persuade and solicit us—even were we carried away by the violence of mundane passions to commit, like Don Luis, almost all the capital sins in a single day—elevates the soul, purifies the other emotions, sustains human dignity, and lends poetry, nobility, and holiness to the commonest state, condition, and manner of life."

The absence of that cynicism—to be expected from a man of the modern school of literature—which would deny the dignity and solemnity of the priestly vocation is a consolatory characteristic of Señor Valera's work. The letter of the old dean, Don Luis' preceptor, in which he says that a theological student of "more poetry than piety" had better not become a priest, is worthy of Cervantes.

Aphrodite (New York: Gottsberger) is a romance of ancient Greece, without any particular merit. It is translated from the German of Ernest Eckstein by Mary J. Safford.

It gives us great pleasure to describe *Flights Inside and Outside Paradise by a Penitent Peri* (George Cullen Pearson; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) as utterly unworthy of a complimentary adjective that can be applied to a book, except that it is short. An air of frivolous vivacity, generally forced, makes it resemble the European letters of N. P. Willis at his worst. It has

been pronounced by several journalistic reviewers as a valuable book on Japan. The writer might have made it valuable; but, as he considered the condition of his own stomach while in Japan more interesting than anything else, he has given the result of this preoccupation in a sprightly way. This sprightliness, however, is applied to other objects occasionally—for instance, to a relic of St. John the Baptist at Genoa, and to indulgences. Some reflections on page 285, supposed to be made by St. John, are not only in bad taste, but without one grain of the comic salt which is supposed to make them piquant. The author tells us that M. Blanc, late proprietor of the gambling establishment at Monaco, was

“An extravagant believer in the benefits to be derived from the purchase of indulgences; but he was a trustful man, and so he put the entire sum at the disposition of the prince, who, it is said, did not expend the money to the entire satisfaction of the propagators. Madame Blanc, in her widowhood, also set aside a like amount for the same pious purposes, but, like Mrs. Squeers, she allows no one to administer this cure for sick souls but herself. Protestantism, not so readily providing for immediate and facile absolution from peccadilloes, was, and I believe is still, forbidden in the principality; only that form of religion which can give the most extended indulgences being allowed.”

This is a specimen of “smartness.” The book is not immoral; it is only vulgar and flippant.

A very refreshing and honestly written book is Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson's *George Eliot and her Heroines*. It is refreshing because it comes at a time when the worship of George Eliot is reaching a point at which it becomes a “craze.” People are beginning to put Mrs. Cross on a pedestal higher than Shakspeare's, and an unreasoning crowd acclaim as supreme an author who had great merit as a keen observer of human life around her, but whose gloomy, barren, and, we cannot help suspecting, affected philosophy distorted much that ought to have been beautiful into failure.

It would be silly to pretend that George Eliot was not a great literary artist because her opinions, her objectless altruism, her determination to show that most marriages are disastrous, and her ponderous self-consciousness interfere with the value of her work. But we rejoice that a clear-thinking writer, basing her conclusions on Christian teaching, has pointed out the flaws that exist in the composition of a literary idol whose worship, unstinted and unreflecting, must have an ill effect on minds and

morals. Mrs. Woolson sums up the tenets of the creed which Mrs. Cross taught, more or less veiled, in all her writings :

"Perhaps the fundamental principles of her belief cannot be more clearly and briefly indicated than by giving the words of a personal friend, in his report of her conversation : *

"Taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men—the words *God, Immortality, Duty*—she pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law."

"Or, in our own words, there was, according to her creed, no supreme Creator, demanding right conduct from his creatures, and himself furnishing the instinctive sense to determine what right conduct is ; no life beyond this, to supplement our existence here, to atone for its suffering and to recompense its steadfast adherence to duty ; no comprehension of duty, except as a generous impulse we may chance to feel to extend aid and comfort to fellow-creatures as hopeless as ourselves—creatures who have no home in any other world, and, like the butterflies, are fashioned but for a day, and that a day, not of warmth and bloom and fragrance, but often of searching blasts, sullen skies, and frozen fields."

Of the heroines of George Eliot, Mrs. Woolson truly says :

"They do not die ; they do not plunge wildly into sin, suffer stout martyrdom, or surrender proudly to fate. They simply live and live on. What was a leaping flame becomes a lingering smudge. There are no graves for us to weep over, no consoling visions of a translation to the stars."

Dorothea, admirably depicted by the touch of genius, fails miserably ; Romola floats away into self-sacrifice that seems to hold no compensation for her ; Maggie, in the *Mill on the Floss*, owing to a crooked view of morality, suffers horribly ; Gwen-dolen becomes a wreck ; Savonarola, a shadow in her hands, fails miserably ; Tito, the most masterly of her characters, falls little by little ; Grandcourt, Lydgate—all pass before us disconsolate, unsatisfied, unconsolated.

Mrs. Woolson's critique is thoroughly comprehensive and very sound in both an ethical and literary sense. It is a distinction, and a valuable one for her, that she has not let herself be carried away from her honest conclusions regarding George Eliot and her works by the uncritical estimate which a great part of those who form public opinion have made of the works of a woman of genius who deserves a place as a novelist beside Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Austen rather than near Thackeray or

* F. W. H. Meyers, in the *Century Magazine*, November, 1881.

Balzac, and as a philosopher to be ranked among those that tried to pull down while the Light that enlighteneth the world shone full upon them. Fortunately, generations to come will "skip" her theories, as they have forgotten the purpose of *Gulliver*, and read her novels for the stories which, once read, can never be recalled without admiration and wonder at such potency and vividness of imagination and expression.

We are so ready to pounce on the non-Catholic who, through carelessness or ignorance, makes a mistake in statements concerning the church, that it would be unfair not to praise the honesty of Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement in doing all in her power to make her *Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) correct in every detail. Mrs. Clement has had the volume revised by a hand entirely competent—that of Miss Katharine E. Conway, a lady whose writings are well known to the public, and whose position in literature is well established. Miss Conway is in every way qualified to make *Christian Symbols* worthy of its dedication to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston. The purpose of the work is fulfilled religiously and artistically.

"It has been undertaken," writes the author, "to satisfy a want often felt personally by the writer and often expressed to her by others. Those who go abroad and travel in Christian lands meet at every step, through town and country, in the broad light of day and in the mysterious gloom of sacred places, symbolic forms which are known in a general way to represent the mysteries and facts of the Christian faith, but which fail to recall them in anything like a distinct and accurate manner."

That the "intelligent" traveller needs such a book the remarks overheard in any church or picture-gallery are sufficient evidence. This book will be the means of making the general ignorance of "Christian symbolism" less dense. It is excellently arranged.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MONOTHEISM THE PRIMITIVE RELIGION OF THE CITY OF ROME. By the Rev. Henry Formby. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

Father Formby attempts to prove that monotheism was the primitive religion of Rome, established by Numa Pompilius, who learned both religion and law from the Hebrew nation and the books of Moses during a visit which he made to Palestine. Father Formby is a very original, learned, ingenious, and instructive writer. His thesis respecting Rome and Numa is sustained by very plausible reasoning, which to a certain extent, we think, may safely be called probable. We will not venture an opinion on its conclusiveness. The whole subject is one upon which we prefer to await the final verdict of a consent of competent scholars.

The discussion of his special thesis has led the author to enunciate his opinions upon the more general topic of God's providence toward the heathen world, and the survival of monotheism in the midst of polytheism in the pagan nations. He takes a more generous and favorable view of the religious and moral state of the ancient pagan world as a whole than the common one of Christian writers. We concur with his views in this respect, and admire their philosophical breadth as well as their conformity to real facts and authentic history. Although he adheres to some traditional notions of chronology which are now becoming obsolete, yet his general ideas are easily reconcilable with recent and improved science and exegesis. The work as a whole and in many parts, whatever we may think of its most particular thesis, is one of great interest and value. We could wish to see its thesis proved and adopted, if that be possible.

DURING THE PERSECUTION. Autobiography of Father John Gerard, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the original Latin by G. R. Kingdon, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

This book enables us to look back three hundred years through a time-telescope, and to realize vividly the dangers to which a priest was exposed in England during the persecution waged by Queen Elizabeth. Father Gerard was a veritable "Jesuit in disguise," who was not terrified by the acts of Parliament framed for the extirpation of Roman Catholics. Not rashly did he undertake his dangerous mission, but with remarkable prudence and unflinching courage. He was many times suspected of being in league with the Papists, but he adroitly contrived to throw the burden of proof on his persecutors. The priest-hunters constantly pursued him, and great was the ingenuity he displayed in his frequent hairbreadth escapes. Ultimately he was captured, and suffered the agony of the torture three times while in the Tower, whence he escaped in a most extraordinary way.

The work of the translator is worthy of special commendation. In this narrative of a heroic priest there is much that is intensely interesting as well as profitable reading.

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. Vol. I. Centuries I.-VIII. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1886.

Dr. Parsons has prepared a series of historical abstracts from the best authorities which students and intelligent laymen will find readable and useful. The topics are such as have a polemical bearing in regard to dogma, discipline, church polity, etc. The author's work in the second volume will be much more difficult than it has been in this one. If it is accomplished in an equally successful manner with that in which he has executed the first part of his task, the entire collection of studies will make a most valuable addition to the library of English historical works.

S. THOMAS ET DOCTRINA PRÆMOTIONIS PHYSICÆ, seu responsio ad R. P. Schneemann, S.J., aliosque doctrinæ scholæ thomisticæ impugnatores. Auctore P. F. A. Dummermuth, Ord. Præd. Sac. Theol. Magistro, et in Collegio Lovaniensi ejusdem Ordinis Stud. Reg. Parisiis: apud editores ephemeridis *Année Dominicaine*, via dicta du Cherche. Midi, 19, 1886.

The above work will not fail to interest all serious theologians. Its author is regent of the Dominican Studium Generale at Louvain. Since the study of St. Thomas, owing to the exhortations and patronage of Pope Leo XIII., has been restored to the high and honorable position it formerly occupied in Catholic schools, many have eagerly inquired as to who have been the faithful guardians of his doctrine. Defenders of certain theological systems, taking up under a new form old and celebrated controversies, have presented themselves as the true interpreters of the teaching of St. Thomas. But this is an honor which the Dominican Order, quoting the words of Pope Leo XIII. in his immortal encyclical, *Æterni Patris*, claim as peculiarly their own ("Dominicana familia quæ summo hoc magistro Sancto Thoma jure quodam suo gloriatur"). Particularly in the very important question of grace and free will is it desirable that the doctrine of the Angelic Doctor should not be erroneously interpreted. It was to prevent any such evil result that the author undertook the above-mentioned work, and all competent to pass a judgment on it will agree that he has performed his task in a masterly manner. The work evidently is not addressed to the laity; but ecclesiastics whose taste or whose professional occupations lead them to a more profound study of theology and sacred science will find in it a true light thrown on a profound question. *

KING, PROPHET, AND PRIEST; or, Lectures on the Catholic Church. By Rev. H. C. Duke. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

These lectures of Father Duke give a clear and forcible explanation of the nature of the church, whose mission is identical with that of our Lord Jesus Christ, who was King, Prophet, and Priest.

The author knows generally how to reason with Protestants without repelling them, which is the chief excellency in controversy. He treats of the most important of all religious questions—the office of the church. It is of little use to treat of isolated doctrines of the church, unless the divine authority of the church be satisfactorily explained. The conversion of Protestants depends more upon their understanding this one point of Catholic doctrine than any other. Father Duke's lectures explain this point thoroughly, and their publication will do good service to the cause of truth.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF R. SOUTHWELL, S.J., WITH LIFE AND DEATH. New edition. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The title-page of this volume is misleading, for it does not contain the complete works of the poet and martyr, but only his poetical works. The present publication is, in fact, a reprint of the edition edited by Mr. Turnbull and published by Mr. John Russell Smith in 1856. Mr. Turnbull's preface, however, has been omitted and another one written in its place. The bibliographical portion of the life found in the former edition is not to be found in the present. The appendix has been placed in its more natural position at the end of the volume. The pedigree of the Bellamy family, although it is referred to on page xvi., is not to be found. With these exceptions the two editions are the same. We may add, however, in commendation of this volume, that it is very well printed and sold at a very low price.

THE OSCOTIAN. Bishop Ullathorne: The Story of his Life; Selected Letters, with Fac-simile; four portraits of his Lordship; views of Coventry Church and Oscott College. London: Burns and Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The Oscotians have made the "Bishop Ullathorne number" of their magazine a worthy companion to the Newman and Manning numbers of the *Month*. The bishop's career before he settled down quietly in Birmingham—first as a sailor-boy, and then as an Australian missionary—was eventful almost to a romantic degree, and furnishes some attractive and entertaining as well as edifying materials for a biographical sketch. It is interesting both for young and old, and boys and bishops may peruse it with equal pleasure and profit.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH RHETORIC: Precepts and Exercises. By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J., author of *The Art of Oratorical Composition*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates. 1886.

In all our institutions of learning increased attention is being given to the study of the English language. Formerly an acquaintance with the great Latin and Greek models was considered sufficient to make one a good scholar in his own language; but, while we do not believe that the value of the ancient classics has been overestimated, we nevertheless see the great necessity of giving all our students a special and thorough training in the English language. Every one ought to know the rules of his own language better than those of any other. Next to the English grammar and dictionary comes rhetoric.

Father Coppens, S.J., the author of the book before us, has spent nearly thirty years in teaching, and over twenty years in teaching English. He is distinguished as a professor of rhetoric. Teachers, when they examine his *Introduction to English Rhetoric*, will pronounce it one of the best if not the best text-book that they have ever seen. His *Art of Oratorical Composition* has been extensively used in our colleges; but this book will find its way not only into colleges, but also into academies for young ladies. In "the first part of the work many matters are explained and exercises suggested" which are suitable for young pupils.

AN ANCIENT HISTORY FROM THE CREATION TO THE FALL OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE IN A.D. 476. With maps, plans, etc. By Rev. A. J. B. Vuibert, S.S., A.M., Professor of History in St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md. Baltimore: Foley Bros. 1886.

This history has been written to serve as a text-book in academies, colleges, and generally for more advanced pupils in schools.

Originally intended as a revision of Fredet's *Ancient History*, the author was obliged to abandon this attempt and compose a history which should embody modern researches and be free from the defects and deficiencies of the older work. Father Vuibert brings to the task his own practical knowledge of the needs of students, based on an experience of nearly twenty years in teaching history and the classics, careful research and sifting of the best and latest authorities—Rawlinson, Grote, Merivale, Lenormant, Cantù, and others—well-marked divisions, clear arrangement, and a pleasant, animated narrative.

It is manifestly necessary, yet very difficult where so many subjects are treated of, to unite brevity and clearness, comprehensiveness and condensation, details of facts, dates, and names, with a smooth, continuous, and interesting narration. This new work, however, combines these qualities in an eminent degree.

Without anticipating the public judgment, we think it will come to be regarded as the standard text-book and merit very general adoption.

The other integral and accidental parts of the book—maps, plans of cities, index and dictionary of proper names—add very much to its value and usefulness.

THE LIFE OF DOM BARTHOLOMEW OF THE MARTYRS, RELIGIOUS OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC, ARCHBISHOP OF BRAGA IN PORTUGAL. Translated from his Biographies, written in Portuguese, Spanish, and French, by Lady Herbert. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Dom Bartholomew of the Martyrs was a holy prelate of the sixteenth century, who, like St. Charles Borromeo, was raised up by the Spirit of God to promote ecclesiastical discipline. He proposed the most useful reforms in discipline and morals decreed by the Council of Trent under Pius IV. His influence over the fathers of the council was such that he was looked upon as a "mouthpiece full of burning wisdom, zeal, and prudence." The assembled prelates used to say, "The school of the Archbishop of Braga is the best school in the world." After the close of the council he devoted his energies to the utmost in carrying out in his diocese the law and spirit of the Council of Trent. He deserves to be compared with the canonized bishops of holy church. The translator of this biography deserves more thanks than we are able to express for giving us this beautiful and edifying life in our own language.

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED. A Novel. By Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. New York: Holt & Co. 1886.

This is Mrs. Martin's first novel, and it was originally published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD under the title "Katharine." It is a psychological study, based on experience and observation, very true and very acute. The title indicates that the one salient moral lesson inculcated by the story is the paramount necessity of obeying conscience and the law of God at

whatever personal sacrifice, specifically in respect to marriage. The manner in which the Catholic Church, and it alone, lays down this law in the name of Christ, is brought out with distinctness, and also the more general lesson is inculcated throughout the story that only the Catholic religion can satisfy the reason, the conscience, the heart, the personal and social needs of men.

Mrs. Martin has a fine metaphysical and analytical mind, besides other qualities and the practice of literary composition, which fit a writer to make an artistic and readable work of fiction. We were best pleased, in reading this story, with the earlier part of Katharine's history. The thoughts, sentiments, mental and moral processes educed out of the large portion of our present American generation, during its transition from the religion of the past to something better or worse in the present or the future, are well described in the instances of Katharine and several other persons, by one who is competent and skilful in this kind of delineation.

We believe that the author has already attained a very considerable fame by this first effort, and we heartily wish her success in future works of the same kind.

ECCLESIASTICAL ENGLISH. By G. Washington Moon. London: Hatchards, Publishers. 1886.

This is a criticism, and a severe one, of the English of the "Revised Edition" of the Old Testament. The author, who is well known as a purist in language, accuses the revisers of "violations of grammar, ungracefulness of style, and infelicities of expression," and insists "that gross and flagrant errors abound in their work"; and we think he establishes these accusations in the volume before us, though we consider him hypercritical and even captious at times.

It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to avoid every error in language in so vast an undertaking, but some of the errors Mr. Moon points out seem inexcusable, and many of them are extremely inconsistent.

Much has no doubt been gained in accuracy of translation in the recent revision, but not a little has been lost in the strength and purity of language which were the chief merits of the old King James Version.

THE REAR-GUARD OF THE REVOLUTION. By Edmund Kirke. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

History has not sufficiently honored the brave men west of the Alleghanies who fought so well for liberty during the war of the Revolution. It was these men who fought and won the battle of King's Mountain, which turned the tide of the Revolution and prepared the way for the surrender of Cornwallis. These men rushed of their own accord to the rescue of their country, without pay and without hope of reward. Their greatest hero, John Sevier, lies now in a forgotten grave, without headstone or inscription. With the life of this man, and of two others, his comrades, Isaac Shelby and James Robertson, the book is principally concerned. These three, in the words of the author, "unknown backwoodsmen, clad in buckskin hunting-shirts, and leading inconsiderable forces to battle in the depths of a far-away forest, not only planted civilization beyond the Alleghanies, but exerted a most important influence in shaping the destinies of

the country." The work of these men is depicted from their settlement of the Watauga Colony to the close of the Revolutionary war. A most graphic account is given of their struggles with the Indians, and the wonderful manner in which they frustrated the English plans, which included an attack from the rear by the allied Indians and Tories at the time when the Southern seaboard was to have been descended upon. The men of the rear-guard of the Revolution deserve to be held in grateful remembrance. It is well that a history should be written which does them a tardy justice. The book is written in a very engaging manner, and the descriptions of some of the skirmishes and of the battle of King's Mountain are very vivid. At times sudden transitions from the past to the present tense somewhat mar the evenness of the work.

HENRY GRATTAN: A Historical Study. By John George MacCarthy. Third edition. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. 1886.

Every Irishman loves the name of Grattan, and remembers with gratitude the great services he performed for his country, yet very little is specifically known about him. His services were too eminent and their results too lasting ever to fall into obscurity, but about the man himself little is known; the mind's eye forms no clear portrait of him. Indeed, his life has yet to be written. The book before us, though it gives us some idea of the man, is but a mere outline sketch, too brief to be satisfactory. It is a pity that Mr. MacCarthy has not written a fuller biography. After speaking of how little is generally known of Grattan himself, he says in his preface:

"In order to find out for myself the manner of man Grattan actually was, to get a clear conception of his individuality, to judge whether he was honest or a humbug, to know what he aimed at, what he failed in, what he succeeded in, what were his virtues, what were his foibles, what were his faults, how he looked, spoke, and worked, what was his private life, and what, on the whole, was the true tenor of the man's existence in this world, I had to ransack, and get ransacked, the dustiest shelves of a dozen libraries in Cork, Dublin, and London, to read scores of books long since out of print, and to seek traces of him through all sorts of old memoirs, magazines, newspapers, and parliamentary reports. I now respectfully submit the result of this investigation."

After this amount of research we wonder that the author contented himself with making a mere sketch. The sketch is very well done, it is true—so well done that we wish the same hand had given us a full-length portrait.

THE IRISH QUESTION, as Viewed by One Hundred Eminent Statesmen of England, Ireland, and America. With a sketch of Irish History. New York: Ford's National Library. 1886.

This book contains a great number of letters from prominent Americans to the editor of the *Irish World* expressing their sympathy with Ireland in the struggle for Home Rule; Blaine's speech delivered at Portland, Me., last June; a verbatim report of Gladstone's great speech, April 8 last, together with his second speech on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill; Parnell's speech, and other interesting matter.

The O'Connell Press Popular Library is issuing in a very cheap form standard and popular works. The last volumes of this library that we have received are the *Vicar of Wakefield*, by Oliver Goldsmith, *On Irish Affairs*,

by Edmund Burke, and *Poems* by Gerald Griffin. Each volume is very neatly printed and is small enough to be easily thrust into the pocket. Good literature at a low price is always a great boon. The Library is issued by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

- ANNUAL REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE, 1885. Washington : Government Printing-Office. 1886.
- CIRCULARS OF INFORMATION OF THE BUREAU OF INFORMATION, No. 5. 1885. Washington : Government Printing-Office. 1886.
- QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, Treasury Department, for the Three Months ending March 31, 1886. Washington : Government Printing-Office. 1886.
- THE JUDGES OF FAITH : Christian *vs.* Godless Schools. By Thomas J. Jenkins. Baltimore : Murphy & Co. 1886.
- HENRY GRATTAN : A Historical Study. By John George MacCarthy. Third edition. Dublin : Hodges, Figgis & Co.; London : Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1886.
- HISTORY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE. By W. A. O'Connor, B.A. Second edition. London : John Heywood. 1886.
- SKETCHES OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY. By Michael Brophy, ex-Sergt. R. I. C. London : Burns & Oates; New York : The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.
- TECHNIC. By Hugo L. Mansfeldt. San Francisco : A. Waldteufel.
- LAND LESSONS, IRISH PARLIAMENTS, AND CONSTITUTIONAL CRITICISMS. By Clio. Dublin : James Duffy & Sons. 1886.
- CATHOLIC ALMANAC, Archdiocese of St. Louis. 1886.
- MANUAL OF THE SODALITY. New York and Cincinnati : Fr. Pustet & Co. 1886.
- THE SODALITY MANUAL. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.
- GOLDEN SANDS. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. New York : Benziger Bros. 1886.
- PRECES ANTE ET POST MISSAM PRO OPPORTUNITATE SACERDOTIS DICENDA. New York and Cincinnati : Fr. Pustet & Co.
- A CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Prepared and enjoined by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. New York : Benziger Bros. 1886.
- RELIGION IN A COLLEGE : What place it should have. James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. New York : A. C. Armstrong. 1886.
- THE ALLEGED BULL OF POPE ADRIAN IV. A Lecture delivered by Rev. P. A. Yorke. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.
- SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. Report of Superior Council of New York to General Council in Paris. New York : Donovan & Londrigan. 1886.
- LONDON OF TO-DAY : An Illustrated Handbook for the Season. By Chas. Eyre Pascoe. Boston : Roberts Bros. 1886.
- STUDIES IN MODERN SOCIALISM AND LABOR PROBLEMS. By T. Edward Brown, D.D. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1886.
- A HYMNAL AND VESPERAL FOR THE SEASONS AND PRINCIPAL FESTIVALS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. With the approbation of the Most Rev. J. Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore : John Murphy & Co. 1886.
- THE TIMES PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 12, 1886. London : George Edward Wright. Times Office, Printing House Square.
- WARD AND LOCK'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO, AND POPULAR HISTORY OF, DUBLIN AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD. London : Ward, Lock & Co. 1886.
- We have received from Cassell & Co. the following numbers of their National Library : *POEMS*, by George Crabbe. *VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO*. *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*, by William Shakspeare. *HAMLET*, by William Shakspeare. *PLUTARCH'S LIVES OF ALCIBIADES AND CORIOLANUS*. *ARISTIDES AND CATO THE CENSOR*. *SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AND THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB*. *THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS*, and other short Pieces, by Jonathan Swift. *RELIGIO MEDICI*, by Sir Thomas Browne, M.D. *NATURE AND ART*, by Mrs. Inchbald. *VOYAGERS' TALES FROM THE COLLECTION OF RICHARD HAKLUYT*. *ESSAYS* by Abraham Cowley. It will be seen that this Library contains most excellent reading put into very cheap and very convenient little books.

ERRATUM.—In article "The Borgia Myth," on page 14, last line, for *steeds* read *steers*.

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RELIGION IN EDUCATION.

ELEMENTS fraught with danger are entering American society and rendering the solution of the social problem extremely difficult. How shall those elements be treated so that strength may be found where weakness is feared, and support where danger appears? How shall they be assimilated to the body politic and assist in the development of the ideas which underlie our structure of government. Socialism and anarchy may be driven beneath the surface by the severity of justice, but law alone cannot destroy Socialism nor answer its questions. Capital and labor, both powerful in organization, have grappled for the mastery, and the consequences of the struggle outreach any calculation. How to reconcile them and save society is a very serious problem. The moral degradation, the disregard of God and duty, the increase of those crimes that destroy confidence in men, the spread of infidelity and its attendant evils, are forcing thoughtful men to look about them for means of salvation. Education of the masses at public expense has been placed in our plan of government as a panacea for all our social ills, the enemy of crime and of pauperism. In accordance with these ideas millions of dollars are annually spent upon buildings and in salaries, and the energy of the government is directed to the support of the free public schools. The results are such that men are beginning to ask if the benefits compensate the outlay. Educators are finding defects in the system and are seeking for remedies. The Catholic Church, speaking for her own children, boldly

asserts that the defect is a radical one, and that the education, which is becoming entirely secular, lacks one of the essentials necessary for the complete development of manhood, without which no harmony can exist in society—namely, religion. To ameliorate the social condition, to lift man up to virtue and keep him out of vice, to teach him his relations to his fellow-men, religion is necessary, and, for the Catholic, Catholicity. The church loudly proclaims that the world is fast dividing itself into the camps of Christianity and infidelity. Society's salvation is in Christianity; it is inseparably connected with the Redemption effected by the Son of God. Society's manhood is hidden in the child, and the education which draws it forth and develops it must be impregnated with and informed by Christianity; in a word, it must be Christian. All that can be said upon the absolute necessity of religion in education has been so often repeated that it seems foolish to recur to it again. The truth must be constantly told in order to repel falsehood, and the grounds upon which Catholics base their objections to the public schools need to be kept in view in order that non-Catholic Christians may finally accord us justice and sacrificing Catholics may be encouraged to strain every nerve to supply the defects and save their children to the church and to God.

Let us consider education in itself and then examine what religion has done for it. What is education? What does it mean? As the word itself implies, education is the drawing out, the development, the cultivation, the polishing of all the faculties of man, and the disposing of man to use these faculties for the best interests of man and society. It is a development of man's most generous instincts, an expansion of his most legitimate wants, a cultivation of his dispositions for good, a curbing of his inclinations for evil. Education makes or unmakes the man; it is the mould in which his character is cast. Man has mind, intelligence; education trains the faculties of mind to grasp the truth. Man has heart; education trains the faculties of the heart to cling to the true and the good. Man has a body, and education is to train the physical faculties to maintain a sound body as a necessity for a sound mind. Education, then, is the training of the entire man, soul and body. In a word, it gives to a man's whole nature its completeness and perfection, so that he may be what he ought to be and may do what he should do. How false, then, the theory of the education that devotes all attention to the mind and neglects the soul, forming intellectual giants with depraved hearts!

Where will education seek for the principles by which the heart will be developed in the virtues necessary to control the intelligence and guide its knowledge? We know that the source is religion, and religion finds its highest expression in Christianity. Whence have I come, whither am I going, why am I here? are questions of the soul. Education must answer them and assist man in working out the ends of his existence. Science and the world cannot answer satisfactorily. Christianity alone, which is the voice of God, tells man that he is from God and that his life should be spent in God's obedience.

Man, then, demands that education assist him to work out his destiny; that his faculties be trained to interweave in his life the two ideas of God and himself; that he be led by his intelligence to know God, and by his heart to love God, and thus attain to the highest and best results of his manhood.

All men have recognized this religious necessity in the education of youth. The pagan between the lines of his favorite authors read of the gods of Olympus. The Hebrew children were guided by the laws of Moses as the basis of education. Among them was the proverb that even the building of the temple should be suspended that the children might be educated in the law. The Mohammedans used the Koran, and the first Christians the books of the Gospel, as school-books; the early settlers in these colonies recognized the necessity of religious schooling, as their church schools attest. Our theorists of to-day acknowledge its necessity, but they differ as to what religion means in this connection. Some consider it an abstract science which ought to be taught in the home, in the Sunday-school, in the church—as if the knowledge of God had no place in public instruction, but was fit for certain places only; others would make it that grain of spirituality given by a few moments of Bible reading, or by the moral influence of the Bible upon a teacher's desk; others those broad principles of general morality which are pagan as well as Christian, and which teach a shallow and senseless Deism.

But with all this no consistent Christian can be satisfied. Religion is not an abstract science confined within a limited and determined sphere, but a universal science, the science of sciences, to be found daily and hourly in the course of study, imparting a sweetness to all; not found in one book but in every book, forming the heart of a child, correcting his young intelligence, developing the trend of young dispositions; in a word, showing him the true source of the beautiful, the good, and the true, finding God's

footprints everywhere in creation. It is the eye of all the sciences looking to the great end of all things—the glory of God and the salvation of man. It is the source of public and private virtue. Law and order rest on the moving sand, if religion enter not into the character of the youth called upon to sustain them. Irreligion breeds a licentious manhood, disrespectful to legitimate authority, restless under law, shifting with every wind, and finally destructive of society.

Religion tells education man's destiny; it points out man's duties and man's wants; it opens up the field and guides the hand that cultivates. The child is a man in miniature, with soul and body made to God's image and likeness, destined for eternal happiness which is purchased by fidelity to God's laws. The child has a character to be formed; that character must be Christian. He has an intellect which demands truth, a heart wanting to love truth, passions to be restrained, virtues to be developed. The child is clay in the potter's hand, wax ready for impressions. He is ready for the mould in which his manhood is to be cast; and as that manhood should be Christian, the mould must be Christian. The child must be fed on Christian food, that he may be able to stand in presence of creation and interrogate men and things, know the world and its past, and build up for the future a social fabric of virtue by which he may be saved, and with him society. For the Christian child nature bears the imprint of God, and every force in nature ought to be made to bear with it some conception of the unseen power hidden under its veils. His great want is God, a knowledge of God's laws and obedience to them, by which vice is eradicated, virtue inculcated; by which he becomes an obedient child, a virtuous parent, an honest workman, a conscientious citizen.

Government requires that its citizens be educated in their duties. Republics demand that they be able to read and write in order to exercise the franchise. But every government needs, first of all, that its citizens be honest, good, pure. It needs that the masses be educated, but as Christians. It is useless to put tools in the hands of miners unless you give them means of discriminating the true metal from the base. Religion does this for man. Neglect religion in teaching youth, and what security for law, for life, for property? What avail guarantees? Duty and loyalty are high-sounding names, but vain, dead, if not arising from religion. Neglect religion and you forge links which time and chance will unite in producing revolutions which will upheave

society and finally destroy it. If you place keen weapons in a vicious man's hands you breed Catilines and Robespierres.

Intellectual culture, even in its highest development, cannot subdue the passions nor enable a nation to attain its destiny. The sound mind requires a sound heart to preserve the nation from the passions of men. Greek and Roman masters are the models in modern education, but the arts and sciences did not save Greece and Rome when immorality invaded their homes.

Our government needs patriotism, but patriotism founded upon morality. Authority, obedience, justice, are the virtues upon which a good government is built, and who can teach and sanction them except religion? Where are these citizens, these patriots, to be formed? In the schools. If virtue, then, be essential for good citizenship, if morality be necessary for true patriotism, and if morality and virtue find their teacher in Christianity—and what Christian can consistently deny it?—how in the name of common sense exclude it from the school which is instituted to form it?

Religion in modern education is like a foreign language, studied or omitted at will. But it requires more than culture of mind to make morality; it requires virtue, it requires Christian life, which will make a man love the government because God wills it, and not from any fear of dungeon or in accordance with theory or self-interest, prompting one thing to-day and another to-morrow. It is certain that Christian education alone can rear a people Christian. Education without Christianity will rear a people without Christianity, and a people so educated will soon become anti-Christian.

All this calls for Christian morality, and society for its own preservation must see that these virtues be taught, and public education which forms the members of society must incorporate in its teaching that which will supply this necessity.

Leading minds in every age have recognized the necessity of religion as an essential factor in education. De Tocqueville, who understood our institutions as well as any man, recognized this when he wrote:

“Where virtue and reason prevail the most popular form of government may exist without danger; where religion does not rule it is useless to proclaim religious doctrine. You may talk of the people and their majesty, but where there is no respect for God, can there be much for man? You may talk of the supremacy of the ballot, respect for order, denounce riot, secession; unless religion be the first link all is vain.”

And Bonaparte, that great reader of men and society, exclaimed that "society without religion is like a ship without a compass, uncertain as to whither it is going."

Plato, who reasoned so well, said that "ignorance of the true God was the greatest pest of all republics."

And Robespierre, a short time before execution, was forced by truth to utter: "The Republic can only be established upon the eternal basis of morality."

Public education which moulds society, which builds the republic, must be based upon religion in order to found a republic upon morality. Statesmen have recognized this.

Ex-Governor Clifford said: "Moral culture and discipline ought to be an essential part of every system of school education."

President Seelye has said:

"It is not the illiteracy of any people, but their immorality, it is not their knowledge but their virtue, on which either their destruction or their salvation hinges. But the morality of a people is not secured by teaching them moral precepts. Men are not made virtuous by instruction in virtue. We have yet to see a moral renovation of society accomplished by the teaching of morality, however pure. Without a question the great moral reformations of society have been wrought by religion."

Guizot, the great French Protestant historian, has said:

"In order to make education truly good and socially useful it must be fundamentally religious; national education must be given and received in the midst of an atmosphere religious. Religion is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place or hour. It is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere."

Disraeli, the English prime minister, said:

"I am not disposed to believe that there is any existing government that can long prevail founded on the neglect to supply or regulate religious instruction of the people."

Derby, a leading statesman of Great Britain, said: "Public education should be considered as inseparable with religion."

Gladstone, the great leader of the English Commons, said: "Every system which places religious education in the background is pernicious."

Huxley, the leader of English infidelity, said: "If I am a knave or a fool, reading or writing will not make me less so."

Horace Mann, the great patron of common schools, said:

"If the intellect, however gifted, be not guided by a sense of justice, a love of mankind, and a devotion to duty, its possessor is only a more splen-

did as he is a more dangerous barbarian. We are fully persuaded that the salt of religious truth can alone preserve education from abuse."

In the *Church Quarterly Review* of July, 1881, are these words:

"The ignorance of the three R's is not the cause of crime. The real cause is our depraved nature—our anger, greed, lust; and these will break out into crime under favorable circumstances, both among the literate and illiterate, unless they are brought into subjection by religious training."

Men, then, are agreed; government demands; society, the family, the child, the soul, all cry out for religion as the basis, the life of every system of public education. And, for the Christian, religion means Christianity; and for the Catholic, Christianity means Catholicity.

There are men who will ask if this does not mean to go back to ignorance and the darkness of the middle ages. We answer that in those days there may have been ignorance of science, but men knew God. Better the ignorance of science with a knowledge of God than the ignorance of God with a knowledge of science. Better the faith of the middle ages, with all their ignorance, than the enlightenment of to-day with its denial of God. St. John Chrysostom says: "Learning is of relatively small value in comparison with integrity of soul. We must not give up literature, but we must not kill the soul."

Those men who fear religion in education forget that truth is not darkness, Christianity is not ignorance, and that when we clamor for religion in education we are calling for true knowledge, for that true light which enlightens every man coming into this world; we clamor for the torch to guide our footsteps through the mazes of science; we are seeking for a staff to support our limbs; we are demanding manna to strengthen our souls in the desert of life.

We simply ask that Christ be in our life, and especially in the school, where character is formed. We ask that Christ be in our life to teach us morality.

The most glowing pages of history are those that tell of the labor of religion in education. In the beginning of the Christian era Christianity had to contend with the paganism of the tyrant emperors, and in education it had the schools of the empire to battle against.

In the days of St. Mark, in Alexandria, under the shadow of the bishop's cathedral the first Christian schools were established. Entering Alexandria he found the classics of Greece and Rome in the schools, the science of numbers from Egypt, the Hebrew scriptures translated into Greek because of the

beauties contained therein. He brought to the schools the books of the Gospels, the traditions of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Apostles' Creed—which contained more true philosophy than all the books of Greek and Roman sages—and the chant of the church; and these were the first class-books of the Christian schools. Clement, Origen, Tertullian are the names of some of the great masters of those early Christian schools, where the literature of the pagans was studied side by side with the literature of Christianity. As we look back to those schools can we wonder that the young Christian student found the story of Ovid and the Golden Age insipid when compared with the glowing imagery of the prophets painting the kingdom of the Son of Jesse, the Saviour of man?

Can we wonder that the Christian student laid aside the sweetly-flowing verses of Horace and Virgil, and the elegant periods of Tacitus, and the glowing story of the gods, to fill his heart with the sweet lessons of the Incarnate Word, the God made man? During the first three centuries schools were established at Jerusalem, Edessa, Ephesus, Smyrna, and Antioch. These were the beginning of the episcopal seminaries, where the young clerics were taught the liberal arts and the science of theology. In those days there were also the priests' schools, established in each parish under the charge of the parish priest, where the children of the poor received their education free. The Council of Vaison in 528 obliged pastors to found such schools, and to this may be traced the origin of parochial schools. Then came the monastic system, which trained the monks, like bees, to cull the honey from the flowers of literature and store it for future generations. Prominent in that system were the Benedictines in 552, the source of the schools of the middle ages. The monastery had its interior schools, where the subjects of the order were instructed; its exterior schools, where the poor children of the neighborhood received not only their education gratuitously, but were even fed and clothed. And yet men talk of free schools as an institution of this age of ours.

"The praise of having originally established schools," says Hallam, "belongs to some abbots and bishops of the sixth century." Anglo-Saxon records tell of Theodoric, Archbishop of Canterbury, sent by the pope in 668 to propagate schools in the Anglo-Saxon church. In the beginning of the eighth century we find the schools of England under Egbert remarkable for art and science. In council at Aix-la-Chapelle in 789 bishops were commanded to establish free public schools. The Third General

Lateran Council, 1179, renewed the order. In Rome, in 1078, a school of liberal arts was placed beside every episcopal school. Through the "dark ages" every bishop had his seminary, every monastery its exterior school, every priest obliged to sustain free parochial schools, as we may see from the Synod of Mentz in 800, Council of Rome in 836, and Lateran Council in 1178. In 1245 the General Council of Lyons spoke of it. In the eleventh century the monastic system began to decay, scholasticism arose, and with it arose the universities of Paris, Padua, Salamanca, Bologna, Oxford. Here it is good to remember that Huber, a Protestant, has said :

"Most of the Continental universities originated in entire dependence on the church. This new intellectual impulse sprang up not only on the domain and under the guidance but out of ecclesiastical schools." Ranke adds: "A sure and unbroken progress of intellectual culture had been going on in the bosom of the Catholic Church for a series of ages. The vital and productive elements of human culture were here mingled and united."

No man can justly dispute the claims of Christianity—and remember, Christianity was then the Catholic Church—to the education and civilization of Europe, even that of the barbaric hordes who swept across the Continent. No scholar can ignore the popes who during all these long ages were the nursing fathers of Christian science, whether in maintaining free schools for the poor or in establishing and supporting the universities; sending an Augustine to the Angles, a Patrick and a Palladius to Erin, a Boniface to Germany, a Cyril and a Methodius to the Slavs.

We may be pardoned for alluding in a special manner to the work of the church in Catholic Ireland when the Green Isle was the land of schools and scholars, "the refuge of civilization and literature—learned Ireland," as Usher says. St. Patrick established a university at Armagh, which in the ninth century had over seven thousand students, representing all the countries of Europe. St. Finian taught at Clonard, "whence issued," says Usher, "a stream of saints and doctors like Greek warriors from the wooden horse at Troy." The church of Ireland during the sixth and seventh centuries was the leader in education. No country at that period could boast of such pious foundations or of religious communities for education equal to what adorned that land. When the rest of Europe was in barbarism Armagh, Clonmacnoise, Clonard, and Lismore had their masters of philosophy and sacred science, whose learning had passed into a proverb.

The Irish schools sent forth their scholars to civilize Saxon and Teuton and Gaul, and teach them their letters. Camden says: "Moved by the example of our fathers for a love of reading, we went to the Irish, renowned for their philosophy." These were the glories of her learning in the days when Ireland was free.

And these are but fragments of the work of the Christian Church in education. What might be said of the epochs of Bede, of Alcuin, of Alfred the Great, of Charlemagne, of Leo X., Gregory the Great, Benedict XIV., and Louis XIV.? They stand forth in letters of gold to give the lie to any man who would assert that true science has anything to fear from religion. They cry out that Christianity has developed the Christian idea in man, that it has been an active principle permeating every walk in life, individual, social, and national; that it has produced an atmosphere of faith, moulding simple, strong, and able characters; that it preserved the literature of the ancients, and clothed art, sculpture, painting, and architecture with immortal glory; that it has laid stone upon stone in those universities and schools which made the cities in which they were, and which repeat in undying tones: Christianity built us, and we have educated the world!

Theorists of to-day would have us forget the past, divorce religion from science, and give us, instead of Christian schools, their methods for secular education. Greece and Rome tried that system, and the republics are long since in ruins. Secular education made men mere machines of the state, mere nationalists, and when the crisis came the social structure had no morality to sustain it; its eloquence, art, and philosophy all failed, and Greece and Rome fell, leaving the lesson that science is not morality, that mind-culture alone "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind," that religion alone can save the state. Secular education, as it is called, has had time even with us to prove itself, and what is the result? Are our citizens better? Is virtue more prevalent? Does vice find no place in public life? The crimes that cover the columns of our daily papers are the crimes of educated men, not those of ignorance. The disregard of authority, parental and national; the tendency to deny God's existence, to scoff at his sacred revelation; the infidelity, communism, and socialism of the age; the lack of reverence for all that has been considered sacred; the immorality of society, that might shame a Sodom and Gomorrah—these are the fruits of secular education, of education divorced from religion.

Secular education has made religion an abstract science and

left it to chance. It has reduced science to abject materialism. It has taught the lives of statesmen, of warriors, of men of fame, but has omitted to tell the heroism and virtues of the Christian martyrs and saints, and has spoken of the great Redeemer, Christ, as an ordinary hero. It has sent into society a discontented and grasping youth who think that shrewdness is perfection, that material prosperity is the end of life; averse to manly labor, ready to sit in judgment upon everything and everybody, even God himself; creating shallow, conceited sceptics, more learned in law than the judges, more theological than the theologians; hating restraint, disregarding parental authority, and becoming in so many cases the masters of intellectual vices. And yet they have had the Sunday-school, the home, and pulpit influences, and these are the results.

Secular education cannot be neutral—it will at least make men indifferent; and religion is a thing too important to have men indifferent about it. Indifference leads to irreligion, and how can we, who believe religion to be our life, accept it? Men who love Christianity and fear God may well shudder at the future of society if the theories of scientists are to be allowed to drive religion from our education.

To the Catholic education is a question of principle as to the union of religion and science in public instruction. His guide in faith and in life is the old Catholic Church which, amid the revilings of centuries, still asserts the doctrine of Jesus Christ that man is from God and for God; that the best citizen for a state is the man who is faithful to his God, whose morality is not only exterior but interior; who obeys authority, not for self, ambition, or fear of punishment, but because it comes from God. She asserts that her children need more than secular knowledge, and she warns educators against the fallacies that strip their vocation of its usefulness by removing it from the refining influences of Christianity.

Conscience is our imperative monitor, and conscience tells us that knowledge of the sciences with ignorance of God and of the soul is a curse and not a blessing; that as our forefathers, the early Christians under the Roman emperors, gladly gave their lives rather than sacrifice to false gods, so we will gladly make all sacrifices necessary to preserve the inheritance of their faith; that as our fathers, under English monarchs, proudly refused the food and clothing, ay, and the life, offered rather than yield, so we will be true to our religion, which can alone make true men of us.

How much longer will Christians be deceived by the idea that a republic of freemen necessarily depends upon one mould in which all its character must be formed, and that that mould is the public-school system, which excludes religion, and which must not be opposed under the penalty of treason to American institutions? What the republic needs is men, and the education that develops the best manhood is its best friend :

“What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate ;

Not cities proud, nor spires and turrets crowned :

No ! men, high-minded men ;

Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain :

These constitute a state.”

The strength of manhood is in virtue which springs from faith in Christ, whose maxims are to guide in the development of true character. Christianity is divinely commissioned to teach all nations, and insists that the child be taught according to the Gospel.

Religious men and women, consecrated to education, receive the blessing of Mother Church, and teach science and literature in an atmosphere of religion in the church schools. America need never fear those schools. They are not rivals but co-workers in the education of the people. Patriotism is taught there side by side with the Commandments of God. Inseparably intertwined are country and God. Love of America and her republican institutions is inculcated from the first primer lesson. In times past Catholic valor was not wanting when the freeman's blood was demanded that the country might live. When the crisis comes—and it comes to every country—no stronger power will be ready to sustain the people than that springing from schools where men are taught to be virtuous and upright according to the Gospel of Christ. To socialism, anarchy, the tyranny of capital, and the cry of oppressed labor the Catholic Church answers with the teachings of her divine Founder, which alone can regulate society and save it from ruin ; and she demands that society, in justice to itself, educate her children at least in those saving precepts.

A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER VI.

AFLOAT.

"I WAS a madman to let her go," muttered the doctor, taking off his hat and wiping his troubled brow. "I ought to have had her committed to a lunatic asylum first."

"I don't see how you could, dear," said his mild, literal wife, "as she is not mad. People would have thought you were plotting for her money."

The doctor groaned. "There is no help for spilt milk," he said. "So wilful though so sweet a specimen of womankind I never knew. She has turned me round her finger like a skein of worsted. God send it may not yet be the breaking of our hearts; for if anything happens amiss to Bawn we can never hold up our heads again."

That triumphant young woman, having looked her last through tears at her receding native shores, had now seated herself in a convenient nook on deck with her face oceanwards, and was regarding the boundless, glistening vista before her with a strange and solemn delight. It was her first introduction to the sea. Most of us behold that great wonder first from afar off, then we make acquaintance with it piecemeal; some blue, sand-skirted bay becomes dear to us, or we learn to worship it from purple clad cliffs, with the gulls riding on the green waves beneath at our feet. But Bawn had suddenly been lifted from her forests and prairies, and flung, dazzled and amazed, upon this ilimitable world of waters. As the view became wider and the ocean became more and more a living, all-absorbing presence to her mind, regret, courage, hope, loneliness, confidence, all of which had been shaking her and inspiring her by turns, alike vanished and were forgotten, and she sat breathing in long, deep draughts of salt air and delight, enjoying her young existence with the joy that is the inheritance of sea-birds.

She had planted herself in a corner, so that her back was to the other passengers on board, whose tramp, tramp as they took their walk up and down the deck, and the occasional sound of whose voices, fell on her ear but did not disturb her privacy.

She was right in the front of the vessel, all her being going willingly forward with it, her face set outward towards the horizon of sea and sky behind which lay the secrets she had tasked herself to penetrate and the lands she had never seen. The books with which the doctor had supplied her were untouched. Who could read in a world of such ever-shifting, ever-shimmering enchantment? Leaning well forward, her firm, white chin set in the pink hollow of her hand, she let the hours go by without once turning her head to see how it fared with the humanity behind her. The only person who for a minute engaged her notice during those first morning hours was a man who had got further even than herself into the very end of the vessel, and, mounted on a heap of ropes, gazed for some time out seaward through a glass. She observed that it was a straight, well-built figure, and that the profile had a clean-cut outline. Long before he had done gazing through his glass Bawn had forgotten him and was again looking out, out far, with fascinated eyes at the glittering, ever-shifting boundary lines of the realms of light towards which the great heart of the steamer was straining and panting. As he turned to spring from his vantage-ground of coiled ropes the man glanced towards the figure that had sat so persistently motionless during all the first hours of the voyage—hours when people are generally so full of fidgets and so eagerly speculating on the chances of desirable acquaintance among fellow-passengers. Evidently this person, young or old (her back had looked young, though muffled in a shepherd's plaid scarf and broad-brimmed black straw hat), desired to become acquainted with no one, for she deliberately set her face from all. It was not for the purpose of seeing what that face was like that he had scaled the height of the rope-heap, but, having glanced at it once, he stopped a moment, gazing, and then, though she had not been conscious of him at all, involuntarily lifted his hat before he sprang lightly back on the deck.

At evening he noticed her again, thinking: "I wonder how much longer that girl will be able to sit still? Will she keep in that one position for eight or nine days to come?"

On the instant the wind carried off her hat and a quick hand caught it, and Bawn stood facing her fellow-traveller sooner than he had expected, her smooth gold head laid bare, its locks ruffled with the breeze, and her fair cheeks dyed a rich damask, partly with surprise, partly from the flame-colored reflections in the air.

"Thank you greatly," she said with unaffected gratitude, receiving her hat from his hands.

"You must take better care of it."

"Yes; if it had gone what should I have done? I have not another," said Bawn gravely, and then smiled as the image of herself sitting on deck hatless for the rest of the journey rose before her.

"I shall tie a string to it for you. On board ship and on the top of a mountain there is nothing else of use. Allow me. I know the right place to fasten it," taking the hat from her hand.

"I have never been at sea before," said Bawn, "and so I could not know."

Bawn was standing in the red glow of the sun, heavenly fire in her gray eyes, her face gleaming in cool tones against the rose-dusk of the sky, like that of some fair saint set in an old jewelled window. Her new acquaintance was not observing her, busied with his good-natured exertions.

"There!" he said, lifting his glance, "that will—" He stopped short, gazing at her in surprise.

"Good heavens, how beautiful! And who sent her off to cross the ocean alone?"

"That will hold," he went on quickly, as Bawn took the hat and put it on her head, suddenly remembering that she had resolved to make acquaintance with nobody, and had been specially counselled to keep young men at a distance.

"They will always be wanting to do things for you, my dear," good Mrs. Ackroyd had said; "but if you allow them it will end by their getting in your way, so that you won't know how to get rid of them." And Bawn, thinking with a shudder of Jeanne's cousin Henri, the only young man she had ever come much in contact with, had believed she should find it very easy indeed to prevent them from coming within miles of her. But this person was not like cousin Henri.

She made her hat fast, and with a great effort checked the pleasant, sociable feeling that had been growing on her, threatening to loosen her tongue and make her feel at home with this stranger.

"I am greatly obliged to you," she said in a voice that sounded suddenly cold, and then, making him a bow the manner of which was never learned on the prairie and must have come to her by inheritance, like the sheen on her hair, she withdrew into the shelter of her corner again and resumed her old attitude of solitary reserve.

He felt his dismissal to be a little abrupt, and yet, continuing

his walk about the deck as if nothing had happened, the man was noway displeased at it.

"What a brute I was to stare at her like that!" he reflected. "If I had seen another fellow do it I should have knocked him down. Had she not curled herself up in her corner after it I should no longer feel an interest in her. I wonder how long it will be before she allows me to speak to her again?"

The next morning, before going on deck, Bawn provided herself with books and some knitting. Her chief desire at present was to pass unnoticed and unquestioned on the voyage, as there was danger to be dreaded from even the most harmless intercourse. Some one might come to identify her as her father's daughter, and make her known to some other who might probably cross her future path in that yet unknown region towards which she was so eagerly travelling. She thought of her friend of the evening before, and decided that to no one's curiosity would she make the slightest concession, beyond a statement of the fact that she was a farmer's daughter from Minnesota and alone in the world. The man was a gentleman and would hardly ask questions; but things leak out in conversation, and she knew herself well enough to be aware that the most difficult part of the task she had assumed would be the concealment it was bound to entail. For though she owed no confidence to any one, it is so much more pleasant to be frank.

She had scarcely got the needles arranged in her knitting before she perceived that one of the many pairs of passing feet had stopped beside her, and there was her friend of the evening before, cap in hand, regarding her with as much deference as if she had been a queen.

"It is cold to-day, and it is going to be colder. Will you allow me to open your rugs and make you a little more comfortable?"

Bawn looked at him kindly, and for a moment was so inconsistent as to be glad to hear any voice breaking on her solitude; but the next she remembered that here was a possible enemy, who, after some time, if he got encouragement, might, voluntarily or involuntarily, become aware of her identity. Before she had had time to make up her mind whether to repulse him or not he was stooping over her rugs and shaking them out. "You had better take this chair," he said, bringing one forward. "You will soon get tired of your camp-stool."

Spreading a rug over the chair, he bade her sit on it, and wrapped the warm woollen stuff about her feet. All this was

done so quickly and easily that she felt dismayed to observe how soon her power of keeping people at a distance had deserted her, another person's power of service having put it to rout. Prying and officiousness she had prepared herself to deal with, but genuine good-nature is not easy to repulse. Feeling at once the improvement in her condition, she felt bound to admit it with thanks.

"I am glad you have books," he continued, picking them up to place them beside her. The *Count of Monte-Christo* and *Hiawatha* were two of the volumes bought almost at random by Dr. Ackroyd at the book-stall. "*Hiawatha*—ah! I meant to have gone out to that country, had not business called me home sooner than I expected. Have you read the poem, or do you know the Dakota country?"

Bawn bit her lip. She had a strong misgiving that farmers' daughters of the class to which she wished to belong did not read poetry, yet how could she deny her acquaintance with the poem, every word of which had been read to her by her father lying under the forest-trees?

"My home was in Minnesota," she said, "and I have seen the Falls of Minnehaha; and—yes, I know *Hiawatha* pretty well."

The words came forth reluctantly. How lamentably she was breaking down at the very beginning in the acting of her part! Should she ever learn to conceal or evade the truth? But the stranger was not thinking of her, but of the book.

"I read it long ago," he said, "and everything concerning the Indians always possessed an interest for me. I must read it up again. Have you any objection to hear a little of it now while you work?"

Bawn breathed a silent sigh and pricked her finger. Was this man going to make her acquaintance in spite of herself? Oh! if he were only like cousin Henri, how easily she could snub him; but, as it was, she could not think of any form of denial which would not seem like downright rudeness on her part in return for his politeness.

"Do not let me fatigue you," she said, making one great effort to discourage him, but he only answered, smiling:

"It will be a new kind of fatigue, that will savor of rest. My limbs have been well exercised of late, my tongue not at all. If I do not bore you—"

"No," said Bawn with unwilling truth, and keeping her eyes on her work.

"If I do not look at him at all," she thought, "perhaps there:

will be less danger of his remembering afterwards what I am like."

The reading began. An earnest, deep-toned voice took up the rhythm of the poem and gave forth the words as if they were set to music, and a mist came over the listener's eyes as the sound of the familiar lines awakened painful memories in her heart. She had wanted to forget everything but the future; and was this a good or an evil spirit that had crossed her path and baffled her intentions? Sometimes she missed the sense of what was read while enjoying the melody of the voice and the pure intonation of the words, uttered with an accent a little foreign to her ears. Of course he was a foreigner. Had he not spoken of being called home on business? The certainty of this brought a feeling of relief to the girl as she listened. If he was only an Englishman returning from a trip to New York, not having been as far as Minnesota, never having met with or heard of her or hers while on American soil, what reason had she to imagine that discovery of her identity by those from whom she wished to conceal it could ever overtake her through his agency? None, if she could only be wise and control her too candid tongue. Whatsoever she represented herself to be, as that and nothing else must he accept her. Considering this and the extreme unlikelihood that, having parted on reaching Great Britain, they should ever meet again, Bawn felt the anxious strain upon her mind relax and her heart rise high within her. She raised her eyes fearlessly, and for the first time took accurate note of her companion's appearance. The blue cloth cap which had replaced the hat he had worn last evening was pushed back a little, showing the whole of a broad forehead, the upper half of which looked white above the sun-tanned brownness of the rest of the face. His crisp, dark hair would have been curly if not so closely cut, and he wore a thick brown beard that did not hide a somewhat large and sensible mouth. His eyes were deep-set under strong brows, and almost sombre in color, though readily emitting flashes of fun. It was altogether a practical and keenly sympathetic face, with humor lurking in all its little curves. Just now a slight languor, expressive of his enjoyment of the rest he had spoken of as desired by him, lent him a character not always his own. Seeing that her observation was unnoticed, Bawn studied him with care for some moments and made up her mind that he was worthy of her interest. A pleasant and most unwonted feeling of the suitability of their companionship grew on her, and as she plied her needles she glanced at

him again. This time his eyes met her stolen investigating glance.

"Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dakota maidens,"

he was saying as he raised his dark eyes to take an equally stolen and investigating glance at his silent and industrious auditress. She said she had come from the Dakota country, she had stood beside the Falls of Minnehaha; and some analogy between the fair face that looked up at times and out to sea beyond him with an expression in the wide, gray eyes that he could not fathom, some fancied resemblance between this present maiden and the Laughing Water of the woods and prairies, had doubtless occurred to his mind and caused him to glance at her, unexpectedly meeting her gaze.

Bawn, aware of all the cool observation that had been in her own gaze, reddened, and said quickly: "I have been thinking."

"Yes?" said her companion, glancing away, planting himself more firmly on his elbow, and speaking in the most matter-of-fact voice. "So was I. You were going to tell me—"

"Nothing."

"I beg your pardon. Look! Did you ever see anything so marvellous as the sun on the wings of yonder flight of birds?"

"Wonderful!" said Bawn, shading her eyes with her fair hand, not yet browned and reddened by farming labors as she could have wished it to appear. "How fast they go! They will be there long before us."

"There? Where?"

"Oh! anywhere. Great Britain, I suppose." She was unwilling to name Ireland, lest in the very tone of her voice as she pronounced the word he should hear her whole history.

"Are you so very anxious to have the journey over?"

"Yes," said Bawn, fervently wishing she could fly after those birds and reach her destination at once, escaping perilous *tête-à-têtes* with strange and possibly inquisitive people.

"I do not feel at all impatient," said her friend with the blue cap; "though, if I were properly alive to consequences, I ought to be, for I am bound to be in London on the morning of the eighth day from this."

"Why, then, not have sailed on an earlier date and given yourself more time?"

"Why not, indeed, except that Fate plays us curious tricks? I thought to have done so, but, owing to an accident, I arrived



at New York in great haste only at the last moment before this steamer sailed. However, I am of a philosophic turn of mind, and I said to myself, 'I will take this disappointment as a stroke of good luck. Who knows what may turn up on the way to make glad that I was disappointed?'"

A satisfied smile brightened on his face as he spoke, and, though he was looking out to sea and not at her, Bawn felt that he meant to convey that he was already grown pleased with the existing state of things, and, partly at least, because he had found a companion in her. She could not reflect his contentment. Why need his voyage have been inconveniently delayed only, it would seem, for the purpose of embarrassing her?

One grain of comfort she did extract from his statement, however. "He is not Irish, at all events," she thought, "and, once I land in Queenstown, will, in all human probability, never cross my path again." Reflecting on this, she unbent her fair brows a little and consented to become a trifle more friendly.

CHAPTER VII.

ACQUAINTANCES.

WHEN lying awake in her berth that night Bawn, reflecting on the swiftness and pleasantness with which her day had flown by in the society of the person in the blue cap, acknowledged to herself that she had very foolishly departed from her original plan of making acquaintance with no one on board, allowing no one to intrude upon her privacy. She was running a great risk in permitting herself a friendly intercourse with this individual. True, she had been very careful, had given him no clue to her identity. He did not know her name—not even the name she had chosen to bear during her stay in Ireland—and she now made a firm resolve that she would not betray it to him. He had certainly not shown any curiosity, though on one occasion she fancied he had given her an opening to mention her name, possibly wishing to know it as a matter of convenience. She was well aware that she had passed over the opportunity, and that he had noticed it, and it hurt her that she had been forced to be so secretive. But then had she not entered on a course which would necessitate the utmost secretiveness? Bawn sighed as she thought of how ill she was in this respect fitted by nature to play the part she had undertaken, but reflected that she must

make up by determination for what she lacked in other ways. In arranging her plans she had never calculated on the likelihood of her caring much for what others might think of her, being fully persuaded that the loneliness and singleness of her own purpose would be sufficient to carry her through every difficulty. And now already she winced because she had not been able to be perfectly frank with an acquaintance of forty-eight hours.

"Well," she thought, "the only way to avert this danger is to keep him at a distance. It will be but a matter of a few days. To-morrow I must begin by staying away from deck all day."

And, having settled the affair in this way, she slept profoundly.

When the morrow arrived it was hard to keep to so unpleasant a line of conduct as that on which she had decided. The sun shone, the breeze was pleasant. Down-stairs she felt in prison, but still she stayed below in the places inaccessible to gentlemen. She appeared at table in her place beside the captain, and at lunch her friend of the blue cap hoped she had not been ill, and told her how delightful it was on deck to-day. Bawn was obliged to admit that she was not ill, but stated her intention of resting in the ladies' cabin all day. Her friend looked surprised.

"You are not ill now," he said. "I never saw any one look more healthy, more undisturbed by the sea. But if you begin to stay down-stairs you will make yourself ill."

"I hope not," said Bawn serenely, and passed into the prison to which she had condemned herself.

The day passed wearily. All the unpleasantnesses of the sea now forced themselves upon her. Her companions were sick or unmanageable children who could not be trusted long on deck, and a few of those women who, no matter how good the passage, are always grievously ill on a voyage. She tried to pass the time by making herself useful and agreeable, but when evening came she felt jaded and depressed for want of the abundance of fresh air to which she had been always accustomed. As soon as it was quite dusk she concluded that she must breathe freely for a little while before settling to rest for the night, and went boldly up on deck.

It is too late for *Hiawatha*, at any rate, she thought, as she leaned over the ship's side and rejoiced in her freedom. The stars crept out one by one, the phosphor-tracks gleamed on the water, the breeze was wild and fresh, and the watery world boundless around her. Her heart widened within her, and her

nervous little fears took to themselves wings and flitted away into the night. How foolish she had been to feel afraid of any creature! A certain power within her—that power of heart and brain which gave her temper its buoyancy and strength—had been suffering cramp all day, and now recovered its vigor, so that she was able to turn with a quiet smile on hearing the now well-known and importunate voice at her side.

"I ask your pardon," said the Blue Cap, "for trying to interfere with your good resolves this morning. I had no idea you were sacrificing yourself for the benefit of others. I heard one lady singing your praises to another just now, telling how you had been acting as a sister of mercy all day."

"I did not stay for the sake of others, I am sorry to say," she answered quickly; "I was thinking only of myself."

"I fear I bored you yesterday with *Hiawatha*," said the Blue Cap. His tone was penitent, but Bawn's quick ear detected a something which suggested that there was a sly gleam of humor in his eyes as he spoke. It seemed that she was making matters worse. Not having been clever enough to pretend to be ill, nor yet to allow it to be supposed that charity towards the sick had altogether influenced her, she had led him to suspect the truth and to imagine himself formidable enough to frighten her out of his presence.

"No," she answered, "you did not bore me," thinking how very much pleasanter yesterday had been than to-day, and of how ungrateful she certainly was.

"Thank you. After that I may venture to ask you to take a turn up and down the deck. A little exercise before sleeping will be quite as good as a little air."

"I dare say it will," said Bawn readily, and, feeling as if she was making some amends for her bad treatment of a friend, she accepted his arm and threaded with him the groups of other peripatetics, feeling unaccountably at home with this stranger in the crowd.

"How clear the stars are to-night!" he said. "That is one of the best things about being at sea, one gets such a fine view of them all round; and if one only had a powerful telescope—"

"Yes," said Bawn gladly, "how I wish we had!" And by the sound of her voice her companion knew that his choice of a subject of conversation was a lucky one. It had not been made without deliberation, and had been selected among others that occurred to his mind as being furthest off from this world of cares and dangers, secrets and sorrows, and less likely to scare

away his reticent fellow-traveller from his side. That this lonely girl, with the frank, true eyes, had some good reason for wishing to keep her own counsel and to pass unknown through the crowd was evident to him; and though he wished to cultivate her acquaintance, and, if possible, make her voyage more pleasant for her, he was anxious also that she should not feel embarrassed by his companionship. Therefore he did not ask her where she had been and whither she was going, how much she had seen of this beautiful and interesting world and what particular part of it she was now expecting to see, but suddenly placed a ladder of escape from such questioning at her feet, and mounted boldly with her to the stars.

"I suppose you understand something of astronomy," he said. "I used to know a little, but I confess I am beginning to forget it."

"I don't know much more than the names of the planets. I am a farmer's daughter, and astronomy can hardly be expected of me. Some of the constellations seem like old friends when I look up at them."

The Blue Cap here overcame a temptation to draw out the farmer's daughter a little, even to the extent of ascertaining what portion of this wide earth her father farmed, and he felt that he had gained a victory over her distrust of him when he heard her make even so vague a statement as to her circumstances.

"When I was a youth," he said, "I used to think I would like to have a star of my own, a country-house among the cool fields above, and a sort of celestial estate, which I could manage in my own way, without so much trouble as one is obliged to take thanklessly enough here."

"Rather a solitary state of grandeur to live in."

"Oh! I did not mean to be there alone. I was to rejoice in the love of some angelic being, an inhabitant of the star, who was to be as far above mere ordinary women as my star was above the earth."

"You are not so romantic now," said Bawn, smiling.

"No; I was thinking a little while ago, just before I saw your head appear above the stair yonder, that those dreams of mine were a long way off, and that it made me very old to remember them; and also," he added, as if half to himself, "that I am now fain to be content to mate myself among the daughters of men."

Bawn said nothing, but the query naturally arose in her mind, Had some charming daughter of men already taken possession of his heart, and, while speaking like this, was he thinking of her?

And for the first time it occurred to Bawn to think of him as a person with a story of his own, with a home, with pursuits, occupations, loves, and friendships. He was no longer only a troublesome shadow haunting her to her sore annoyance and perplexity, but an individual who interested her and had the power to make her forget herself and her own affairs. On the instant she felt that she would have liked to ask him some questions, but, being so resolutely uncommunicative herself, upon what pretext could she look for anything approaching to confidence from him? She remained silent with the surprise of these new thoughts.

They continued their walk mutely, each wrapped in reflection. The stars waxed brighter overhead, the night-breeze blew freshly against them. Most of the passengers had gone down to rest; a few sat clustered in dark groups or tramped up and down deck like themselves. The watery world lay dark, restless, and mysterious around, and Bawn experienced the pleasant feeling of comradeship—a feeling which gradually grew on her.

“I have been thinking,” said the Blue Cap, “how very wide apart our thoughts have probably flown while we have been walking the last three lengths of the deck. Your hand was on my arm, but who shall say where you were carried in the spirit?”

“Or you? I shall never know where you have been, nor you where I have been.”

“I will tell you, if you give me the slightest encouragement, all that I have seen and said during the last five minutes.”

“That would hardly be fair, for I am not willing to be equally communicative.”

“You have guessed rightly; I should look for some return. But then a very small fragment of your thought would purchase a large proportion of mine.”

“Well, then,” said Bawn, “part of my thought—not the whole nor even a large share of it—was this: I wondered to perceive how two utter strangers like you and me could become so friendly, enjoy each other’s company, exchange thoughts, and all the while remain perfectly ignorant of each other’s lives, past and future, and content to be so; and that, having made acquaintance, we should immediately afterwards pass out of sight of each other and be thought of no more. You see I have not met many strangers, or I suppose such a thought could not have dwelt on my mind.”

“Life has often been compared to a journey,” said the Blue Cap, “for the reason that people meet and part thus at all points,

exactly like fellow-travellers. Now, my thought was simpler than yours; for I was trying to—merely trying to—think of you as a farmer's daughter, and, for the life of me, I could not do it."

"I told you the truth," said Bawn quickly.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"Not the whole truth. My statement was correct, and that is all."

"What an extraordinarily beautiful radiance has that phosphor-light upon the water!"

"Yes; but I am tired. It is time for me to go below."

He turned at once and led her silently to the top of the stair. As Bawn stood on the steps and looked up to bid him good-night, her face appeared fairer than ever in the fresh twilight of the starry night.

"By what you said just now," he said, looking at her attentively, "did you mean to hint that perfect oblivion of each other must necessarily descend upon us once we touch our mother-earth again? Why should the sea be so kind and the land so harsh? Is there any reason why we should not continue to be friends?"

"Every reason," said Bawn decidedly, as she disappeared out of the starlight into the well of shadow gaping for her.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRIENDS.

THE next morning Bawn made up her mind that she would not be a coward any longer. She fancied she had given the gentleman to understand that she wished to remain unknown, and therefore might feel herself secure. After what had passed he could never press her for information about herself. Upon these terms she was willing to be friendly and might accept the pleasure of his companionship occasionally.

Going on deck, she found that he had already prepared a comfortable seat for her, and he soon installed himself at her feet.

"Shall we return to the Indians?" he said, looking about for *Hiawatha*.

"No," said Bawn, fearing that this might lead to more personal talk concerning her home and native State.

"You dislike the Indians?"

"I have known much about them that is noble," she answered

evasively, and then closed her lips and fastened her eyes upon her work.

"I suppose you have been to Paris?" said Bawn suddenly, raising her head and looking at him calmly. She had made up her mind to dash into any subject that would lead far from her own future and past. Paris would do. A man would be sure to have plenty to say about Paris.

"She is going there, perhaps," thought the Blue Cap, "and I wonder in what capacity? American women sometimes make the Grand Tour alone, and I have heard that even charming young creatures will do so in case they have no male relations to travel with. Perhaps she is going to be a governess there; but no, in that case she would have professed more knowledge of astronomy. She may be a princess in disguise travelling to meet her friends, who will bring her out in Paris to the delight of their world. She has been warned to avoid all young men as dangerous, and therein lies her mystery. Yes," he said, pushing back his blue cap and showing a broad forehead, the uncovering of which increased the look of strength and reliability which belonged to his face—"yes, I do know Paris as well as most foreigners of my age. And for one who has friends there what a charming place it is! You will find it a delightful entrance to the European world."

Bawn bit her lips to prevent words of explanation crossing them. Why should she tell him that she was not likely to see Paris or to mix with any gay world? If he persisted in disbelieving that she was a farmer's daughter, and chose to think of her as a young lady *débutante* on her way to Paris, why, let him do so, and it would be all for the best. That he should be himself a frequenter of gay cities seemed to lessen the chances of their meeting again.

"I wonder have I hit the mark?" thought the Blue Cap, watching furtively the humorous smile that gleamed in Bawn's eyes as she resolved to mislead him. "What affair is it of mine that I should trouble myself about it? If I were only sure that her circumstances were safe and happy, and that a pleasant future lay before her, I certainly should not let curiosity disturb the serenity of my mind."

The breeze was fluttering round Bawn, ruffling the hair about her temples and ears, bringing a rosy color to her face, and sometimes carrying her skeins of silk a little way out of reach, to be captured and returned to her hand by her watchful companion. It happened that a small white handkerchief also fluttered forth

from her lap and was whirled into the Blue Cap's face. Catching it as it made a sudden wheel round and tried to escape over the ship's side, he was about to return it to its owner when a very distinct word of four letters caught his eye, embroidered in the corner. "Bawn" was daintily and flowerily stitched on the delicate bit of cambric in the place where ladies mark their names.

"Is it your Christian name?" he asked eagerly. "Come, there is no confidence in that. I will forget it again, if you like. But let me know it for a few moments. What a curious, uncommon name is Bawn! Perhaps the famous Molly Bawn was your ancestress?"

"Yes," said Bawn placidly. Yesterday she would have been distressed at this slight accident, but, having accepted the rôle of a *débutante* on her way to Paris, she was rather pleased than otherwise at having been detected as the owner of a lady's pocket-handkerchief. It was testimony to the fact that she was a wealthy demoiselle travelling (unavoidably) alone to France, where her friends waited to receive her, and behaving with proper reserve towards chance acquaintances by the way. This was precisely the impression which the sight of the bit of embroidered cambric produced on the Blue Cap's mind, and as Bawn, after a stolen glance at his reflecting face, assured herself of the fact, a sense of the humor of the situation grew on her and a sly, repressed smile curled her lips.

Her companion saw it and fancied it told him she was not sorry to be found out, after all; that she had been willing to tease him. And now he felt willing to tease her.

"Now that I know your Christian name," he said, "I am bound to tell you mine. It is Somerled—almost as strange a one as yours. After this we shall be more comfortable. It is a great advantage to have a name to call one's friend by."

"Strangers do not call one another by their Christian names, especially when one is a man and the other a woman."

"But we are hardly strangers, are we? On board ship friendships spring up so rapidly. And then you and I, being each solitary, are thrown upon one another more than in an ordinary case. However, this is, of course, subject to your approval. I will not pronounce that pretty name of yours without your leave, not even with a 'Miss' before it—for you see I have come to the conclusion that you are not married."

"No, I am not married," said Bawn, with a look of extreme surprise that the question could have occurred to any one.

"I thought so by your fingers," said Somerled, smiling with

great satisfaction. "It is always pleasant to know that one has guessed aright. I do not like to think of how I should have felt had I been told that I must address you as Mistress Bawn."

"What difference could it have made, after all?" said Bawn demurely.

"Ah! who knows? What difference could it have made? It is impossible to answer such a question. Somehow I should like to think that when I meet you again in Paris there will be no devoted husband hovering round you. I would like that our open-air, breezy friendship might continue undisturbed by any new element."

"Why do you think we shall meet in Paris?"

"Because I have friends there and I sometimes visit them. I know I shall find you out, radiant in satins and laces, perhaps with your head already turned by flattery. Indeed, I shall then perhaps have only the past to live upon. For I shall find so many newer friends gathered round you that I shall scarce get a word."

Bawn was silent, suddenly carried back to the evening when Dr. Ackroyd had concluded that she was bent on coming out in Paris as an American heiress. "What do you want to do with your fortune?" he had said. "Trip away to Paris, and all the rest of it?"—declaring the French capital to be the gayest and prettiest place for her. Suppose she had been able to put all memory of her father's wrongs out of her mind, and to do as the good doctor and his wife had thought but natural she should do? She might have been now really on her way to the pleasantest city in the world, under suitable protection, and likely to meet this young man, as he expected, in those brilliant *salons* of which she had so often heard tell. And suppose that after months and years he were to prove that he really valued her friendship as much as he now appeared, perhaps pretended to do, and suppose, and suppose—! For a few moments she saw herself surrounded with these fair circumstances, and thought that, had they been realized, she could have been glad at the prospect of meeting this blue-capped Somerled again. Such a position, which had been so possible to her and was now so impossible, appeared to her for a minute sunned by such happiness as she had never yet imagined. But it was only for an instant. The dark forests of her old home rose sombre and forbidding out of the background of her thoughts, and in the well-known leaf-strewn hollow which they shaded she saw the lonely grave that held all that had been dear to her in life, and which appealed from its solitude and silence to

the fidelity of her nature. Those dazzling scenes which were so familiar to her new friend, and which she could imagine so well, were not for her; that gay and brilliant Bawn whom she had seen just now moving light-hearted through the crowd was only a phantom of herself, an impersonation of the most volatile side of her nature. No, the world of Paris must live on without her, as it had always done, and, alas! was but too well able to do. She had bound herself to live on the shady side of life, under the gloom of mountains, in the shadow of concealment, with the sorrow and wrong-doing of the past always present to her mind.

"Do not look so grave," said Somerled. "Have I been too familiar in my manner of talking to you? If you are displeased tell me, and I will vanish for the day."

"No," said Bawn, brightening. "You need not go. I fear I should now feel lonely if altogether left to myself."

This speech was the result of her reflections, which had just proved to her how completely apart their future paths must lie, and how utterly unlikely it was that they should ever meet again in this world.

He glanced at her gratefully, with that bright smile which always looked so good as well as gay.

"And what about the cross children and the sick ladies?" he asked. "With them you could not have been lonely."

"It is far pleasanter here."

"Even with me as a drawback?"

"Even with you as a drawback."

"For the life of me I cannot bring myself to be sorry I missed the boat I ought to have sailed by, though for your sake I ought to regret it. I have seen several charming persons gazing at you with benevolence, and looking daggers at me. That old gentleman with the flowing beard, for instance, is dying to oust me from my position as your knight and to step into my shoes. Had I not been here he would have spread your rugs and carried your camp-stool."

"That prosy old gentleman who worries the captain with questions all dinner-time?"

"The very man. I see you might have found him almost as much a nuisance as myself."

And so the day wore away, and the Blue Cap, as he walked up and down deck that evening at dusk, told himself that the gold-haired young woman with the broad brow and firm mouth, whose peculiar look of strength, humor, and sweetness had fasci-

nated him, was really surrounded by no unpleasant mystery, but was only as reticent and dignified as maidens ought to be.

He wished he could ask her plainly to tell him her name, antecedents, and real position in the world. At first he had fancied that she had a downright fear of his acquiring any such information concerning her, but now it seemed to him that she only took a sly delight in withholding it. He concluded that it did not matter to him at present how silent she might be, but resolved that before they left the steamer he would persuade her to be more communicative. He remembered with a little vexation that she had shown an utter want of interest in his affairs and no curiosity even to learn his name. That they should part in this state of ignorance and indifference was not to be thought of. Three days of almost hourly companionship with this girl had made him feel that he did not want to lose sight of her. And yet he acknowledged that there was in her a certain power which would enable her to baffle him, if she pleased.

While his mind was still occupied with these reflections he saw Bawn come forward as if to meet him, walking with a quick step and seeming to have some word of importance on her lips. But no, she had not seen him, though she paused at the ship's side close to the spot where he stood. At this hour he was generally down below and she was resting in the ladies' quarters, and she evidently had not expected to see him. He noticed that she held in her hands the little, delicate cambric pocket-handkerchief which he had picked up and restored to her in the morning, and saw her deliberately tie it up in a knot and drop it into the sea. He watched her with surprise. Was it for having accidentally revealed to him her Christian name that she thus punished the otherwise unoffending bit of cambric?

The truth was that Bawn, having unwittingly allowed it to get among her new and plain belongings, and having used it unawares, had now resolved to get rid of it, considering that, though it had served her this morning by setting her fellow-traveller's speculations on a wrong track, yet it was an undesirable possession for a person of the class to which she wished in future to belong. And meanwhile the young man, observing her, felt his former wonder at her great desire to remain quite unknown revive, and did not venture to speak to her as she turned away without seeing him and went straight down-stairs again for the night.

CHAPTER IX.

ENEMIES.

"WHAT a nice sort of hotel this steamer makes!" said the brown-faced, dark-eyed man who called himself Somerled. Again it was early, bright morning, and he was sitting idly watching Bawn's white hands plying their knitting-needles. "I should have no objection to go on as we are going for ever, or at least for ever so long—that is, if we could only stop at some port now and again and have a good walk. A man wants to stretch his legs occasionally, but otherwise—"

He broke off abruptly, and, as Bawn did not answer, began to whistle softly an air which she knew well, one of the Irish melodies with which her father had early made her familiar. As the strain stole across her ear, memory supplied the words belonging to it:

"Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storms, and snows:
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes."

"Are all American steamers as nice as this one?" asked Bawn, interrupting the whistling at the end of the first part of the melody.

"Well, the only other one of which I have had any experience was not at all nice. It was an emigrant-ship, and perhaps you do not know all that is included in those two words."

"You came out to America in an emigrant-ship?"

"I have succeeded in getting you to ask me a question at last," said the Blue Cap, smiling genially.

"You need not answer it unless you please. My organ of curiosity is not a large one."

"I have noticed that you are a remarkable woman. But I am willing to be questioned. I have been hoping you would ask me many questions about myself."

"I cannot do that, because I am not anxious to make confidences on my own part."

"As I have said, perhaps more than once, I am well aware of it. At present I am not disposed to molest you. I own I should be glad (as, I think, I have also said before) if a large amount of

confidence on my side were to purchase even a small scrap of yours. But that shall be just as you please. It is a breach of good-breeding to ask personal questions, nevertheless I tell you plainly I shall not be willing to shake hands and say good-by to you when this voyage is over without knowing where and by what name I am to find you again. I do not make friends and drop them so easily as that. I should not say so did I not perceive that you have made up your mind that I am a gentleman."

"Were I not satisfied on that point, I should not sit here day after day talking to you."

"Then, having accepted me as a friend, why be so exceedingly reticent with me?"

"You always speak of our being friends, while in reality we are only chance acquaintances."

"But life-long friendships are begun in this way."

"Must I tell you downrightly that there are reasons why we can never be friends after we leave this vessel?"

"I will not believe it without explanation," he answered after a slight pause, and in a low voice whose earnestness contrasted with his hitherto gay, careless manner. A slight flush had risen on his brown cheek. Bawn grew a little paler, but silently continued her work, her heart throbbing with the consciousness that the thing she most dreaded had happened.

She had drawn on herself the notice of a person who might want to know too much about her and thus increase the difficulties in her way. Reflecting on her curious position, she asked herself why she could not tell him the little tale about herself which she had prepared for the enlightenment of those with whom she must come in contact after reaching her destination—inform him that she was the orphan daughter of an Irish emigrant, who was bringing her father's savings to Ireland to invest them there in a farm, which she intended to work by her own exertions? Why could she not narrate this little story to one who was at once so interesting to, and so greatly concerned about, her? Partly because she found it easier to annoy than to deceive him explicitly in words, and partly because she would not be driven into laying her future open to an interference which might possibly thwart her plans. As she quietly reviewed her position and strengthened her resolve to remain unknown, the Blue Cap's look of disturbance gradually disappeared, and, quitting her side, he walked away to a distance and leaned over the vessel's edge. Presently she heard him whistling the second part of the air

which she interrupted, and to which her memory again supplied the words :

“Let Fate frown on,
So we love and part not ;
'Tis life where thou art,
'Tis death where thou art not.”

Then he went and talked to one of the sailors, and half an hour passed before he returned to her.

“You have not told me yet about the ship,” said Bawn, with a conciliatory smile. “I do wish to know how you came to be there, and I am willing to pay for the information with any little experience of my own that you will think worth listening to.”

“Good !” said Somerled. “That makes me feel better. I have been savagely cross for the last half-hour. How I wish I had a longer story to relate to you ! It will be told too soon. I simply went out to America with some hundreds of emigrants, that I might know by experience how they are treated on the way ; we hear so many complaints of the sufferings of the poor on their voyage out to the New World. And I had reasons for wanting to know.”

“I see ; reasons like mine, that are not to be told.”

“Exactly. Not until I see my way more clearly towards selling them at a profit.”

“I can guess yours easily enough. And so you made common cause with the poor. Mr. Somerled, I will shake hands with you without waiting for the moment of leaving the ship.”

“Even though we are only chance acquaintances,” he said, with a brilliant change of countenance, taking the firm, white hand that had suddenly dropped the needle and outstretched itself to him. Bawn’s eyes were turned full on him, glistening with moisture and overflowing with a light he had never seen in them and thought he had never seen anywhere before.

“I shall always remember you as a friend,” she said, carried away by enthusiasm, and with a kind of radiant solemnity of face and manner.

“Will you ? Perhaps among your dead ?”

“If you knew how precious are my dead,” she answered, with a sudden darkening of all her lights, “you would be proud to be admitted into their company.”

“That may be, but I would rather be in the company of your living,” he said, dropping her hand which he had held. And Bawn, wishing she had been less impulsive, picked up her needles again and became busier than ever with her work.

"I want to hear more of your emigrants," she said presently, as serenely as ever. "How were they and you treated, and what have you been doing for them?"

"To the first question I answer, 'Badly.' To the second I must admit, 'Not much.' I hope, however, to be able to say something about the matter in Parliament one day."

"Are you in the English Parliament?"

"You are surprised at the suggestion that so dull a fellow could hope to get admittance there. But sometimes it is easier to please a nation than a woman."

"Do you expect to please a nation?" asked Bawn, elevating her eyebrows slightly.

"Not exactly, perhaps, though I expect to get on pretty well with that small section of one which will be made up by my constituents."

"And the nation will go down before you afterwards?"

"Perhaps less than that may content me, though I have my ambitions. However, I am not in Parliament yet. And now, having confessed so much, it is time for me to receive some small dole from your hands."

Bawn's face fell. "What can I tell you? I have seen a prairie on fire; I have spoken to an Indian chief—"

"All my experiences pale before adventures like those," said the Blue Cap, trying to read the changes in her face.

A great change had come over her, for, in thinking of her past, events of one sad night had suddenly arisen before her mind.

"I have aroused painful memories," said Somerled, gazing remorsefully at her colorless cheeks and troubled eyes.

"You would drive me back upon them."

"Do you mean that you have experienced nothing in your past but what is painful?"

"I do not say that," she said, brightening up again. "But what is there to tell about happy days? They slip through our fingers like soap-bubbles, glistening with all the colors of the rainbow. How can we tell what has made the days so happy or the soap-bubbles so beautiful? Common things—mere 'suds,' as the washerwoman calls them—catch a glory from the sunlight and vanish. And when they have vanished what has any one to say about them?"

Somerled sat gazing at her with a slight frown, observing how cleverly she always contrived to give him a ready answer without enlightening him at all, to talk so much and convey to him

so little. Without saying more he got up and walked away, and after a while she saw him down at the other end of the deck playing with some children, hoisting the little ones on his shoulders and setting the bigger ones to run races along the deck. She heard his merry laugh among theirs, and noted the fact that her disobligingness had not the power to annoy him. Why, she asked of her common sense, should she allow herself to be bullied or wheedled into running risks for the sake of momentarily gratifying the curiosity of an idle and inquisitive fellow-traveller? She would not do it. Let him stay among those children and their lady relatives (there were one or two pretty girls among them) for the rest of the voyage. His doing so would certainly be an unexpected relief and advantage to her.

Having finished playing with the children and conversing with their mother and young aunts, the Blue Cap pulled a book out of his pocket and threw himself on a bench to read. What he read was a very unsatisfactory chapter, and all out of his own head. He did not like that girl, after all (his reading informed him). There was too much mystery about her, too deeply rooted and watchful a reticence for so young and apparently simple a woman. She must have some strong, almost desperate, reason for closing her lips so firmly when he tried to beguile her into speaking, for changing color so rapidly at times when he pressed her, as if she feared he would perceive the very thought in her mind.

He turned the pages of his book impatiently, and owned that he would give much to see the thoughts lying behind that wide, white brow, which seemed expressive at once of the innocence of the child and the wisdom and courage of a woman experienced in life. What was the story, what were the scenes in the background of her youth which were accountable for that sad look starting so often unawares into her eyes? With what sort of people had she lived, and whither and to whom was she travelling now in the great, giddy world of Paris? Well, what did it matter to him? He had no intention of falling in love with her. He had never fallen thoroughly in love in his life, and he was now thirty years of age. Two or three fresh, pretty faces of girls he had known floated up from his past and smiled at him as he made this declaration to himself, and yet he persevered in the avowal. He had liked them, flirted a little with them, been very near falling in love with them; but either he had been too busy setting his little world to rights, or they had lacked something that his soul desired, for he had certainly never as yet given the

whole heart of his manhood into the keeping of any feminine hands.

As yet he had not seen the woman to whom he could give up his masculine liberty ; and still, while he emphatically stated this to his own mind, he distinctly saw a vision of Bawn sitting knitting at his fireside, the light of his hearth shining on her fair face, into which color and dimple would come at the sound of his voice, and his care and protection surrounding her with a paradisiacal atmosphere. When, at the end of his chapter, he found this picture before his eyes, he flung away his book in something like a passion, and got up and tramped about the deck.

No, he was not going to fall in love with a nameless, secretive, obstinate-tempered, wilful woman. His wife must be open as the day, transparent in thought, and with all her antecedents well known to the world. She must be of a particularly yielding and gentle disposition, and have exceedingly little will of her own.

CHAPTER X.

MISLEADINGS.

"Do please tell me more about Paris," said Bawn, with a sweet beseechingness in her eyes and voice, and her lips curling with the fun of leading him further and further astray in his speculations concerning her. "If you knew how impatient I feel to see it!"

"Which is true enough," she thought, "only I am not at all likely to gratify my desire."

"It is not the place for a person of your disposition."

"How is that?"

"The French are a nation not remarkable for frankness."

"And you think my natural reticence may increase in Parisian society! Now, that is not kind. I have heard the French character charged with untruth rather than reserve. I have told you no falsehoods, and I might, if I would, have satisfied your curiosity with a dozen."

"True. That is something. How many days have we yet got to live?"

"On board? Four, perhaps, or five, I think."

"Four will finish the voyage for those who land at Queens-town."

"In what part of England is Queenstown?" asked Bawn demurely.

"It is in Ireland—the first British port at which we touch. But for you and me, who are going on to Liverpool, there remain five whole days to enjoy each other's society."

"Do not let us quarrel away our time, then," said Bawn persuasively. "Five days would be very long if we were to keep making ourselves disagreeable to each other all the time."

"Five days are but a short space for happiness out of a lifetime," said Somerled brusquely, with an ardent, angry glance at her downcast eyelids.

"Yes, they would be," she said quietly, "but let us hope that few lives are so unhappy as not to possess a larger share of happy days than that."

She heard him shift in his seat impatiently, but, being busy with a dropped stitch, she naturally could not see his face.

"Do you intend to travel on to Paris alone? I hope there is no offence in a gentleman's asking such a question as that of a lady. The journey from Liverpool to Paris will be a troublesome one. Perhaps you will allow me to give you some hints for its safe accomplishment."

"Certainly," said Bawn, raising her eyes and looking at him straight, while she controlled the corners of her lips with difficulty. "There will be no one to meet me at Liverpool."

"I will write out a little memorandum of what you are to do after you have got out of my reach," he said. "I suppose, as we shall both be going on to London, you will allow me to escort you so far."

"If I step into one car there is no reason why you should step into another, unless, indeed, you want to smoke—"

"We call them carriages in England."

"That is nicer. Carriage sounds so much more like a private conveyance."

The Blue Cap was silent. His imagination played him a sudden trick, and showed him a certain well-known private conveyance drawn by certain favorite horses, within which were seated a man and a woman, and the man was taking the woman by a certain well-known road to his home, as his wife. The man who held the reins was himself, and the woman was this golden-tressed, aggravating, unimpressionable Bawn.

"In London I shall certainly have to bid you good-by," he grumbled.

"Until we meet again in Paris?"

"So likely that I should find you!—asking about the streets for a person of the name of 'Bawn.'"

"Is Paris as nice a place as they say for buying pretty things—clothes and jewelry I mean?" said Bawn in the most matter-of-fact manner.

"Oh! yes; first-rate for all that kind of thing. And so this is what your mind has been running on for the last ten minutes?"

"Why should it not?"

"Why, indeed? For no reason. Only I fancied you were not the kind of woman to let your mind get totally absorbed by clothes and jewelry."

"Men are never good judges of the characters of women."

"Probably not."

"In my case you have had ample material from which to form your conclusions. Why should a young woman come all the way from New York to Paris, if not to attend to her wardrobe and general personal decoration? Have you not heard that American women pine for this opportunity from their cradle upwards? Now, I feel sure that the very first morning I awake in Paris" (she paused, thinking that such a morning would probably never dawn, or that, if it did, the hour was so far away as to be practically nowhere in her future) "I shall make a rush to the shops before breakfast, just to see what they have got for me. And I shall probably spend the half of my fortune before I return to my hotel."

"I am really disenchanting him now," she thought. "How disgusted he looks!"

"Your hotel! Do you mean to say that you intend to stay alone at a hotel?"

"I certainly did not intend to tell you so. You betray me into forgetting myself."

The Blue Cap looked pale and displeased, and Bawn bent over her knitting and bit her lip, thinking with a sting of regret that she would rather he had not obliged her to shock him so much.

"Do you not know," she said, "that American women go where they please and do what they have a mind to?"

"I have heard a great deal that I do not like about certain females of your nation. But I did not expect to see them looking like you."

"Why?"

"Why? why? Your face, your manner, your gestures, your

slightest movement, all express a character directly opposite to that which you are now making known to me."

"It is always so with us," said Bawn gravely. "Our appearance is the best of us. We are not half worth what we look."

"So it seems, indeed. With your peculiar brow and eyes and glance, I did not expect to find you harboring the sentiments of a French grisette."

"My stepmother was half French," exclaimed Bawn.

"Your stepmother! That does not give you French blood, I suppose," he said impatiently.

"Neither it does, when I think of it. But might it not have taught me French ways?"

"And opened up the path to Paris for you."

"You are so quick at guessing that I need to tell you nothing."

"And so you have been dreaming all this time about clothes and jewelry," he reiterated contemptuously. "When you were sitting looking out to sea, as I first saw you, with a peculiar expression in your eyes which I had never observed in any eyes before and yet seemed to recognize when I saw it, I must conclude now that you were merely pondering the fashion of a new necklace or the color of a gown."

"You recognized the expression of all that?" said Bawn in a tone of keen amusement. "This leads me to think you have sisters, or cousins, or a wife—"

"I have no wife" (crossly).

"How fortunate for her! A man who would fly in a passion because a woman gave a thought to her dress would not be a pleasant husband."

The Blue Cap scowled. "I hope you may get a better one, madam."

"I devoutly hope so—if ever I am to have one at all, which is doubtful."

"I dare say you would rather continue to go shopping about the world alone."

"I admit that I find liberty very sweet."

"So I have concluded. Do not imagine that I could desire to deprive you of a fragment of it."

Bawn laughed gaily. "Oh! no," she said. "Your ideal woman (who lives in the clouds, by the way, and will certainly not come down to you) will never know the color of the gown she has on. But seriously, Mr. Somerled, why have you changed so much for the worse since you first began to talk to me? You spoke of the pleasure of meeting me in gay *salons* of Paris,

and you did not suppose I should walk into them in my travelling dress?"

"And seriously, madam, why have you changed so much for the worse since you first allowed me the privilege of talking to you? Then you had the face of an angel, with the thoughts of an angel behind it. You have still the face—"

"But the thoughts, translated into words, have proved to be the thoughts of a—"

"Milliner."

"I thought you were going to say 'fiend,' but it is the same thing, since bonnets and gowns are anathema."

"How shall I make you feel that you have bitterly disappointed me?" he said, looking at her with a mixture of anger and tenderness.

"It is," said Bawn gravely, "silly in a man to expect to meet an ideal woman—that is, an angel—in every female fellow-traveller he may chance to encounter."

While she said this her gray eyes took an expression he failed to read, and a pathetic look which he could not reconcile with her late conversation crept over her mouth. Perhaps the thought arose almost unconsciously in her mind that, under other circumstances, she would have been pleased to have encouraged that delusion of his with regard to the angel that might possibly live in her.

Yet when she lay down to sleep that night she congratulated herself on her success in lowering the inconvenient degree of interest which this stranger had so perversely taken in her. Why could he not have devoted himself to the children and their pretty aunts, who always seemed so pleased to speak to him, and so saved her the trouble of baffling his curiosity? For that curiosity alone was the cause of his devotion to her she was resolved to believe, electing to deny that any genuine liking for herself strong enough to influence him could have sprung up within the limits of so short an acquaintance. And then certain looks and words of his which gainsaid this belief occurred to her memory, insisting that here was a good man who was wanting to love her if she would let him. If such was indeed the case, then had she so bound herself to a difficult future that she could not turn on her steps and allow herself to be carried on to a happier destiny than she had dreamed of?

Ah! of what was she thinking? Forget her father and her determination to clear the stain of guilt from his beloved name? Confess the whole story to this stranger, merely because he had

assumed the position of her guardian for the moment ; because he had eyes that could charm, now by their grave tenderness, and now by their electric flashes of fun, and was also the owner of a sympathetic voice and a thinking forehead? Was she to own that by merely putting forth his great powers to attract he had been able to overturn all her plans, and that she was ready to await his disposal of her heart and fortune? Oh! no—not even if he, being the gentleman she took him to be, could continue to interest himself about her, once he knew of the cloud that rested on her father's memory.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHRISTIAN UNITY *VERSUS* UNITY OF CHRISTIANS.

AN article on "National Christianity in America," by President Thomas G. Apple, D.D., LL.D., of Franklin and Marshall College, which appeared in the *Independent* of August 5, has been read by us with great interest and pleasure. The writer is in favor of Christian organization. Although he does not argue that the different religious bodies of Protestantism should be consolidated so as to form one church organization, if this were possible, he nevertheless thinks there may be an effective union reached somehow.

We are interested in the various tendencies to union among non-Catholic Christians, because we have dreamed that as soon as Protestants aimed at unity the question would be settled practically where it is to be found. Moreover, we do not wholly misunderstand evangelical Protestants, having ourselves once in all sincerity believed as they do, and, knowing their difficulties, have not forgotten to pray and labor for them as well. The question is, How is this unity to be found? God's grace assisting, there are many ways of finding it. Lacordaire found it by the study of socialism, Overbeck by treading the paths of art, Hurter by the road of history, Cardinal Newman by patristic learning, Haller by political science, Brownson by philosophy; but we have thought that the way in which we found the truth might be the way in which others similarly constituted and environed would, if the evidence was put before them, see it also.

One key for the solution of the question of unity may be

found by comparing the apostolic church, as we have it described in the New Testament, with the churches existing at the present day. The first Christians, after the coming of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, "were persevering in the doctrine of the apostles, and in the communication of the breaking of bread, and prayers" (Acts ii. 42). "The doctrine of the apostles," since Christ had promised that the Holy Ghost should teach them and bring to their minds all things whatsoever he had said to them (St. John xiv. 26), was, unless we deny that the Paraclete was the Spirit of Truth, an unerring rule of faith. What a bond of unity was the doctrine taught by the apostles! The teaching of the apostles to whom Christ had said, "He that heareth you heareth me, but he that despiseth you despiseth me" (St. Luke x. 16), could not be departed from, though it was no substitute for the interior personal guidance of the Holy Ghost, but was coincident and correlative with it. The two were not in conflict, and there could be no better evidence of the personal guidance of the Holy Ghost than harmony with this teaching. This is what the first Christians had—external as well as internal witness to the truth. Religion is nothing if not personal; yet the church is not personal, as Emerson, Frothingham, and Abbott would make her; nor is she merely an association of individuals having only the interior guidance of the Holy Ghost, as the numerous sects affirm; nor national, as Anglicans, and such men as Schelling, Dr. Döllinger, and Bishop Reinkens, would reduce her; nor racial, as the Greeks, Slavs, and others tend to make her; but she is that body of Christians who, together with the interior guidance of the Holy Ghost, have the external teaching of the apostles, with whom Christ promised to abide till the consummation of the world. With us this definition of the church solves the question of unity. "The doctrine of the apostles" is the work of the Holy Ghost, who abides for ever with them, as Christ promised he should (St. John xiv. 16). If, therefore, the unity of the apostolic church is what Protestants are aiming at, it must be reached by following the doctrine of the apostles revealed by the Holy Ghost, and which the Holy Ghost alone has power to perpetuate. If merely human organization is the only thing to which they may aspire, what is to prevent their divergence from the truth as a body? So whatever other advantages may be derived from such a unity, immunity from error cannot be one, and we know that they do not think so and have never intimated such a thing.

Organization merely human, like the sticks in the fable, may, however, produce many of the benefits which they look for; and

Catholics do not ignore this fact, but merely human unity cannot supply what is the desideratum of all Christians—the unerring, divine teaching of the apostles. Why can it not supply it? Because the Holy Ghost gave it, and the Holy Ghost alone is able to perpetuate it. Having shown that Christian unity differs fundamentally from unity of Christians, and expressed our views on Christian organization in general, and our great interest in the movement, we will proceed to discuss the method of organization which President Apple proposes. He says:

“The United States has taken the lead in the establishment of a great free republic. It now remains to organize a national Christianity in this great republic. The history of Christianity clearly reveals its tendency to nationalize itself. Whilst it is catholic in spirit—an interest that will, in the end, bind all nations in one common brotherhood—yet in working out this result it adapts itself to the order of human life. As nationality is one of the integral forms in which humanity comes to expression in history, Christianity becomes national in Christianizing the nations. Even in those ages when the centralizing tendency of the Roman hierarchy was in the ascendency, a decentralizing tendency manifested itself in the national churches of modern Europe.”

President Apple does not take into consideration whether the human is capable of producing the divine or not. (We don't believe in this evolution.) This is our first objection; and, secondly, if by Christianity he means schismatical or Protestant Christianity when he says that “Christianity becomes national in Christianizing the nations,” this evolution is correct, but of apostolical Christianity it ought to be said in Christianizing the nations it Christianizes nationality. What he calls “the centralizing tendency of the Roman hierarchy” is evidence of this. We would like to ask him what Christianity was foretold by Isaias the prophet when he said: “The nation and the kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; and the Gentiles shall be wasted with desolation”? (Isa. lx. 12).

We have had enough of national Christianity; we want something higher.*

President Apple also says:

“The question now is, whether we cannot have a national Christianity without a national church in the strict sense of the term—that is, a form of organization in which Christianity shall exert its full moulding power upon the national life without the entangling alliances that accompany the union of church and state in the Old World.”

Neither individuals nor states can be moulded by Christianity

against their own will. We do not see the wisdom of this proposition. Never could we wish for a better field for Christian work than we have already got in this country. Faithful and zealous apostles of Christianity can reap a harvest of souls for the kingdom of heaven here, if anywhere on earth. We can do more for Christianity by exerting ourselves to the utmost to have the state, as it now is, enforce its present good laws and pass and enforce more good laws, than by trying to establish any new relationship between the state and Christianity. We are in favor of keeping to the political organization that has come down to us from the founders of our republic—we wonder that it was founded so well; at the same time we are good Catholics *ex corde*, loyal to every proposition of the *Syllabus* of Pius IX. of happy memory, and to the encyclical *Mirari* of Gregory XVI., and have no confidence in any Catholic who is not, but we know who are the proper authorities to interpret these documents. Bismarck says that there is no man in all Europe that he can get along with so well as with His Holiness Leo XIII. We Americans are perhaps more attached to our government than any other people on earth, and with good reason, because we have the fullest liberty without prejudice to law and order. Catholic Americans are unanimous in the opinion that we have at present the best possible political system for our people.

President Apple says further on :

"It is high time, for instance, for the churches of this country to express a judgment on the subject of marriage and divorce, on the observance of the Sabbath, and other matters of a similar character which pertain to both church and state."

We do so wish that the churches would do this. Of what avail is it, for example, to complain because the state permits divorce, if Protestant ministers perform adulterous marriages? The church that sanctions such marriages is more to blame than the state. Why blame the state for permitting what the churches are continually doing? If all Protestant ministers and Christian magistrates would refuse to perform unlawful marriages the evil of divorce would disappear.

Why not develop the resources of churches before appealing to the state? We have a live state, let us have a live Christianity. Christian unity has given the world a live Christianity.

I.

CONSTANTINE IN THRACE.

The Emperor Constantine, the day before he reaches Byzantium, projects the building of Constantinople upon its site, esteeming that site the fittest for the metropolis of a Christian Empire, or, more properly, of a Christian Caliphate, one and universal, to be created by him. He resolves, that task completed, to be baptized.

HA, Pagan City! hast thou heard the tidings,
Rome, the world's mistress, whom I never loved!
Whilst yet a boy I read of thy renown,
Thy Kings, thy Consuls, and thine Emperors,
Thy triumphs, slow but certain, in all lands,
Yet never yearned to see thy face. Thy heart
Was as my heart—averse, recalcitrant.
I left my charge; I clave that British sea;
I crossed the snowy Alps; I burst thy chain;
I drowned thy tyrant in the Tyber's wave,
Maxentius, him whose foot was on thy neck:
I sat lip-worship'd on thy Palatine Hill,
But well I knew that to that heart of thine
Nero's black memory was a welcomer thing
Than all my glories. Hast thou heard the tidings?
The Cross of Christ is found! By whom? Not thee!
Thou grop'st and grovel'st in the gold stream's bed
Not there where lies the Cross! I, Constantine
The Unbaptized, am cleaner thrice than thou—
I found it through my mother! The Cross is found!

I left thee: I had heard a mighty voice:
Eastward it called me: there Licinius reigned,
Ill-crowned compeer and of my rivals last,
Who made the inviolate Empire twain, not one:
One crown suffices earth. Licinius fell:
I saw him kneeling at his conqueror's feet:
I saw him seated at his conqueror's board;
I spared him, but dethroned. New tumults rose:
Men said they rose through him. Licinius died;
'Twas rumored, by my hand. I never loved him;
The truth came out at last: I let it be.

He died: that day the Empire stood uncloven,

One as in great Augustus' regal prime,
One as when Trajan reigned and Adrian reigned—
Great kings, though somewhat flecked with Christian blood :
Whom basest Emperors spared the best trod down ;
I judge them not for that : not yet had dawned
That day when Faith could be the base of Empire.
The Antonines came later ; trivial stock,
Philosophers enthroned. Philosophers !
I never loved them : Life to me was teacher :
That great Cæsarian Empire is gone by :
'Twas but the old Republic in a mask,
With Consul, Tribune, Pontiff rolled in one ;
A great man wrought its ruin, Diocletian :
The greatest save those three who built it up :
He split his realm in four. Amid the wreck
What basis now subsists for permanent empire ?
Religion. Of Religions one remains :
Who spurns it lives amerced of all Religion.
The old gods stand in ivory, stone, and gold,
Dozing above the dust-heaps round their feet :
The Flamen dozes on the altar-step :
The People doze within the colonnades :
The Augurs pass each other with a smile :
The Faith that lives is Christ's. Three hundred years
The strong ones and the wise ones trod it down :
Red flames but washed it clean—I noted that :
This day the Christian Empire claims its own.
The Christian Empire—stranger things have been ;
Christ called his Church a Kingdom. Such it is :
The mystery of its strength is in that oneness
Which heals its wounds, and keeps it self-renewed.
It rises fair with order and degree,
And brooks division none. That realm shall stand :
I blend therewith my Empire ; warp and woof
These twain I intertwine. Like organism
Shall raise in each a hierarchy of powers
Ascending gradual to a single head,
The Empire's head crowned in the Empire's Church.
The West dreamed never of that realm twin-dowered
With spiritual sway and temporal : the East,
I think, was never long without such dream,
Yet wrought not dream to substance. Persia failed :
Earlier, the Assyrian and the Babylonian ;

Colossal statues these without a soul.
The Alexandrian Empire later came
And more deserved to live. A nobler fault
Was hers, a bodiless fragment shaped of cloud :
The Conqueror lacked material ; he had naught
To work on save the dialectics keen
And Amphionic song of ancient Greece.
His dream was this—an Empire based on Mind,
The large Greek Mind. Mind makes a base unstable :
Large minds have ever skill to change their mind :
Then comes the fabric down. He died a youth,
A stripling ; ay, but had his scheme been sound
'Tis likely he had lived. Religion lives.
Perhaps a true Faith only could sustain
A permanent Empire's burthen. Mine is true :
If any speaks against it he shall die :
'Tis known long since I brook not bootless battles.

The Church had met in synod, for a man
Had made division in that "seamless robe"
Regal this day. Arius schismatic stood
For what? A doctrine! Fool! and knew he not
The essence of Religion is a Law?
Doctrine is but the standard o'er it flying
To daunt, to cheer; daunt foes, and cheer the friend.
What was that Hebrew Church? A sceptred Law
Set up in Saul, and, when that strong man died,
Less aptly in the Shepherd with the harp.
The Church had met in synod at Nicæa,
Nicæa near Byzantium. There was I:
The Church in synod sat, and I within it.
Flocking from every land her bishops came;
They sat, and I in the midst, albeit in Rome.
My title stood, "Pontifex Maximus."
They came at my command, by me conveyed.
A man astonished long I sat; I claimed
To sit "a bishop for the things without."
Amid those bishops some were Confessors
Maimed by the fire or brand. I kissed their wounds:
None said, "What dost thou 'mid the Prophet Race?"
They saw I honored God, and honored me.
Day after day went on the great debate,
And gradual in me knowledge grew. 'Twas strange!
I, neither priest nor layman; I, that ne'er

Had knelt a Catechumen in the porch ;
I, patron of the Church, yet not her son,
Her Emperor, yet an Emperor unbaptized—
I sat in the synod. At the gates stood guards :
Not all were Christian : two, the best, were bold :
One from Danubius winked at me ; and one
From Rhenus smiled at me. The weeks went by,
And in me daily swelled some spirit new :
I know it now ; it was the imperial spirit.
The imperial spirit—ay ! I at the first
Had willed the question should be trivial deemed,
And license given, “ think, each man, what he will.”
The fires had burned too deep for that : I changed :
I sided with the strong, and kept the peace :
Rulers must take my course, or stand o’er-ruled.

That was my triumph’s hour : then came the fall.
I made return to Rome. Twelve years gone by
My sword had riven the Western tyrant’s chain :
Since then the tyrant of the East had perished :
The world was echoing with my name. I reached
The Gate Flaminian and the Palatine ;
I looked for welcome such as brides accord
Their lords new-laurelled. Rome, a bride malign,
Held forth her welcome in a poisoned cup :
Mine Asian garb, my ceremonious court,
Its trappings, titles, and heraldic gear,
To her were hateful. Centuries of bonds
Had left her swollen with Freedom’s vacant name :
A buskined greatness trampled still her stage :
By law the gods reigned still. The senate sat
In Jove’s old temple on the Capitol :
My fame Nicæan edged their hate. The priest
Shouldering through grinning crowds to sacrifice
Cast on me glance oblique. Fabii and Claudii
Whose lives hung powerless on their Emperor’s nod
Eyed me as he who says, “ This man is new.”
One festal morning to some pagan fane
The whole Equestrian Order rode—their wont—
In toga red. I saw, and laughing cried,
“ Better their worship than their horsemanship !”
That noon the rabble pressed me in the streets
With wrong premeditate ; hissed me ; spat at me ;
That eve they brake my statues. Choice was none

Save this, to drown the Roman streets in blood
Or feign indifference. Scorn—twelve years of scorn—
Changed suddenly to hate. A fevered night
Went by, and morning dawned.

My Council met;
Then came that fateful hour, my wreck and ruin.
Fausta, my wife, hated her rival's son,
Mine eldest-born, my Crispus; hated her
The glory and the gladness of my youth,
By me for Empire's sake repudiated,
The sweetness of whose eyes looked forth from his.
She lived but in one thought—to crown her sons,
My second brood, portioning betwixt those three
My realm when I was dead.
My brothers help her plot. She watched her time:
She waited till the eclipse which falls, at seasons,
Black on our House was dealing with my soul;
Then in that Council-hall her minions rose;
They spake; they called their witnesses suborned,
Amongst them of my counsellors some the best;
They brought their letters forged and spurious parchments;
And showed it plainlier thrice than sun and moon
That he it was, my Crispus, Portia's child,
Who, whilst his sire was absent at Nicæa,
Month after month had plotted 'gainst him, made
His parricidal covenant with Rome:
The father was to fall in civil broil,
The son to reign. Their league the day gone by
Had made its first assay.

That hour the Fates
Around me spread their net; that hour the chains
Of Œdipus were tangled round my feet:
I stood among them blind.

The noontide flamed:
I, in full Council sitting—I since youth
A man of marble nerve and iron will,
A man in whom mad fancy's dreams alike
And fleshly lusts had held no part, subdued
By that Religion grave, a great Ambition;
I self-controlled, continent in hate itself,
Deliberate and foreseeing—I that hour
Down on that judgment-parchment pressed my seal:
That was my crime, the greatest earth hath known;

My life's one crime. I never wrought another.
'Twas rage pent up 'gainst her I could not strike,
Rome, hated Rome! I smote her through my son,
Her hope, the partner of her guilt. That night
My purpose I repented. 'Twas too late:
The ship had sailed for Pola. Tempest dire,
By demons raised, brake on our coasts! Five days,
And in his Istrian dungeon Crispus died.
I willed that he, but not his fame, should perish;
Therefore that deed was hid. With brow sun-bright,
Hell in my heart, I took my place at feasts:
At last the deed was blabbed.

My mother loved—

My mother, Helena, the earth's revered one,
Cybèle of the Christians termed by Greeks—
Loved well my Crispus for his mother's sake,
Wronged, like herself, by royal nuptials new,
And hated Fausta with her younger brood.
She brake upon my presence like a storm:
With dreadful eyes and hands upraised she banned me:
She came once more, that time with manifest proof
Of Fausta's guilt. The courtiers had confessed it;
My brothers later; last the Accursed herself.
Two days I sat in darkness: on the third
I sent to judgment Fausta and her crew:
That act I deem the elect of all my acts.
They died: at eve I rose from the earth and ate.

But fifteen months before, I at Nicæa
Had sat a god below! No more of that!
'Twas false, the rumor that by night, disguised,
I knelt within a pagan fane, and sought
Pagan lustration from a pagan priest,
And gat for answer that for crime like mine
Earth held lustration none.

I built great fanes,
Temples which all the ages shall revere:
Saint Peter's huge Basilica; Saint John's;
I roamed from each to each, like him who sought
A place for penitence, and found it not;
Then from that city doomed—oh! to what heights
I, loving not, had raised her!—forth I fared,
Never thenceforth to see her. Rome has reigned:
She had her thousand years. Unless some greatness

Hidden from man remains for man, her doom
Approaches—dust and ashes.

I went forth :

I deemed the God I served had cast me off:
The Pagan world I knew my foe : the Christian
Thundered against me from a thousand shores :
There was a dreadful purpose in my soul :
It was my mother saved me ! She, keen-eyed,
Discerned the crisis ; kenned the sole solution.
In expiation of my crime she sped,
A holy pilgrim, to the Holy Land :
She spread her hands above the sacred spot,
As when the Mother-Beast updrags to light
The prey earth-hidden for her famished young :
Instinct had led her to it : she dug and dug ;
She found the world's one treasure, lost till then,
That Cross which saved the world. With lightning speed
The tidings went abroad : I marched : last night
I raised mine eyes to heaven. I ne'er was one
Of spirit religious, though my life was pure,
Austerely pure amid an age corrupt :
I never was a man athirst for wonders ;
My fifty years have witnessed three alone :
The first was this—while yet Maxentius lived,
My army nearing Rome, I marked in her,
Though bond-slave long, a majesty divine ;
She seemed earth's sum of greatness closed in one :
Some help divine I needed to confront her :
That help was given : I looked aloft : I saw
In heaven the God-Man on His Cross, thenceforth
My battle-sign, " Labarum." Yesternight
Once more I saw it ! He that hung thereon
Spake thus : " Work on, and fear not."

Those two Visions,

The first, the third, shine on me still as one :
The second was of alien race and breed.
New-throned in Rome, I doubted oft her future :
One night I watched upon Mount Palatine,
My seat a half-wrought column. It had lain
For centuries seven rejected, none knew why,
By earlier builders : in more recent times
Ill-omened it was deemed, yet unremoved.
The murmur from the City far beneath

Induced oblivion. Sudden by me stood
A queenly Form, the Genius of great Rome;
Regal her face; her brow, though crowned, was ploughed
With plaits of age. She spake: "Attend my steps."
Ere long I marked her footing the great sea
Eastward: I followed close. Then came a change:
Seven hills before me glittered in her light:
Save these the world was dark. I looked again:
On one of these she stood. Immortal youth
Shone splendid from her strong and strenuous face;
And all her form was martial. On her head
She bore a helm, and in her hand a spear
High-raised. She plunged that spear into the soil;
Then spake: "Build here my City and my Throne,"
Then vanished from my sight. High up I heard
The winnowing of great wings. The self-same sound
Had reached me while that Goddess trod the sea:
'Twas Victory following that bright crest for aye.
Morn broke: I knew that site; it was Byzantium;
So be it! There shall stand the second Rome,
Not on the plain far-famed that once was Troy,
A dream of mine in youth.

Byzantium! Ay!

The site is there: there meet the double seas
Of East and West. The Empire rooted there
Shall stand the wide earth's centre, clasping in one—
That earlier Rome was only Rome rehearsed—
The Alexandrian and Cæsarean worlds:
Atlas and Calpé are our western bound;
Ganges shall guard our Eastern. To the North
Not Rhenus, not Danubius—that is past—
But Vistula and far Boristhenes;
Tanais comes next. Those Antonines, poor dreamers,
Boasted their sageness, limiting their realm:
They spared Rome's hand to freeze her head and heart:
An Empire's growth surceased, its death begins:
Long death is shame prolonged. Let Persia tremble!
Rome's sole of Rivals! Distance shields her now:
My Rome shall fix on her that eye which slays:
She like a gourd shall wither. O my son,
That task had been for thee!

Ha, Roman Nobles!

Your judgment-time approaches! Shadows ye!

Shadows since then are ye. Those shades shall flit :
My city shall be substance, not a shadow.
Ye slew the Gracchi ; they shall rise and plague you :
Ye clutched the Italian lands ; stocked them with slaves ;
Then ceased the honest wars : your reign shall cease :
Again, as when Fabricius left his farm
To scourge his country's foes, Italian hands,
The hands of Latium, Umbria, and Etruria,
In honorable households bred, made strong
By labor on their native fields, shall fence
Their mother-land from insult. Mercenaries !
Who made our Roman armies mercenary ?
Slave-lords that drave the free men from the soil !
Your mercenaries bought and sold the realm !
In sport or spleen they chose Rome's Emperor !
The British hosts chose me. I, barbarous styled,
I Constantine decree that in the ranks
Of Rome the Roman blood, once more supreme,
Shall leave scant place for hirelings ill to trust :
The army to the Emperor shall belong,
Not he to it, henceforth.

On these seven hills—

The seven of Rome, with these compared, are pigmies—
I build earth's Empire City. They shall lift
High up the temples of the Christian Law,
Gold-domed, descried far off by homeward fleets,
Cross-crowned in record of my victory.
To it shall flock those senators of Rome,
Their Roman brag surceased. Their gods shall stand
Grateful for incense doles diminishing daily,
If so they please, thronging the lower streets,
These, and the abjects of the Emperors dead ;
Ay, but from those seven hills to heaven shall rise
The Apostolic Statues, and mine own,
Making that race beneath ridiculous.
Above the Empire which that city crowns,
Above its Midland, Euxine, Caspian seas,
Above its Syrian Paradises lulled
By soft Orontes' and Euphrates' murmurs,
Above its Persian gardens, and the rush
Of those five Indian rivers o'er whose merge
The Emathian sadly fixed his eastward eyes,
Above all these God's Angels, keeping watch,

From East to West shall sweep, for aye sustaining
My Standard, my "Labarum" !

It shall last,
That Empire, till the world herself decays,
Since all the old Empires, each from each devolved,
It blends, and marries to a Law Divine.
Its throne shall rest on Right Hereditary,
Not will of splenetic legions or the crowd ;
Its Sovereigns be the elect of God, not man :
Its nobles round their Lord shall stand, sun-clad
In light from him reflected ; stand in grades
Hierarchal, and impersonating, each,
Office and function, not the dangerous boast
Of mythic deeds and lineage. Age by age
Let those my emperors that wear not names
Of Cæsar or Augustus, but my name,
Walk in my steps, honoring the Church aright :
The Empire and the Church must dwell together
The one within the other. Which in which ?
The Empire clasps the world ; clasps then the Church ;
To shield that Church must rule her. Hers the gain :
I, who was never son of hers, enriched her
Making the ends o' the earth her heritage :
I ever knew 'tis poverty not wealth
That kindles knave to fanatic : silken saints
Like him of Nicomedia, my Eusebius,
Mate best with Empire's needs. When death draws nigh,
I, that was ever jealous lest the Font
Might give the Church of Christ advantage o'er me,
Will humbly sue for baptism, doffing then
My royal for my chrysom robe. Let those
Who through the far millenniums fill my throne
In this from me take pattern. Wise men choose
For wisest acts wise season.

Hark that trump !
The army wakens from its noontide rest :
Ere sunset fires its walls I reach Byzantium.

A MAN OF HIS TIME.

No period of history has been more frequently discussed than the golden age of French literature. Sévigné's *Letters*, Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*, Saint-Simon's *Memoirs*, and a great number of works at least as famous as these, have drawn a picture of the reign of Louis XIV. so complete and minute in detail that, as we read, we seem to live in the throbbing, feverish pulsations of that time. So vivid is the picture that the extraordinary brilliancy of all that surrounded the court of the *Grand Monarque* is as dazzling to our eyes as if its gay pageants were still passing before the world, and we are well-nigh bewildered at the exhibition of so much wit and sparkle, such genius, beauty, and grace. Then, as we read on, the show ceases to charm us. The moral turpitude underlying what at first was most alluring and fascinating becomes apparent. Society is rotten to the very core. The condition of the poor is little better than that of the beasts of the field. Mme. de Montespan is virtually Queen of France; the high offices of church and state are held by her favor; the royal dukedoms are bestowed on the king's illegitimate children. The *salons* of Paris are swarming with bewigged and powdered abbés; Cæsarism having invaded the sanctuary, ecclesiastics are transformed into courtiers. Still the church is not completely stifled; there is power, earnestness, and religion at work even in France. St. Vincent de Paul is laboring with the zeal of an apostle at Saint Lazare; Bossuet and Bourdaloue are denouncing with fearless eloquence the sins of king and court. If there are preachers, there are penitents too—such as La Vallière at the Carmelites, such as De Rancé at La Trappe.

It was an age of extremes, just as this is an age of compromise. The same awful strength that prompted men to abominable wickedness, when once the tide had turned led them to do most heroic acts of penance. No sooner were men's consciences awakened to the sins of their past lives, and to the perils that surrounded them, than they unflinchingly cut off every tie that bound them to the world, and fled into the desert. Penance, silence, solitude is the perpetual refrain of these lives. The very violence of the disease which infected society suggested violent remedies, and this is perhaps the reason why the asceticism of

that time is tinged with a certain rigor that reminds us of Jansenism divested of its malice.

Armand-Jean Bouthillier de Rancé was all through his checkered career a representative man, and we have chosen him as the subject of this paper because his life is an epitome of most of the characteristics of his time. He was born in Paris the 9th of January, 1626. His father was a man of the world, ambitious for his children and for their advancement in life. Armand-Jean was his second son, the godchild of Richelieu, who gave him his own name. From his infancy the boy was surrounded with honors; his family was not only allied to the noblest in France, but he was the pet and darling of two queens, the queen-dowager, Marie de Médicis, and afterwards of the regent, Anne of Austria. M. de Rancé had incurred the displeasure of the regent by his unswerving fidelity to the unfortunate Marie de Médicis, and the first-fruit of his restoration to favor at court was the bestowal of a canonry of Notre Dame on his eldest son, François. This was soon followed by a dowry to his daughter, Claude-Catherine, and by many other signal benefits. The little Armand-Jean was meanwhile giving signs of remarkable intelligence and of a capacity considerably above the average. His father had destined him for a military career, having settled that François should receive as many ecclesiastical honors as could be obtained, and become a priest. Armand was accordingly taught to dance, to ride, to fence, and to shine in all those accomplishments which were then thought necessary for a Knight of Malta. But of these projects not one was to be realized. François fell ill, and from the first it was recognized that his malady, although of its nature a lingering one, would prove mortal. If he died from ten to twelve thousand *livres* of ecclesiastical revenue would be lost to the family. M. de Rancé's worldly wisdom was equal to the occasion: Armand should be a priest, and heir to his brother's preferments. With all speed he procured for him the tonsure at the hands of the Archbishop of Paris, and when, less than two years afterwards, the Abbé François died, Armand was solemnly installed canon of Notre Dame in his place. He was eleven years old. In a short time his brother's remaining benefices were also transferred to him with the consent of the king, and thus the boy was not only canon of the great metropolitan cathedral, but abbot of La Trappe and of two other monasteries, as well as prior of Boulogne, near Chambord. In 1635 he had come into the possession of the abbey of St. Clementine, in Poitou, and, at an age when he

was still unable to render the least service to the church, was in the enjoyment of about fifteen thousand *livres* of ecclesiastical revenue.

It is impossible to exaggerate the evils which made such a condition of things not only possible but a matter of every-day occurrence. The abuse was so general, and was moreover countenanced by so many persons of merit, that M. de Rancé could not be expected to be very scrupulous in accepting such advantages for his son. But the church had from time to time, under several popes, remonstrated against the holding of abbeys *in commendam*, and had repeatedly revoked them. If she at any time tolerated the practice, it was less a concession to men's weakness than an ostensible proof of the humiliating bondage in which the state held her. She had ever opposed the holding of more than one such benefice at a time, in spite of the frequent practice.

If anything could justify the choice made of Armand de Rancé as the recipient of these contraband favors, the extraordinary promise and brilliancy of his intellectual faculties might have afforded some excuse. It was clear to all that his career would be no insignificant one. His memory was no less remarkable than his other gifts; what he had once learnt he never forgot, and he was studious in proportion to his grasp of mind and capacity. Greek was the language he preferred to all others, and in which he loved to clothe his thoughts. He was only twelve years old when he published an edition of Anacreon with Greek *scholia* and dedicated it to Richelieu. The work was of such recognized merit, and was considered such a marvellous production for a boy of his years, that the cardinal proposed to confer on the author yet another abbey *in commendam*. But Père Causin, the king's confessor, represented to Louis that to heap benefices on the head of such a child was to pervert the property of the church to a wrong use. Nothing could justify it, not even the most extraordinary talents; and, after all, who could tell what the boy would turn out? The king, informed by Richelieu of the very high order of the young scholar's attainments, replied that the boy already knew more Greek and Latin than all the abbés in the realm.

Père Caussin, wishing to judge for himself whether such were the case, wrote to M. de Rancé, expressing a desire to make the acquaintance of his son. The next day the learned young abbé got into his carriage and drove to the Grands-Jésuites, in the Rue Saint Antoine. He was shown into the library, where the Père

Caussin soon joined him. After a few civilities the Jesuit began to draw his visitor out on the subject of his studies. He handed him a Homer and begged him to translate some passages at any place the book might chance to open. Not stopping to read out the original text, Armand began without hesitation to give the French rendering, and in such perfect language that one might have supposed he was reading a French author. This so astonished the listener that he thought the boy must be translating from the Latin in a parallel column. So he turned over several pages and threw the abbé's gloves over the Latin part to hide it. Armand went on as before, and the Père Caussin was not only convinced of his learning and merit, but was completely won over to him. Embracing him with effusion, he exclaimed:

"My child, you have not only the eyes of a lynx, but a still more discerning mind!"

Nevertheless no more honors were conferred upon the boy for the present, and that was a good thing.

Thus the years of his education sped on, full of literary achievement. Aristotle was studied with avidity; then for a time the fantastic theories of astrology fascinated a mind bent on investigating every real or pretended science it came across. In 1643 Armand finished his course of philosophy and began his theology. He was just seventeen. "I hope soon to be a great theologian," he wrote priggishly to his former tutor, M. Favier. "In eight months I shall have got through my scholastic theology, and during the sixteen more which must elapse before I can be a bachelor I shall devote myself to the reading of the Fathers,*the councils, and ecclesiastical history! . . . As soon as ever I can I shall begin preaching."

With the self-sufficiency of extreme youth, he criticises St. Thomas, and proposes to give his opinion on the disputes then going on between M. Arnauld, representing Jansenism, and the Jesuits. Being, however, advised to follow the lectures given by some learned Carmelites of Charenton, he is gradually convinced that St. Thomas is an inspired writer; and is probably also set right with regard to Jansenism, for the Carmelites were noted for their fidelity to the Holy See, and we hear no more of the subject.

Without ceasing to be a student, De Rancé now began to have other interests besides study; and as it was his nature to throw himself heart and soul into everything that interested him, his life began to be a sort of wild medley of the most incompatible pursuits. Fencing, shooting, hunting, theology, and preaching—he

had a taste for them all. He would sit writing the most erudite thesis on the Blessed Trinity, showing the wide difference that exists between the Christian doctrine concerning the Three in One and the theory of Plato and other philosophers of antiquity; then, throwing himself upon his horse, he would ride to hunt, dressed in the most fashionable costume. He had long thought it would be a fine thing to have vast congregations listening with bated breath to his sermons, and he actually asked for and obtained permission to preach. Then he soon began to shine as a preacher, as he had shone as a student. But hunting was perhaps, after all, what he most cared for. Often he would pass whole days and nights in the forests, bareheaded, worn out with fatigue, watching in some hiding-place for a stag or a wild boar. Brimful of life and energy, he never stopped to consider whether his recreations were altogether suitable for a canon, an abbot, a prior, and a preacher. This kind of life was little calculated to nurture in him devout aspirations for the priesthood, and, although it was an understood thing that he was to receive holy orders, he put off the final step as long as he could. At last, however, his relations urged him to make no further delay. The road to fortune lay solely in this direction. The Archbishop of Tours, his uncle, was anxious to have him as his coadjutor; but the prelate was already old and infirm, and if he died before Armand was ordained the post would be lost to him, with the right of succession.

Armand was not so utterly steeped in ambition and the love of pleasure as not to feel his extreme unfitness for the new responsibility he was about to take upon himself. St. Vincent de Paul was forming young ecclesiastics at St. Lazare, and had already grouped around him all that was most distinguished for piety in the great French metropolis. Gently but surely he was building up what the corruption and decay of centuries had been gradually destroying. To him De Rancé went, conscious of his own deficiencies, and put himself into the hands of "le saint M. Vincent," as all Paris even then called him. At St. Lazare he made a retreat of twelve days, learnt how to meditate and to examine his conscience, had himself taught the ceremonies of the church, and began to wear a clerical dress.

In quaint old pictures of the lives of the saints, where every incident is told by symbols, a flower rudely outlined sometimes shows how a grace was coming to the soul, and afterwards everything is changed in that life. A grace had now come to De Rancé, and if it did not at the time change the whole tenor of his way, it was perhaps the first of all his chances. This grace was

his intercourse with St. Vincent de Paul, who first startled him with regard to the unseemliness of his life and to the unlawfulness of a plurality of benefices, showing him the consequences of an abuse like this. De Rancé was softened and humbled by all he had seen and heard at St. Lazare, but he was not prepared to make a sacrifice that would cloud over the prospects of his whole career and probably bring him into bad odor at court. He would try what good intentions without much personal discomfort would do. Still, he had been made thoroughly uneasy, and from this moment, although he returned in a measure to his old pursuits, there are occasional rifts in the clouds indicative of something within him at war with his other restless, impatient, undisciplined self. He continued to study everything that came in his way, and in the midst of all his history and geography, his heraldry, painting, chronology, and controversy, was ordained priest, the 22d of January, 1651. He was to have said his first Mass with great pomp and display in the church of the Annunciades, in Paris; but during the elaborate preparations he disappeared, and went off quite alone to a monastery of Carthusians, where he offered the Holy Sacrifice in perfect solitude, to the discomfiture of all his friends. Strange to relate, this solemn event, earnestly and thoughtfully as he had celebrated it, fixed no permanent landmark in his life; his studies, amusements, and dissipation went on as before. In 1654 he took his degree of doctor at the Sorbonne, his father having died the preceding year. He was now in possession of his patrimony, the barony of Véretz, a large and beautiful estate in Touraine, and of two magnificent houses in Paris. The Abbé de Rancé was one of the richest and finest gentlemen in France. When he went to court or to brilliant entertainments he usually wore a purple doublet of some costly material, silk stockings of the same color, a rich lace cravat of the most fashionable shape and pattern, long hair well curled and powdered, two enormous emeralds as sleeve-buttons, and a diamond ring of great value on his finger. In the country he carried a sword, wore a fawn-colored coat and a black silk cravat with gold embroidery.

After a time he threw aside his books and gave himself up to idleness. From morning till night there was no break in the ceaseless round of pleasures, entertainments, visits, day-dreams, and extravagances of every kind. Here and there a friend was brave enough to administer a rebuke. "You might do better than this," said one day the Bishop of Châlons; "you are wanting neither in talents nor in understanding." But remonstrances

were in vain; by this time the world had taken such hold of De Rancé that nothing short of a moral earthquake could break the silken bonds with which he was bound. The earthquake came in this wise:

Mme. la Duchesse de Montbazon was one of the reigning beauties of Paris. Witty, graceful, and charming, of her the ambassador of Queen Christina said that, having seen all that was considered beautiful in the French capital, it was as if he had seen nothing till he had been presented to the Duchesse de Montbazon.

Her *salon*, the most brilliant and seductive of the gay capital, was the resort of all the *beaux esprits* of fashion and celebrity. Among the guests that assembled there—and there was not one who was not distinguished—De Rancé was the moving spirit, enlivening every entertainment with his sparkling wit and that keen delight in enjoyment which is almost enough in itself to make others enjoy. His remarks were the Attic salt of the most lively conversations, and his manners were thought polished even in that age of exquisite politeness.

Véretz was at no great distance from the country-seat of the Montbazons, and here, as in Paris, there was a continuous round of amusements, of which De Rancé was still the life and soul. In the spring of 1657 he went to Paris, but in a short time the Duchesse de Montbazon was seized with a malignant fever. De Rancé hurried to her bedside, and the sounds of music and revelry are still ringing in our ears when we hear him pronouncing the solemn words, “Not an instant to lose—death, repentance!”

At length the scales had fallen from his eyes. “There is no hope of your recovery,” he said to her, “and but little time; do not put off your reconciliation with God a single moment.” The third day of her illness, having procured the dying woman the last sacraments, he left the house in order to take a little rest, and returned towards evening.

On his way up-stairs he met her son, M. de Soubise, who told him that his mother had just died.

There was something so appalling in the swift end of a life in which the thought of death had never found a place, in the sudden passing away of a soul in the midst of balls and fêtes, of recklessness, and perhaps of worse still, that De Rancé was struck down to the earth as by a blow.

He at once left Paris and shut himself up at Véretz. In his account of this period of his life he says that his mind was full

of darkness and confusion; that he wandered about his great, gloomy corridors a prey to grief, remorse, and desolation, alone with the terrible reproaches of his conscience. The world was as hateful to him now as it had been attractive before, and, looking back on the past, one horrible phantom after another rose up to paralyze him with fear. In how much he had sinned none but his confessors ever knew, but his repentance and heroic, life-long penance are matters of history. Here at Véretz he spent whole days in the forest, seeing and speaking to no one, and in the evening would sit plunged in reverie by the empty fire-place while the wind swept moaning through the trees in the park and rattled the window-frames.

One day, sitting thus, he cried out with tears of repentance: "*O pauvre Abbé de Rancé, où serais-tu maintenant, si tu étais mort dans ce temps-là !*"

For three months he remained in this state of misery, then, taking with him one servant, and travelling in the simplest manner, so as to attract no attention, he returned to Paris and begged hospitality of the Fathers of the Oratory. Here he made a general confession of his whole life, after which he put himself for direction into the hands of Père de Mouchy. That which caused him the most poignant regret was the unprepared and unworthy manner in which he had been used to offer Mass, and so intense was now his contrition for this that he imposed on himself the penance of abstaining from celebrating the Holy Sacrifice for six months. Then he consulted his director as to the kind of life he should adopt for the future, but the advice of the Père de Mouchy that he should strive to render himself worthy of his holy calling only partially satisfied him.

There was that in De Rancé prompting him to do greater things than these—an intense longing for something beyond; as yet he knew not what, much less could he define the want. The Oratorian referred him to several priests noted for their enlightenment, but they were no help to him.

By this time it had become known that he was in Paris, and one day two ladies of fashion having paid him a visit to invite him to return to their receptions, he began to feel that it would be dangerous for him to remain longer in such close proximity to his old haunts. All undecided as he was, he made up his mind to return to Véretz.

At the Oratory he had put his conscience in order, but it did not seem likely that he would be helped on much further by the Père de Mouchy, and on the road to Véretz he made a halt at

Port Royal in the hope that Arnauld d'Andilly might give him the key to his vocation.

De Rancé's connection with the Port-Royalists has been too persistently misrepresented by them not to need a word of explanation here. It is quite admissible that the Abbé de Rancé at this period was attracted by the severe and rigorous tone adopted by the self-styled hermits of Port Royal, and by the long penances they prescribed, before it might be hoped that the sinner was reconciled to God. Nevertheless he never bartered away his liberty to them, and, in spite of all their advances and his esteem for M. d'Andilly, he never linked himself in any way to the Jansenists as a party. When a decision had to be made, and it became a question of showing his colors, he proved himself to be what indeed he had ever been—a submissive and devoted son of the Catholic Church.

M. d'Andilly, however, was for a time the chosen director of De Rancé's conscience, and the penitent corresponded with him from his retreat at Véretz. He consulted him as to the books he should read, as to his rule of life, and never left his solitude, even for the most indispensable journey, without first obtaining permission from Port Royal. This might have led to another Babylonian captivity as dangerous as the toils of the world had been, for the Jansenists did all they could to maintain absolute power at Véretz. None but Jansenistic priests and Jansenistic books were admitted there. But this state of things only lasted as long as De Rancé chose that it should last. He was no more pledged to Jansenism than he was to Quietism, and the more the Arnaulds strove to tighten the reins the more did De Rancé show himself to be independent of them. Still, even when he broke away from their direction, he continued for a long time to keep up cordial relations with M. d'Andilly, and it was not till much later that he began to perceive the real spirit of hostility to the church which animated the party.

Three years had passed away since the death of Mme. de Montbazon, and the life at Véretz, hidden as it was, full of pious aspirations, of study, and of good works, began to seem too luxurious to a mind thirsting for penance and a deeper, holier solitude. It was a life worthy of a Greek philosopher, but scarcely one to satisfy a penitent such as De Rancé. He consulted the Bishop of Châlons on the subject of giving up his benefices, and was told that he could not lawfully retain them.

The Jansenists made one more effort to influence him and to allay his scruples, but without success. There were to

be no more half-measures, and, above all, there should be no sophistry.

It would lead us far beyond the scope of this paper were we to follow De Rancé through all the difficulties he encountered from his family and from others before he was allowed to divest himself of all his benefices save one, to effect the sale of his beloved Véretz, to make over his houses in Paris to the hospital of the *Hôtel-Dieu*, to distribute his fortune among the poor, and to retire to La Trappe. Nor, interesting as the study would be, may we follow him through the mazes he had to thread from the moment when he exclaimed with horror, "*Moi, me faire frocard!*" at the bare suggestion of his becoming a monk, to the moment when we see him, stripped of all his pride, humbly craving admission at the novitiate of Perseigne.

His first plan was to go for a time to La Trappe—the one abbey he had retained—and there establish some kind of reform. As yet any idea of taking the religious habit was as remote from his intention as it had been in the days of his worldly life. He was still in doubt as to the future, a desert in which to pray being his only desire. But he was still commendatory abbot of this monastery, and the very title was a mark of corruption.

For more than a century the abbots of the Cistercian monastery of La Trappe had been ecclesiastics living in the world, recognizing no obligations in return for the revenues which the abbey was bound to make over to them.

It will be easily imagined that such an irregularity could not have taken place without serious detriment to the monks, who by degrees came to have nothing of their state but the name and the habit. In 1662 La Trappe was virtually a ruin. The divine office had long ceased to be recited, the doors of the monastery were allowed to remain open day and night, the cloisters were accessible to men and women of the world, and the filthy condition into which the house had fallen was only equalled by that of the church. The walls of the sacred edifice were crumbling away, the pavement was unsafe, the roof let the rain in, and the altars were in a deplorable and unseemly state.

It was comparatively easy to remedy these material evils, but the reform of the monks themselves was a task that needed all De Rancé's firmness, patience, and courage. Not only would they listen to none of his remonstrances, but they even threatened to take his life if he did not abandon his plans of reform. They had degenerated into little else but a band of lawless brigands, the terror of the country around. Crimes of every sort lurked in the

shadow of their forests; robbers and assassins took refuge within the very walls of the sanctuary.

The difficulties to be overcome before even the first principles of religious life were re-established in the community would have daunted a spirit less determined than De Rancé's, for neither entreaties, menaces, nor exhortations were of any avail. His friends besought him to have some regard for his own safety, and to abandon a task that seemed hopeless from the beginning. But these motives were not likely to have much weight with De Rancé, and when he had exhausted all other resources he appealed to the king.

If the monks of La Trappe had lost all fear of God, they had a most craven fear of Louis XIV., and this step of their abbot's produced an instantaneous result. Their threats gave way to the humblest submission, and De Rancé at once profited by the favorable moment to put the monastery into the hands of the Cistercians of the Strict Observance. Six religious were sent from Perseigne to introduce the Reform, the old monks, also six in number, obtaining permission to live within the precincts of the monastery, or to retire altogether on a pension of four hundred *livres* each.

Thus, then, was the first step gained; the second led the abbot himself into a new path. For months he had been living the life of a Cistercian in all its austerity, and with the practice of religious life his aversion to the religious habit gradually vanished. The old repugnance had now and again to be combated, but during these months of struggle it had become clearer and clearer to him that the solitude to which he felt himself called was none other than the solitude of La Trappe. His final resolve was taken one day after Mass, during his thanksgiving, while the monks were singing Sext in the office of the Blessed Virgin. Suddenly the words of the psalm fell like rays of light into his soul: *Qui confidunt in Domino, sicut mons Sion: non commovebitur in æternum qui habitat in Jerusalem.*

The news that the Abbé de Rancé, the learned doctor of the Sorbonne, the cultivated man of letters, the luxury-loving worldling, was about to put on the humble habit of St. Bernard and bury himself in a living tomb for the rest of his days, was a scandal to his friends in the world. The consent of the king for transforming the abbey *in commendam* into an abbey regular had been obtained, and De Rancé had already begun his novitiate at Perseigne, before many would believe in the miracle. Even the vicar-general of the Reform could hardly credit the seriousness.

of his intention when he applied to him for admission into the order. But to all his objections De Rancé replied: "It is true I am a priest, but I have lived in a manner unworthy of my office; I have possessed several abbeys, but instead of being a father to my religious I have squandered their goods and the patrimony of the Crucifix. I am a doctor, but I am ignorant of the very alphabet of Christianity." The year of the novitiate was passed in the exercise of the most humble offices. No work, however repugnant to nature, seemed hard to him when performed in the light of fraternal charity and expiation for past sins. His favorite maxim was this: "The higher a man is placed in authority over others, the more should he humble himself in the spirit of charity to those under him." There were two breaks, however, in this year of novice life, the one occasioned by a severe illness brought on by his excessive austerities; the other was an order from the prior of Perseigne to proceed into Champagne and settle a dispute that had arisen between the relaxed members of a religious community and those who had voted for the Reform.

On the 19th of June, 1664, the bulls authorizing the profession of the Abbé de Rancé arrived from Rome, and a day was fixed for the ceremony. But before finally binding himself by vows he announced solemnly that he saw nothing in the so-called Strict Observance approaching to the primitive Cistercian spirit, and that it was his intention to revive that spirit at La Trappe. The declaration was like a thunder-clap both to the prior of Perseigne and the vicar-general. They disapproved of any attempt to restore the ancient order of things more completely than had been thought prudent in the Reform actually existing; and yet in refusing to profess the Abbé de Rancé they saw that they would be depriving Cîteaux of one who was perhaps destined to be its chiefest support and ornament in that century. After some deliberation they replied that he would be at liberty to do the best he could with his own monastery; but they were convinced that he would find no one to second him in his views, and that probably, finding his plan impracticable, he would be content to abandon it. De Rancé accordingly pronounced his vows (26th of June, 1664), and, after being consecrated abbot by Mgr. Plunket, Bishop of Ardagh, in Ireland, proceeded to take possession of La Trappe.

It would have been impossible that a man so distinguished as De Rancé should have passed through this solemn crisis unnoticed by the world he was leaving behind him. The eyes of France were upon him, and friends and enemies were anxiously waiting to see what he would do. They had not to wait long. The kind

of life introduced into La Trappe by the religious of the Strict Observance was not very austere. On fast-days they dined at eleven; a liberal collation was allowed, and silence was not very strictly observed. There was an hour's recreation every day after dinner, and a walk once a week. The religious might still receive visits in the parlors. Soon, however, after the consecration of their abbot, his fervor communicated itself to those around him; laxity gave way to a relish for penance, and his example was a keen incentive to the practice of every kind of mortification.

By common consent of the religious fish ceased entirely to be an article of their food, eggs were only to be allowed in cases of sickness, meat was altogether prohibited except in serious maladies. Hitherto butter had been used in preparing the various dishes of vegetables on which they dined, but, the abbot having forbidden any butter to be put into his portion of food, the whole community followed his example. With regard to the rule of silence, De Rancé began by allowing his religious to speak once a day; then, as they were very careful to accuse themselves in chapter of every idle word that had escaped them, and of the least imperfection they had noticed in themselves or in each other, the penance he usually imposed for this kind of fault was to keep silence for several days together, thus preparing them for the perpetual silence he purposed to introduce among them. Then when they appeared ripe for such an austerity he decreed:

1. That the community being assembled, either in the refectory, the chapter-house, at conference, or elsewhere, no religious should speak except to the superior presiding.

2. That the religious should have no communication with each other, either by word of mouth, by letter, or by signs, and much less with individuals from without.

It was decreed further that, to avoid every occasion for speaking, no two religious were to be together without necessity, and that a breach of this rule should be considered a breach of silence.

This rule of silence came to be so strictly observed at La Trappe that the effect produced on the guests, always hospitably received there, was like the hush of some vast sanctuary in the desert. At the same time each monk was exhorted to open his heart to his superior as often as he felt the need, and the Abbé de Rancé was always ready to counsel, direct, and encourage his spiritual sons, like a kind father, almost with the tenderness of a mother.

Manual labor, such as ploughing, sowing, reaping, gardening, occupied three hours of the day, the monks going to their work in procession, one by one, headed by their abbot.

But the life and soul of their austerities was the prayer and psalmody with which this desert place was incessantly vibrating. Our Lord's command to "*pray without ceasing*" was here carried out in full.

Gregorian plain chant was the psalmody in use, and De Rancé brought it to such perfection that each word, each note seemed palpitating with life. It was as if angels had joined their voices to those of the monks to make them so plaintively sweet. At night, when they rose to sing Matins, their voices, welling up out of the darkness and the deep silence, swept through the great, dim arches of the church in strains of unearthly beauty.

This picture of the white-robed penitents of La Trappe, bare-headed and with naked feet on the cold stones, making sweet melody in their hearts to God, is pleasanter to look upon than the picture with which we began, with all its pomp and splendor. Both belong to the past, but this lives on.

A QUEEN.

LET happy lovers sing the bliss of June,
When with life's sweetest chords earth keepeth tune,
The growing year's full maiden perfectness
With untried heart and open hand to bless.

Be mine October's deeper grace to sing—
Of golden sunshine daily shortening,
Of empty nests and songs of summer stilled :
With sense of loss each passing hour filled.

Strong-armed and beautiful she comes, like one
That holds the labor of her life undone
So long as from deep fountain of her heart
Life's crimson currents on life's errands start.

To-day a queen ; her draperies of gold
And royal scarlet falling fold on fold
About the firm-shod feet so swift to move
On womanly mission of untiring love.

Smiling she stands and softly sings to rest
With gracious deeds the sorrow of her breast—
The empty nests she never hath seen filled,
June's loving-cup before her coming spilled.

In the sharp air the tired earth lies a-cold—
Gently our queen lets fall her robe of gold :
She heeds not chill nor loss of raiment fine.
Her lessened shadow lets sun wider shine.

She lights 'mid wreck the hazel's trembling rays,
For her blue gentians wait, 'mid untrod ways,
The brown nuts ripen, and pale April flowers
Awake to live the dream of summer hours :

Late blossoming of violets her gift,
Amid decay, the weary earth to lift
To thought of joy beyond the dark to be—
May's tender grace her eyes shall never see.

A queen to-day. To-morrow she shall stand
Rifled by rain and frost ; her open hand,
Save her sweet self, scarce holding any gift,
Her scattered gold on whirling winds a-drift.

So softly all the sky and sunlit hills
And leafless woods her gracious presence fills :
So life's loss veiling with love's tender art,
Sweet lips betraying not heroic heart.

To-day a queen with life at her behest ;
After—of life and kingdom dispossessed.
Wise spendthrift ! whom all loss but readier finds
To give her sunshine to warm wintry winds.

To-morrow we shall look for her in vain,
Though rest on perfect skies not any stain
Of tears to tell of earth's beloved dead.
Who love, shall feel their winsome mistress fled.

Then, when upon November, naked, cold,
St. Martin's Summer spreads its cloak of gold,
Soft we shall murmur : Lo ! October's wraith
That blessing brings beyond the gates of death.

"HAS ROME JURISDICTION?"

I.

SOME little time ago two articles appeared in the London *Church Times* under the above heading. The title is so singular, it possesses an air of such startling novelty, that the Catholic reader naturally pauses, if only in mere curiosity, to ascertain what new tactics can have prompted a question so foreign in its wording to the ordinary lingo of Protestant polemics, and particularly to that of the right wing of the Anglican High-Church party, which has always been credited with at least maintaining a respectful bearing towards the claims of the Catholic hierarchy as being the only source and foundation of their own. But a very cursory perusal of these articles will clear up the mystery and supply the solution of the riddle. Defeated at all points, routed along the entire line, their orders discredited, their sacraments exploded, their mimicry of Catholic worship and Catholic practices proved a delusion and a snare by reason of its very barrenness in producing any of those higher phases of the spiritual life without which elaborate ceremonial and orthodox views, even coupled with much of earnestness and refinement, are but as whitened sepulchres, the Ritualists have at last reached that conventional straw which is represented as the final and but too deceptive refuge of a drowning man, and in very desperation cry out, regardless alike of their own hopeless condition in this respect and of the invulnerable position of those whom they attack: *Has Rome Jurisdiction?*

To us, who for long years have watched the progress of their gallant struggle for existence and recognition, there is something truly melancholy in this cry; it is as the last and final challenge of a brave and vanquished people, driven from their fair lowlands and smiling pastures into some mountain fastness deemed by them impregnable, but in vain! The cohorts of ever-victorious Rome can follow them even there; her universal dominion and her invincible standards will and must make themselves respected *per totam orbem terrarum*, and the defiant shout of the defeated but heroic fugitives serves but as their death-cry.

Just such is the feeling which possesses a Catholic convert on perusing the articles referred to. The very fact that at this late

hour every other question has been implicitly abandoned, as is proved by the adoption of this final subterfuge, is in itself a confession of defeat. We grant you, they say by implication, that Parker's consecration was decidedly "fishy"; we admit that the arguments in favor of one visible Rome-headed church as a fulfilment of our Lord's promise, if only it can be shown to have a practical and real existence, are absolutely unanswerable, and that the idea is both comforting and assuring; we know but too well that even the last grand effort of so redoubtable a champion of Anglo Catholicism as Dr. Littledale, in his *Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome*, has fallen flat and innoxious: but we have gone on too far and too long to surrender easily; we must attack the enemy in his very acropolis, and prove—in our own unique way—that this boasted centre of unity and jurisdiction is but a phantom after all; that no jurisdiction can possibly flow from, or be rightfully claimed by, the Roman pontiff in consequence of the very simple fact—which we, after three centuries of Anglo-Roman controversy, have been the first to discover—that there has been no canonical election to the Papacy possibly for a thousand years, nor *possible* for about four hundred, and that "the Petrine line, if ever a reality," in all probability "ended in the tenth century." *Risum teneatis, amici?*

For ourselves, in sooth, we do not know whether to laugh or to cry! The witness of the church throughout all these centuries, the testimony of history, the recognition of the nations, the common sense of Catholic and Protestant Europe, all are to go to the wall in the presence of this latest discovery of the sages of Little Queen Street! There is no pope, and there has been no pope, possibly since the fourth century, probably since the tenth, certainly since the year 1484!

The above astounding statements have been deliberately put forward not merely by the *Church Times*, but at still greater length by so grave and sober a periodical as the *Church Quarterly Review*; put forward, moreover, with a flourish of trumpets evidently intended to convey the impression that Rome, the great opponent of Anglicanism, is once for all vanquished, her arrogant claims demolished, and her very superstructure undermined, little recking that their boastful shout, *Delenda est Carthago*, is but the presage of their own permanent immersion into the ocean of oblivion.

Three distinct lines of argument are adduced by these periodicals as proving the non-existence of the Papacy, and consequently the downfall of the whole system of jurisdiction flowing there-

from ; all are professedly based upon the fundamental principles of Roman canon law. They are as follows :

1. In the course of the tenth century, during a period of some sixty years, the Holy See was occupied by a series of usurpers infamous alike for the methods adopted to secure their elevation, and in their private lives both before and afterwards. This line of false pontiffs, which was ushered in by the violent deposition of the lawful pope, was maintained by simony, force, deception, and the machinations of three disreputable women, Theodora the elder and her daughters Theodora and Marozia. This period is termed by historians the *Tuscan Domination*, or, in the refined language of our Anglican contemporary, the *scortocracy*. The argument in general is that, during this long series of invalidly-elected pontiffs, the race of validly-appointed cardinals must have died out, and that consequently at the end of this period, there being no legitimately-constituted body of papal electors, the papal office lapsed and came to an end. To make assurance still more sure, further instances of a somewhat similar nature are given in succeeding centuries.

2. The second line of argument, to be adopted failing the one just exposed, may be best set forth in the *ipsissima verba* of the article :

"But, in addition to the two huge gaps in the succession to which we have already drawn attention, there is another of an equally serious kind, and, on the principles of canon law, equally making that succession invalid. We mean the seventy years' residence of the popes at Avignon, from 1309 to 1379. It is canonically the duty of all bishops to reside in their sees, and it is on this very ground of the alleged residence of St. Peter at Rome for twenty-five years that the Roman Church claims him as Bishop of Rome rather than as Bishop of Antioch." (Then follows a quotation from the *Church Quarterly* maintaining that just as St. Peter vacated the see of Antioch on his setting up his episcopal chair in Rome, so did Pope Clement V. cease to be Bishop of Rome and became simply Bishop of Avignon, concluding :) "It is certainly startling, but no less true, *the see of Rome was ipso facto void during the long residence of the popes at Avignon.*"

3. The third argument in favor of this novel theory consists in the difficulties connected with the great Schism of the West and the action of the Council of Constance.

The writer of the first article in the *Church Times* commences by laying down the axiom, for which he claims the authority of Bellarmine, that a doubtfully valid pope is no pope at all ; and in this category he places all cases of disputed elections—not merely those which he considers "distinctly invalid elections" (of which

more anon), but those in which the "valid election of the successful candidate has never been fully proved."

"The cases of absolute nullity," says the *Church Quarterly*, "admitting of no dispute, are these: Intrusion by some external influence, without any election by the constituency; election by those who are not qualified to elect; simony, and antecedent ineligibility of certain definite kinds. The cases of highly probable nullity are those of heresy, whether manifest or secret, and whether previous to or after election to the Papacy."

This short quotation is sufficient to afford a plan of the campaign, the details of which simply consist in applying to concrete instances the principles here laid down in the abstract. The names of about thirty popes, reigning during the tenth, eleventh, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, are either mentioned or referred to in the course of these two articles as having been doubtful or invalid. The *Church Quarterly*, observes the writer, swells the list to yet larger proportions:

"The names reach from Victor I., A.D. 193, to Leo X., A.D. 1513; and within that period, out of the two hundred and three occupants of the papal throne, we find twenty-seven popes whose elections were certainly invalid according to Roman canon law, and thirty-one probably invalid—fifty-eight in all. The causes of the legal flaws in the several cases are as follows: Heresy, eight; probable simony, three; intrusion and simony, four; intrusion, seventeen; simony, four; disputed election, nine; doubtful election, ten; irregular election, one; invalid election, two."

It is claimed that none of the disavowed anti-popes are included in this catalogue, and that the "compiler of this most formidable list gives the documentary authority for the statement which he makes." As we have not the *Church Quarterly Review* before us, we must content ourselves with examining, as far as space will permit, a few specimens of the instances adduced by the *Church Times*—and, indeed, they will be amply sufficient. Nor is it necessary to dwell at length upon each of them; for, in spite of the minute, one might almost say hair-splitting, subdivisions above quoted, we shall see that one and the same reply will serve for most of them.

The writer commences with the year 903, in which he states that Pope Leo V., having reigned only about six weeks, was imprisoned by one Christopher, his own chaplain, who usurped the apostolic throne for himself. He was expelled by the infamous Sergius III., the paramour of Marozia, wife of Alberic, Marquis of Camarino.*

* As regards Sergius III., two of his contemporaries, Flodoard of Rheims and John the Deacon, give quite a different account of his character, describing him as virtuous, pious, and

"It was under his auspices," according to the *Church Quarterly*, "that the infamous triad of courtesans, the two Theodoras and Marozia, obtained the influence which enabled them to dispose several times of the papal crown. They, or Alberic of Spoleto, son of Marozia, nominated to the Papacy Anastasius III., Lando, John X., Leo VI., Stephen VII., John XI., Martin III.,* Agapitus II., and John XII., the last of whom, a mere boy at the time of his intrusion, was deposed for various atrocious crimes by a synod convened by the Emperor Otho I. in A.D. 963. The whole series, as Baronius declares, consisted of false pontiffs, having no right to their office either by election or by the subsequent assent of the electors."

In the second article the actual quotation from the *Annals* of Cardinal Baronius is given in the following translation, which we have collated with the original, and find, as the reader will see, to be substantially correct :

"What was then the semblance of the Holy Roman Church? As foul as it could be ; when harlots, superior in power as in profligacy, governed at Rome, at whose will sees were transferred, bishops were appointed, and—what is horrible and awful to say—their paramours were intruded into the see of Peter: *false pontiffs* who are set down in the catalogue of Roman pontiffs merely for chronological purposes ; for who can venture to say that persons thus shamefully intruded by such courtesans were legitimate Roman pontiffs? No mention can be found of election or subsequent consent on the part of the clergy. All the canons were buried in oblivion, the decrees of the popes stifled, the ancient traditions put under ban, and the old customs, sacred rights [*sic*], and former usages in the election of the chief pontiff were quite abolished. Mad lust, relying on worldly power, thus claimed all as its own, goaded on by the sting of ambition. Christ was then in a deep sleep in the ship, when the ship itself was covered by the waves and the great tempests were blowing. And, what seemed worse, there were no disciples to wake him with their cries as they slept, for all were snoring. You can imagine as you please what sort of priests and deacons were chosen as cardinals by these monsters" † (*Ann.*, 912, viii.)

The reader will by this time have gained a tolerable insight into the bent of the argument. It is throughout an *argumentum*

zealous ; while the epitaph on his tomb represents him as "an excellent pastor, beloved by all classes." (Cf. Alzog, vol. ii. p. 293.)

* Called also Marinus II.

† The original of this remarkable passage runs as follows : Quæ tunc facies sanctæ Ecclesiæ Romanæ ? Quam fœdissima, cum Romæ dominarentur potentissimæ æque ac sordidissimæ meretrices ? Quarum arbitrio mutarentur sedes, darentur Episcopi, et quod auditu horrendum et infandum est, intruderentur in sedem Petri earum amasii, pseudo-pontifices, qui non sint nisi ad consignanda tanta tempora in catalogo Romanorum pontificum scripti. Quis enim a scortis hujusmodi intrusos sine lege, legitimos dicere posset Romanos fuisse pontifices ? Nusquam cleri eligentis vel postea consentientis aliqua mentio, canones omnesque pressi silentio, decreta pontificum suffocata, proscriptæ antiquæ traditiones, veteresque in eligendo Summo Pontifice consuetudines, sacrique ritus et pristinus usus prorsus extincti. Sic vindicaverat omnia sibi libido, sæculari potentia freta, etc. (*Annales Ecclesiastici*, tom. x. anno 912, viii. p. 577. Ed. Venetiis, MDCCXI.)

ad hominem, based professedly "upon the principles of Roman canon law." The "pseudo-papacy" of the present day is to be convicted, like the wicked servant in the Gospel, out of its own mouth and by the testimony of its staunchest adherents; Bellarmine is to be cited as a witness "that a doubtful pope is to be esteemed as not a pope," and the inference will be drawn that such false popes could of course themselves, throughout this long period of sixty-odd years, create "none but invalid clerical electors." Thus the whole edifice of "ultramontane Romanism" is to be brought clattering down like the walls of Jericho; popery, that old bugbear of "our pure reformed church," is shown to be but a distended bladder after all; the bladder is pricked—*solvuntur tabulæ risu*—and Anglicanism remains master of the situation!

Well, hardly! We trust that we are not hard-hearted, and a man must be callous indeed who could, without a qualm, attempt to turn the laugh against those who have thus mapped out their plans for the destruction of the Papacy with such winning complacency; but the interests of truth are paramount, and we trust that before laying down the pen we shall be able to show clearly that the truth in the present instance, both as regards the real nature of all these transactions, the genuine history of the times, and the true principles of canon law, has been grossly violated.

To begin at the beginning: The opening scene of lawlessness and violence which represents Leo V. as being imprisoned by Christopher, a priest of that pontiff's household, who usurps the see of Rome for himself, has for centuries been a matter of controversy. So far as we know, the earliest writer who records these supposed events is Vincent of Beauvais in the thirteenth century, who is followed by Platina in the fifteenth, and subsequently by many others, among whom is the illustrious Cardinal Baronius himself. But surely these authorities come very late, and are scarcely deserving of much credit in the presence of the fact that Luitprand, Bishop of Cremona, a contemporary of these very events and a bitter and extravagant denouncer of the corruptions of the Papacy in his time,* is entirely silent upon the point. Nor is his the only voice we should have expected to hear raised in lamentation over so great an evil; we have other contemporaneous historians whose reputation for accuracy and impartiality is of a far higher order, such as Flodoard, or Frodoard,

* Of this writer the Abbé Fleury (a favorite with Anglicans) says: "Le style de Luitprand temoigne plus d'esprit et d'érudition, que de jugement. Il affecte d'une manière puerile de montrer qu'il se avoit le grec. Il mêle souvent des vers à sa prose; il est partout extrêmement passionné, chargeant les uns d'injures, les autres de louanges et de flatteries" (Fleury, *Histoire Ecclésiastique*, vol. viii, book lvi. No. 22).

a canon of Rheims, and John the Deacon, the former of whom simply records the death of Leo and the *subsequent* accession soon afterwards (*mox*) of Christopher.* The testimony of these contemporary writers is corroborated by others who, although living some centuries afterwards, were anterior to the earliest authority on the other side—viz., Peter Mallius, who flourished in the twelfth century, an anonymous writer of Salerno of the same period, and Leo of Ostia in the succeeding century. Neither of these authors know anything of these deeds of violence which are supposed to have ushered in what has been called the Tuscan Domination; and, dark as that period may have been and probably was, utterly unfitted as some of the occupants of the papal throne undoubtedly were for their sublime office, we must not, however, allow things to be represented as worse than they in reality were, nor admit, in such a discussion and with such issues at stake, a class of evidence coming far too late and based upon foundations much too slender to support such a superstructure. Nor, when the evidence is duly weighed, do the charges against several of the other popes in this category appear to be any more worthy of credence. More than one of these "monsters"—Sergius III., Anastasius III., Lando, John X., Leo VI., Stephen VIII. (VII.), John XI., Leo VII., Stephen VIII. (IX.), Martin III. (Marinus II.), Agapitus II., and John XII.—given in the list of the *Church Times*, turn out to be respectable and blameless men. Anastasius III. and Leo VI. were distinguished for integrity and zeal for reform. Even of Sergius III., "infamous" though he be in the eyes of the *Church Times*, there is much to be said. He appears neither to have been invalidly elected nor to have shown himself a monster of iniquity. Almaricus Angerius, an ancient chronicler whose writings are preserved by Muratori, thus records the event:

"Sergius III., a Roman and the son of one Benedict, succeeded the aforesaid intruder Christopher *by canonical election*, and became the hundred and twenty-seventh pope after St. Peter."†

The testimony of Flodoard is still more emphatic. Speaking of his return from exile, he says:

"Thence returned Sergius, who, though long since elected to the highest dignity, had been driven away into exile, and for seven long years remained concealed as a fugitive. Recalled from hence *by the suffrages of the people*, he is consecrated to the exalted office once before awarded to him.

* Flodoard, *Vitæ Romanorum Pontificum*, apud Muratori, *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*.

† Ibidem.

On the accession of this pontiff, the third of the name, the entire world entered upon a period of happiness lasting seven years." *

The witness of Luitprand, upon whom Baronius mostly depends, against this pontiff, is in open conflict with the most ancient and authentic records. It was not, as Luitprand asserts, in opposition to Formosus that he had been set up as anti-pope, but to John IX.; † he was called back to Rome, not, as that historian maintains, by the arms of Albert of Tuscany, but, as we have seen, by the voice of the Roman people themselves, and by them elected to the Apostolic See; ‡ it was not he but Stephen VII. who offered shameful indignities to the dead body and to the memory of Formosus; not he but Duke Alberic of Spoleto was the father of John IX. It must be borne in mind in this connection that Luitprand was a partisan writer of intensely Germanic tendencies, who spared no opportunity of defaming the Italians, and the Tuscan court in particular. When, therefore, we find the assertions of a chronicler of this description conflicting with all other contemporaneous authorities, and particularly with one so grave and impartial as Flodoard, § we may safely refuse to accept the charges as in any way proved.

Space forbids us to continue this investigation in detail with reference to each of the succeeding pontiffs on the list, or we might show that even John X., a relative of Theodora the elder, was not without apologists in his own day, who, though personally opposed to him, admitted his good qualities, while Flodoard speaks in terms of praise of his government both of the archbishopric of Ravenna and of the Apostolic See. And if we are forced to admit that one or two in this series, especially the pontiff who closes the number—the youthful debauchee, John XII.—were a disgrace to the church, no argument can be deduced therefrom prejudicial to the existence of the Papacy or the survival of its jurisdiction. The unmeasured terms in which Baronius, as we have seen, declares that there was nowhere any mention of

* Ibidem. "Sergius inde redit, dudum qui lectus ad arcem
Culminis, exsilio tulerat rapiente repulsam :
Qui profugus latuit septem volventibus annis.
Hinc populi remeans precibus, sacratur honore,
Pridem adsignato, quo nomine tertius exit
Antistes : Petri eximia quo sede recepto
Præsule gaudet orans annis septe amplius orbis."

† Flodoard, *De Rom. Pont.* Epitaph Sergii III.

‡ Ibidem et Johan. Diac. *De Eccl. Lateran.*

§ The Abbé Blanc, in his *Cours d'Histoire Ecclésiastique*, vol. i. p. 703, says : "Les critiques s'accordent à reconnaître dans Flodoard, à un degré éminent, les qualités, qui concilient à l'historien la confiance, et dans ses écrits la source la plus pure pour tous les faits dont il a parlé."

election by the clergy or of subsequent consent, which contains the pith of the argument adduced by the *Church Times*, has been shown from contemporary authorities, as regards the first instance (Sergius III.), to have been incorrect; and drawn, as all his information was, from the jaundiced and untrustworthy pages of Luitprand, we may reasonably suppose that he may have been equally misled as to the rest.

But let us waive the point. Let us admit to the full the allegations of Luitprand and Baronius, and go so far as to grant to the *Church Times* that all these twelve popes were invalidly elected, or even not elected at all, but were thrust by crime, force, bribery, cajolery, and deception into the papal throne through means of that clique over which the courtesan Theodora and her daughters reigned supreme; does the consequence drawn by the articles under review legitimately follow? Are we driven to conclude that, the see of Peter having been in reality vacant for such a lapse of time, the succession of pontiffs necessarily came to an end by reason of the extinction of the only electoral body capable of perpetuating it? The Catholic, of course, with our Lord's promise before his eyes and divine faith in his heart, will only smile at this question; but we are not dealing with Catholics. Our object is to expose, if possible, to those sincere and well-meaning seekers after truth whom the sophistries and misstatements of such articles as those we are discussing may stagger and upset, that the only merit possessed by these specious compositions lies in the coolness of assumption; that we are not in the slightest degree alarmed at their high-handed and aggressive tone; that we are perfectly willing to meet them on their own ground, to accept their challenge, and to prove that, upon "the fundamental principles of Roman canon law" and of Catholic theology, their fusilade against the Papacy is as futile as it is absurd. *Cæsarem appellasti? Ad Cæsarem ibis!*

Our reply, therefore, to the assertion that the see of Peter must have been vacant through all these years on account of the invalidity of the election of each succeeding pontiff, is simply this: *The invalidity or nullity of the canonical election in each and all of these cases was remedied by the subsequent and ultimate assent, recognition, and acceptance of the entire church.*

That this is so we shall proceed to prove by unimpeachable authorities.

The entire argument of the *Church Times* is based upon the assumption that, inasmuch as under the present organization of the church the Roman cardinals constitute the elective body,

when a vacancy occurs in the Papacy, should no legitimately-appointed college of cardinals be in existence, no pope can be elected, at all events until the privilege of electing has been formally withdrawn from the cardinals and placed in other hands. And so, failing any such formal revocation during the interval which has elapsed between the accession of Sergius III. and the present time, the sovereign pontificate, wanting a legitimate body of electors, has been *ipso facto* vacant.

To this argument we might reply that it is exceedingly improbable that the election of the pontiffs was at this early date confined to the cardinals, but was still in the hands of the Roman clergy and people, in which case the plea of our contemporary falls to the ground at once. There is, however, some controversy upon this point, more, indeed, in the direction of a later than an earlier period for the introduction of the change,* and we will therefore cede the point. We may also pass over the assumption (for we doubt very much whether the *Church Times* has had the time or the materials for verifying the statement) that *all* the cardinals who had been appointed before the year 903 were dead in 963, the year of the deposition of John XII. and the introduction of a line of reforming German pontiffs. Considering the early age at which many youthful scions of noble families were admitted to the most exalted dignities in those degenerate times, it is quite within the range of possibility that some of the original electors might have been living. But be this as it may, granting that they had all passed away, granting, too, what is merely another assumption on the part of our contemporary, that not a single one of all these twelve popes was validly elected, does the conclusion of that journal legitimately follow upon those principles of canon law to which it appeals?

The great canonist Ferraris treats of a cognate question which has a distinct bearing upon the matter under review—viz., the difficulty that might arise in the improbable contingency of all the cardinals dying during the conclave. He says:

"If all the cardinals (which may God avert!) should die before the papal election has been consummated, theologians are not agreed upon whom the right of electing the pontiff should fall. Many assert that in such a

* Some authorities place it as late as 1562 under Pius IV., others in 1160 during the pontificate of Alexander III. The earliest date would appear to be 1059 (almost at the end of the period under review), when Nicholas II. held a council at Rome, thus described by Natalis Alexander: "Nicolaus II. . . . Romæ concilium habuit anno MLIX., cui CXIII. episcopi interfuerunt. Eadem synodus . . . decretum de Romani pontificis electione edidit, statuens ut vacante sede cardinales episcopi convenirent, de electione tractaturi, assumptisque secum clericis cardinalibus, communibus suffragiis pontificem eligerent, etc." (tom. vii. p. 12).

contingency the right would devolve upon the canons of the Lateran Basilica, whose church is, in the strictest sense, the pope's cathedral as bishop of the city and of the world; and some regard this opinion as very safe and probable. Others hold that this right would be vested in an œcumenical council, because the pope is pastor not only of the city of Rome but of the universal church. Others maintain that it pertains to the patriarchs.*

We quote these words of this illustrious canonist, not as having an immediate bearing upon the case under discussion, but because they distinctly show that "upon the fundamental principles of canon law" the absence of a body of cardinal electors, even under the present constitution of the church, is no bar to the filling-up of the vacancy which may be provided for in various other duly-recognized ways. Schmalzgrueber, however, an authority of no less weight, gives a solution directly to the point, and entirely sweeps away the contention of the *Church Times*. He says:

"Question 8. Whether the pope becomes truly such immediately on his election by the cardinals?

"Resp. A distinction must be made as to whether the election were legitimate or otherwise.

"If the *latter*, the election of the cardinals, since it is invalid, can confer no rights upon the elected. Hence the *acceptance of the universal church* must be waited for, which, should it supervene, *it will remedy the defect in the election* invalidly made by the cardinals, if a condition required by human law alone be wanting; for the church cannot heal the defect of a condition required by the divine law.† But since, from the common consent of theologians, it is credible with *divine faith* that any pope, after he has been accepted as such by the universal church, is the true vicar of Christ and the successor of blessed Peter, there can be no danger of the church consenting to a pontiff who suffers from the defect of a condition required by the divine law."‡

The rationale of this doctrine, which one would think would be palpable to all who profess to believe in the church's indefectibility, is thus set forth by Suarez:

"Reply to the first argument in No. 1. (The question proposed in the number referred to is—*Whether we can be certain with the assent of faith that such and such a man is the true pontiff and head of the church*. The first argument is as follows: We have said that as, in order that a rule of faith should be of utility, it ought not only to be believed simply *in confuso* but also as something determined, and this presupposes an individual or something which we can behold with our eyes, and in this sense it is called visible; so in the present instance we inquire whether in like manner the

* Ferraris, vol. vii., *Papa*, art. i. No. 44.

† Such as heresy, the absence of reason, and so on.

‡ Schmalzgrueber, *Jus, Eccl. Univ.*, lib. i. pars ii. tit. vi. No. 93.

true pontiff should be some visible and determined individual, so that we should not only believe that there is a supreme head in the church which has its seat at Rome, but also that he is such and such a man whom we behold with our eyes. This appears not to be so, since God has never revealed it.) To the first argument (here quoted) we reply that this is revealed by God in the same way that it is revealed that such and such an organization is the true church, whence, when he revealed that Peter is head of the church, he equally revealed it in a general way concerning each of his successors, and all that is wanting is sufficient demonstration that this or that is contained under such and such revelation; but such demonstration is afforded by the universal testimony and approbation of the church, which fact is plainly set forth by the example of a similar case, for it does not appear that God ever revealed that the bishop of Rome rather than he of Alexandria is the sovereign pontiff, because this was never stated in express terms, but merely implied *in confuso* when he revealed to St. Peter the dignity and perpetuity of his office, because such revelation manifests itself in, and has for its object, those bishops or their episcopate who hold the succession from Peter after that succession has been sufficiently demonstrated through the tradition and universal consent of the church; but seeing that it must be clearly manifest that sufficient demonstration has been given to place all under the obligation of assent, this demonstration appears to some to be offered when a rightly and duly elected and so veritable pontiff is set forth; and this, indeed, is all that is necessary in order that from the precept of obedience and charity we should be bound to obey such a pontiff, and that no one should rightly be able to disjoin himself from him without schism; nevertheless, speaking as we do on the present occasion concerning the assent of faith, the demonstration will not, perhaps, be sufficiently sure until it be made morally certain that he has been accepted by the whole church and is in peaceful possession of his primatial dignity, and so can place all the faithful under the obligation of believing whatever he defines; *for in such case it is most certainly to be believed that the universal church cannot fall into error in so grave a matter as would be a mistake regarding the living rule of faith, such an error being tantamount to an error in the faith itself.*"*

Hence it is very clear that no such calamity as that imagined by the *Church Times* can ever overtake the church of Christ. He founded it upon a rock—the rock of Peter†—and placed in Peter's see that centre of unity which was throughout all time to be the basis and foundation, the *radix et matrix*, of that visible oneness by means of which his church should be unmistakably distinguished from surrounding sects; and since any aggregation of beings endowed with free-will is liable to become the subject of disagreement and division, he placed that centre of unity in

* Suarez, *De Fide*, disp. x. sect. v. No. 6.

† Tertullian, *De Præscript.*, c. 22. Origen, *In Exod.*, hom. v. No. 4. tom. ii. p. 145 Migne. St. Greg. Naz., *Orat.* xxxii. No. 18, p. 591, ed. Bened. Migne. St. Epiphanius, *Adv. Hæres.* (59), Nos. 7, 8, p. 500. St. Jerome, lib. iii. *Comment in Matt.* xvi., p. 124. St. Augustine, *In Ps. lxi.*, n. 4.

one man, the occupant of Peter's see. Were it possible that by the malice of the devil or the wickedness of man, through the violence of tyrants or the intrigues of harlots, that office should cease to exist, the church of Christ would have been shattered to its foundations, the rule of faith destroyed, the light shining in the darkness extinguished, and the gates of hell would have prevailed against the kingdom of God. This we, as Catholics, know cannot be, and those who pretend to argue with us on Catholic principles ought in justice to acknowledge this fact.

So much, then, for the line of popes who occupied St. Peter's chair during the "Tuscan Domination." In the next century, says the *Church Times*, "we have another series of intruding popes, who secured their position by simony—viz., Benedict VIII., John XIX., Benedict IX., and Gregory VI., covering" a period of "thirty-four years." Of course, in view of what we have already shown regarding the revalidation of all such questionable elections by the subsequent assent of the church, it would avail nothing were our contemporary able to prove its assertion relating to these pontiffs—an attempt from which it wisely refrains. Of Benedict VIII. Natalis Alexander says emphatically that "he succeeded to Sergius IV. by canonical election" ("*Sergio IV. canonica electione successit Benedictus VIII.*")* The same historian does, indeed, assert of John XIX., or XX., that he secured the Apostolic See by a large pecuniary expenditure, but he does so on the authority of a contemporary chronicler, Glaber, who is acknowledged as having been biassed, while the contrary is most plainly implied in a letter addressed to that pontiff by St. Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres. It is, on the other hand, admitted on all sides that the youthful profligate Benedict IX. was elected through the bribery of his father, Alberic of Tuscany, and that his pontificate was a disgraceful episode in the annals of the Holy See; but he was a true pope: "Son autorité," says Rohrbacher, "fut reconnue et respectée par toute la terre."† The last pope in the list surely nothing but the most inveterate *odium theologicum* would charge with the crime of simony. The scandals connected with the life of Benedict IX. had become intolerable, and his evil example was producing a disastrous effect upon the morals and discipline of the clergy. To obviate these evils he was persuaded to resign and accept a pension of fifteen hundred *livres*. That this very moderate allowance was in no sense simo-

* Natalis Alexander, tom. vii. p. 3. Ditmar, according to Rohrbacher, bears his testimony that Benedict was elected by a majority of the suffrages of the people.

† Rohrbacher, vol. xiii. book lxiil. p. 481.

niacal is proved by the fact, attested by St. Peter Damian at the time, that the early councils of the church had awarded as much to mere bishops on resigning their sees,* while the exalted personal character of Pope Gregory VI. himself, and the manifestly justifiable motives which prompted his action, render the accusation unworthy of notice.

ALONG THE GREEN BIENNE.

THE most delightful of all thoroughfares in the Jura are the rivers and streams that wind among the mountains, linking one beautiful valley with another. One of these water-courses is the Bienne—the wayward, freakish Bienne—which leads the traveller through a succession of charming valleys, amazing him at every turn with the varied and wonderful beauty of the landscapes. And there is no less variety of temperature. Winter and summer are often found within a few hours of each other, affording great contrasts of vegetation and atmospheric phenomena. In one place the river pours through a wild, picturesque gorge overhung by precipitous rocks, through which the wind rushes howling, with frequent squalls of snow and hail; and the torrent, with emulous roar, dashes over huge rocks which beat the waters into a raging foam, and then, as if by magic, issues with many-tinted hues into a vernal region of richest green, radiant with the sun, girt by mountains, to be sure, but their bases are covered with vines, orchards, and gardens that give out a balmy fragrance delicious to inhale. On every side a beautiful picture meets the eye. Mountains, woods, torrents, verdant glades, woodland chapels, little homesteads sheltered among fruit-trees and gardens, the solitude of the mountains, and the busy hum of the valleys, by turn attract and charm the explorer. To wander on, day after day, through this maze of sylvan beauty, following the deep bends of

“That many-winding river
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses,”

is the very height of enjoyment to the lover of mountain scenery.

We came upon the Bienne just where its clear green waters

* Darras, vol. ii. p. 59.

unite, as if reluctantly, with the blue current of the Ain, a little north of Mt. Oliferne of legendary fame. Here, at the meeting of the waters, stands the village of Condes—so called from a Celtic word signifying confluence—a little back from the capricious stream to escape its frequent inundations, its soil full of Roman and Celtic remains. Overlooking it is a votive chapel on the tip of a fang-like prominence called a *molard*, greatly frequented by the river boatmen, who annually celebrate here the festival of St. Nicholas with picturesque effect. Standing around are the druidical heights of Mt. Beauregard, the Montagne du Solier, and other purple peaks, which at dawn and sunset are lit up with floods of living fire, as if once more aflame in honor of the god Belenus.

At Jeurre the valley grows broader, the gloom disappears, the sharp gray cliffs give place to gentler slopes—vine-wreathed—along the grassy meadows. Everything is fresh and verdurous. The Bienne, no longer pent up, is left free to follow its frolicsome instincts, which the people, even in remotest times, feared so much as to erect their dwellings for the most part above its reach. Pensive willows and stately poplars border the stream, which goes rippling merrily along in tune with the boatmen, whose cheery songs may be heard echoed on every side—here, by the washerwomen bleaching their clothes along the verdant banks; beyond, by the goat-herds on the heights; and not unfrequently by the stern, cloud-capped mountains themselves. The latter, in receding, put off some of their gloom. Soft, ghost-like flecks of mist disappear among the pines on the upper ridges. The sun lights up the glades below, where graze the herds. And great patches on the nether slopes are covered with beneficent chestnuts and broad-spreading beeches beneath which the rustic Tityrus might still practise his lay, "*recubans sub tegmine fagi*," after the good old bucolic fashion. Forsaken towers lend a melancholy interest to the sharpest peaks, and higher feelings are awakened by legendary chapels with villages piously gathered around them. Lézat, for instance, is perched on the top of a steep mount, overlooking a narrow gorge through which the Bienne dashes swiftly along between tall, jagged cliffs and precipitous mountains, the sides of which are beautifully draped with soft moss and graceful, palm-like fronds, kept vividly green by the oozing moisture of the rocks.

Further on the river is overhung by the village of La Mouille, on the side of a cone, the very apex of which is crowned by the church of St. Eustache—a saint dear to hunters and foresters. This is one of the most ancient churches along the Bienne, and

in early times the mountaineers were summoned to the Christian mysteries, as at Coldres and other places in the Jura, by the lighting of fires. And at the most solemn part of the rite a fresh illumination was usually kindled for the benefit of those unable to attend by reason of infirmity. The porch of this church affords a view remarkable for its extent and wild beauty.

A little to the north is another peak, on the top of which is the church of St. Isidore, patron of husbandmen, shaded by two immense lindens—the tree of the resurrection. And not far off, on a lofty plateau overlooking the Bienne, stands Longchaumois (a name derived from *chaume*, a coarse grass of these mountains), a town of only fifteen hundred inhabitants, though so ancient as to be mentioned in a cartulary of King Lothaire in 855. It is peopled with herdsmen, hunters, wood-choppers, fur-dressers, carvers, lapidaries, etc., who are grave, intelligent, and noted for their industry, like all the people in the Jura. The streets are full of life and activity, and resonant with sonorous voices. Well-built stone houses bespeak the thrift and comfortable circumstances of the owners, and the spacious, handsomely-ornamented Gothic church testifies to their piety.

In this remote town was born Mannon, or Manno, the celebrated monk of St. Oyan, whose reputation for learning induced Charles le Chauve to appoint him successor of Joannes Scotus Erigena as master of the Palatine school. But after the death of Louis le Bègue he returned to the abbey of St. Oyan, in whose peaceful solitude he composed his treatises on Plato and Aristotle, which not long since were disinterred from the libraries of Holland. And it was here he died in the odor of sanctity about the year 880.

In the neighborhood of Longchaumois linger many customs and beliefs handed down from Celtic times. Around the Fontaine Laurent the witches and sorcerers of former days held their unholy sabbaths. The Ruisseau de la Givre, or Vouivre, is so called from the winged serpent famous in the Jura. The fountain of Trépière (*trois pierres*) and the height of Mirbey are associated with druidical observances, as well as the monumental stone of the Borne des Sarrasins, and the Trou des Sarrasins, a deep cavern in the mountain-side where the people took refuge from the Moors of the eighth century.

The Saracens have left many other traces in this region, such as the Vie (*Via*, or way) des Maures, the Champ Sarrasin, the Château Sarrasin, etc. And associated with their ravages is Maringa, a village on one of these mountains, which derives its

name from St. Marin, who, more than a thousand years ago, fled from Italy to escape the honors of the episcopate, and took refuge in a cave of this mountain, where he attained such power over the wild beasts that the very bears ministered to his wants. Hermit as he was, he took such a deep interest in the welfare of the peasants that when the country was invaded by the Saracens he came forth from his cell to intercede in their behalf. The enemy seized him and cast him into a fiery furnace, but he passed through the flames uninjured and was finally beheaded, and thus went to join the noble army of

“ Martyrs crowned with heavenly meed.”

It is in the legend of St. Marin the first mention is made of the ancient town of Moirans, which became the seat of a barony on whose escutcheon is a Saracen's head, surmounted by the cross of St. Andrew—another reminiscence of the Moorish invasion. This town stands at the entrance of a narrow gorge between the Ain and the Bienne, and its former importance is shown by the ruins of two old castles on opposite heights which defended the pass and still bear the marks of more than one attack of the Swiss Calvinists. These religionists took special pleasure in ravaging the monastic lands of St. Claude, to which Moirans seems to have belonged at an early period, for the abbot of that monastery was obliged to mortgage his castle here in 1296 to André Chatard, lord-châtelain of Arbent. It was soon redeemed, however, and the town became a flourishing place under abbatial rule. There were weavers, dyers, tanners, carvers, turners, shoemakers, and other craftsmen, all of whom had their guilds. The abbot himself came here from time to time to administer justice, followed by a train of dignitaries, both clerical and lay, which increased the life and consequence of the town. Standing on the highway of travel to Geneva, it carried on a brisk trade with the people of the neighboring valleys, especially at fair-times, and on market-days, and whenever the abbot held court here. But an end was put to all this prosperity by the Calvinists of the sixteenth century, who burned the mills, workshops, and farm-houses, destroyed the crops, laid waste the lands, and carried off the flocks and herds. A more pleasant recollection is that of the benign St. François de Sales, whose statue near the *presbytère* points out the house where he lodged in his apostolic courses through the Jura.

The country around Moirans was once covered with druidical forests, and the stones of the Champ Dolent remind one of the

menhirs of Dolent in Brittany. It is a place full of folk-lore and tales of fairies and fabulous animals, such as the Drack and the Cheval Blanc—a pale phantom-horse that haunts the old mill at Moirans. And there are many Celtic monuments around Lect, which stands on the side of a mountain at the south. In full view of the old church of St. Pierre is “a dismal cirque of Druid stones,” several of which are still erect; and there is a mysterious passage or aisle on a cliff, walled in by great blocks of stone, to which you ascend by a flight of steps hewn in the rock. This now bears the name of the “Fairies’ Baume” or Cavern, though suggestive of giants rather than of fairies.

Other places in this vicinity have names more pleasant to the Christian ear, such as the Combe St. Romain, the Champ St. Pierre, the Combe du Saint, etc.—places in which is centred all the charm of these delightful mountain valleys. It was in this region we came upon the *Vie des Pèlerins*—the Pilgrims’ Road—so named because it led to the thrice famous sanctuary of St. Claude, where many popular saints once lay enshrined. It was in the same direction our pilgrim feet were tending.

The town of St. Claude is in the very heart of the Jura mountains, surrounded by some of their loftiest peaks. It owes its origin to the abbey of that name—one of the countless monasteries in Europe whose downfall was the result of state interference, such as the sequestration of property, which paralyzed the industries carried on by the monks and diminished their power of usefulness in other directions; and the appointment of commendatory abbots, which introduced a worldly element, leading inevitably to the decay of the monastic spirit. This abbey became famous under three different names. In the fifth century it bore the name of Condat, because established by St. Romain at the confluence of the Tâcon and the Bienne. The next century it took the name of St. Oyan, or Oyand, from one of the holy abbots, whose tomb had become noted for miracles. But in the twelfth century the shrine of St. Claude more especially attracted public attention, and his name gradually superseded the others.

Full of active industry as the town of St. Claude now is, it is difficult to realize what an appalling wilderness the place was fourteen hundred years ago, when St. Romain came here, leaving behind all the comforts of a patrician home at Izernore. Old legends tell of the commotion of the elements at his arrival. The powers of darkness were let loose against him. Terrible storms made the very mountains tremble—storms such as long after inspired Byron’s lines, when the red-bearded thunder leaped

from crag to crag, threatening to annihilate him. But nothing could daunt the stout-hearted saint. He planted his staff beside a spring that gushed out from the mountain-side, overshadowed by an immense pine, and betook himself earnestly to watching and praying in a way that has grown "obsolete in these impious times," as Carlyle says. In a short time he was joined by his brother Lupicin and several others, and a kind of laura was organized, combining the solitary and cenobitic life—the brethren living in separate cabins or cells, but coming together to chant the Psalms after the custom of the East, and for their frugal meals. They spent the day in labor and prayer, and in summer slept under the forest trees. St. Lupicin's couch, however, is said to have been a log hollowed out like a coffin, which he sometimes bore into the chapel that he might peacefully slumber *sub oculis Domini*.

The two brothers were admirably fitted to be a counter-restraint on each other. The gentle nature of St. Romain mitigated the sternness of St. Lupicin, and the firmness of the latter strengthened the holy impulses of the former. When the monks, weary of rigid fasts, took advantage of the plenteous harvests, and the abundance of game in the forests and fish in the streams, and spread a bounteous repast for themselves, St. Romain, grieved at heart, sent for his brother, who appeared suddenly in their midst, and, gazing with astonishment and wrath at the variety of dishes, cast herbs, vegetables, and fish all together into a huge caldron, exclaiming: "There is the mess a monk ought to eat, instead of savory dishes that lead him away from the service of God!" And when those who were weak in the flesh fled back in terror to the world, he comforted St. Romain, and said: "The jackdaws and crows have taken their flight; let us who remain take such food as suiteth the gentle doves of Christ." St. Lupicin, however, was not without tenderness of heart, and he always showed himself compassionate to the sick and the afflicted. He was a man of greater learning than his brother, and was regarded with great respect by King Chilperic, to whom he went on several errands of mercy, such as reclaiming the liberty of some mountaineers unjustly held in captivity. His influence extended even to Rome, where he found means of delivering from imprisonment his friend Agrippinus, who had been governor of Sequania.

The monks of Condat, in spite of the severity of their rule, increased so rapidly that a new monastery, called Lauconne, was founded by St. Lupicin, who became the prior. Around it sprang

up a village which now bears his name. It is about seven miles from St. Claude, on the slope of a mountain overlooking the valley of the Lizon, not far from the place where St. Marin was martyred. Here the vine is cultivated, which does not flourish at St. Claude. A tower of the old priory still remains, and an interesting church of the eleventh century in which the relics of St. Lupicin, the titular saint, are preserved in a shrine of gilded wood. Clustered around are the well-built stone houses of the village, some of the fourteenth century, peopled by industrious mountaineers, who, among other occupations, turn and carve the so-called *articles de St. Claude*.

A few miles distant is St. Romain de Roche, where the two brothers founded a convent for their sister, St. Iole, who followed them into the wilderness, accompanied by a large number of devout women. No spot could have been more happily chosen for them than this lofty plateau, at once secluded and picturesque, and at that time nearly inaccessible. The convent stood on a broad shelf of the mountain that overhangs a lovely green valley, through which, far below, pours the swift Bienne. It could only be approached from the west, where grew an almost impenetrable forest infested by wild beasts. This convent became so flourishing as to contain five hundred nuns, and still existed in the year 480, but was eventually given up to the monks of Condat. Of their monastery nothing now remains but the church, which stands solitary on the brink of the precipice, surrounded by fragments of tombs and the ruins of the ancient cloister. It contains a beautiful shrine in which is kept a portion of St. Romain's remains, who died here while on a visit to his sister. A procession comes here every year from St. Lupicin—a touching memorial of the tender affection which united the two sainted brothers with their sister, St. Iole.

These three monasteries, Condat (or St. Oyan), Lauconne, and St. Romain de Roche, became centres of civilization in the Jura, around which gathered by degrees the people dispersed in the forests, who preferred to be the vassals of the monks rather than of the turbulent barons who involved them in wars and oppressed them with exactions of all kinds. But St. Oyan, of course, was pre-eminent on account of the size of the abbey, the extent of its domains, and the number of its saints. Charlemagne, whose name always appears wherever there are traces of the Saracens, gave this monastery a large tract of land in the Jura, sixty leagues in extent, at that time overspread with forests where roamed bears, wolves, and other wild beasts, and

covered with snow a great part of the year. The early monks clothed themselves with the skins of these animals, after the example of St. Lupicin, but never fully exterminated them—perhaps never wished to do so, regarding everything as good, after its kind. We read that, seven hundred years later, the hunter who slew the first wolf of the season brought the tail to the sacristan of St. Claude, who used it to dust the statues of the saints and the carvings of the stalls; and in return the hunter was presented with two loaves of bread and two jugs of wine.

In the course of centuries the cultivation of these lands, and their colonization, rendered the abbey enormously wealthy. In the year 1245 it held rule over a great number of baronies, castles, villages, and parishes, which comprised thirty-seven priories, one hundred and five churches, and twenty-five chapels. King Pepin gave the abbots the right to coin money—the earliest known instance of such a privilege being granted to a monastery. This right was confirmed by the Emperor Frederick in 1175. A spacious abbey was built, more in accordance with the improved fortunes and needs of the monks. It stood on a plateau along the mountain-side, with terraced gardens overlooking the Tâcon, and surrounded by embattled walls flanked with towers, built by Jean de Chalon, ancestor of William of Orange. Louis XI. built the ramparts, of which a portion may be seen on the Place St. Claude. And a castle of defence was erected on a neighboring height.

The sumptuousness of the two abbatial churches was amazing, particularly that of St. Claude, in which stood about thirty rich shrines of sainted abbots and brethren, hung round with lamps of silver and gold and finely-wrought brass. Chief among them were the silver shrines of St. Oyan and St. Claude, set with precious stones. The stalls of the choir were exquisitely carved, the screen was of iron artistically wrought, and along its outer walls were ranged statues of the benefactors of the church, between which were hung chains of silver and gold and other ex-votos of all kinds.

The monks built a hospice for pilgrims, who came here in bands from remote provinces. Alms were constantly given at the gates. Every poor person was daily presented with a loaf, and meals were furnished to those who wished to be received in the infirmary. The parliaments of many cities sent deputations of pilgrims in times of public calamity. And princes came here with great devotion, such as the Dukes of Burgundy, the Counts of Savoy, and the Kings of France and Spain. Louis XI., when he came, made many rich offerings and founded a daily service

in honor of "Monseigneur St. Claude." There was a special influx of pilgrims at the high festival of this saint. It was joyfully announced on the eve by the peal of trumpets, the beating of drums, the discharge of cannon, the playing of musical instruments, and the united peal of all the bells, as soon as the monks began to intone the "Magnificat" of the Vesper service. The following day the *feretrum magnum*, containing the incorrupt body of St. Claude, was brought forth, preceded by one of the great barons of the province bearing a lighted torch, and followed by another carrying a palm. One holy shrine after another followed—St. Oyan, St. Minase, St. Antidiole, St. Injurieux, St. Olympe, St. Dagamond, St. Aufrède, St. Audéric, etc., etc.—carefully guarded by soldiers as they were borne in solemn procession through the narrow, winding streets, the mountains meanwhile echoing the chanted litanies and pealing bells. In the afternoon the "Mystery of St. Claude" was acted in public, to the great delight and edification of the people.

The wealth of the abbey excited the cupidity of the Calvinists of Geneva, and in December, 1571, they planned an attack in the night. It was, however, two o'clock in the morning when they arrived at the foot of the mountain, and hearing the bell ringing as usual for Matins, and the drums beating to summon the inhabitants to the office, as the custom was here in Advent, they supposed themselves discovered and made haste to escape.

Alas! that we are obliged to say this thrice glorious abbey was finally secularized, and afterwards destroyed by fires and revolutionists, and its shrines and priceless treasures of all kinds—the accumulation of centuries—were almost completely swept away. Of the monastic churches, only that of St. Pierre remains, which is now used as the cathedral. Here is gathered everything saved from the church of St. Claude, including the relics, which were all mingled and confounded, except those of St. Oyan, in the Revolution of 1793. In the choir of this church are some beautiful stalls of the Renaissance, the work of Pierre de Vitry. Prophets, apostles, and the saints of the abbey are carved on the panels, which are overhung by a canopy wrought with great delicacy and beauty. The altar-piece is another boast of the church, painted by Holbein, the friend of Pierre de Vitry, who induced him to come here. It is on wood, and represents the Prince of the Apostles between St. Paul and St. Andrew, with a *gradino* of scenes from the life of St. Peter.

The town of St. Claude has a delightful aspect of mediæval

times, quite in harmony with its history, though in reality it is chiefly of modern construction, the whole place having repeatedly been nearly destroyed by fire. It is most romantically situated between three high mountains, with two beautiful streams pouring rapidly through it. It is very irregularly built, but this irregularity only adds to its charm by the agreeable surprises it affords at every step. The narrowness of the valley forces the town up the hillsides, so that the streets are steep and difficult to climb, going zigzag around the acclivities, and many of the houses are built on the shelves of the mountains, with terraces and hanging gardens, or wander down into the hollows along the sinuous rivers, or go straying off along the roads that wind through the mountains. The most regular street is the Rue du Pré, the very name of which has a pleasant, rural sound. On every side may be heard the ripple and murmur of running water; everywhere its flash meets the eye, from streams, canals, and sparkling fountains. Of the latter there are eleven, brightening the crossways and cooling the air—quite enough of themselves to enliven so small a place. Some of them have beautiful basins, of which one is adorned with cupids riding on dolphins. The fountain which used to supply the whole abbey with water, and never fails, even in the driest season, is fed by the sacred spring of Bugnon, which is further up the mountain-side where St. Romain first established his hermitage. The public promenade is pleasantly overarched by umbrageous trees, and there are old bridges of legendary interest and picturesque aspect, like the Pont du Diable across the Tâcon, and a fine suspension bridge of modern workmanship across the Bienne.

St. Claude is full of life and industry. Everywhere are mills and factories and workshops, mingling the sound of their turning wheels with the music of the waters; but the various pursuits carried on here lose their usual character of mere vulgar industries, for they do not clash with the religious memories of the place. They have been handed down from monastic times, when the monks themselves practised the mechanical arts and taught them to the mountaineers, such as the art of carving and turning, so common all through the Jura, which has come down from the eighth century, when St. Viventiole, abbot of St. Oyan, founded a school near by, the first in Sequania, at a place still known as the Maison de Jouvent (*Domus Juventutis*), in which the monks not only taught letters, but various crafts, such as carving and the making of all kinds of utensils and furniture, re-

markable for beauty of workmanship. St. Viventiole himself, a man of great erudition, versed in Greek and Latin literature, sent an armchair of his own handiwork to his friend St. Avitus, Bishop of Vienne, who thanked him in a playful letter, hoping in return for so commodious a seat that he might be presented with a see. This wish was realized shortly after, when St. Viventiole was appointed Bishop of Lyons. The school he founded here continued in great repute for a long time, and in the ninth century was under the direction of the learned Manno, before mentioned.

Within the last century a fresh impulse has been given to carving and other industries by several public-spirited men of the place, among whom the Abbé Tournier may be mentioned. The first cotton-mill in the Jura was established here by the Bishop of St. Claude in 1780 to give employment to poor girls. And for a like purpose the Annonciade nuns erected a fulling-mill. The art of dyeing, too, has been revived, which was so successfully practised here in the middle ages that the dyers had a guild and cultivated saffron (which was used as a dye as well as a condiment) on two neighboring farms still known as Saffranières. And there are a great number of goldsmiths, watch-makers, lapidaries, cabinet-makers, clothiers, and manufacturers of paper, wire, matches, pottery, etc., so that the whole valley is as busy as a hive. The soil being poor, the people require other means of livelihood than agriculture alone. Carving especially can be carried on at home at all seasons and in the long winter evenings. Hence the immense number of toys, boxes, canes, pipes, rosaries, statuettes, and other objects known in commerce as *articles de St. Claude*, elaborately carved out of bone, ivory, stag's horn, boxwood, and *bruyère*, which is a kind of heather.

Many delightful rambles can be made around St. Claude. There are cool, deep valleys, walled in by mountains and over-arched by interlaced branches, making them dim and solemn as the narrow aisles of some vast cathedral. Other paths lead up to groves of pine and larch, or green, sunny pastures along the mountain-shelves where sheep and cattle graze, or grassy dells among the ridges, kept perpetually verdant by the spray of silvery cascades that pour down the mountain-side. Everywhere are wonderful contrasts of color, everywhere green and gold, blue sky, and cool, gray rock, the shining of mountain-tops and the gloom of deep, umbrageous valleys, and changing lights and shadows at every step through hill and dale. One path leads to

the hermitage of St. Ann, half-way up the mountain—a cavern as large as a church, containing a spring of pure, delicious water. This was used as an oratory in the middle ages, attended by a hermit who was appointed by the abbot of St. Claude. During the religious wars of the sixteenth century this cavern was strongly fortified, and the relics and other valuables of the abbey were brought here for safety. Among the ancient hermits was the Blessed John of Ghent, generally styled the *Érémite de St. Claude*, who, divinely inspired, went on a mission to Charles VII. of France and Henry V. of England. The former received him with respect and more than once profited by his counsels, but the latter treated him with contempt and scoffed at his admonitions. The saintly hermit foretold King Henry's melancholy end, and declared that the English would soon be driven out of France, as was effected shortly after by the holy Maid of Orleans. His canonization was solicited by Louis XI., whose birth he had predicted, but the death of the king suspended the process, and it has never been resumed.

The most charming excursion around St. Claude, however, is up the valley of the Tâcon, which is remarkably wild and picturesque. This stream has its source in a vast cave called the Baume des Sarrasins, whence from two fathomless pools issue ten or twelve cascades, that pour down the mountain-side from one ridge to another with constantly accelerated fury, uniting at the base in one roaring, impetuous torrent that dashes over great, black rocks, raging and foaming as if lashed by the winds. The valley through which it passes is wonderfully beautiful, with fairy-like paths in every direction, amid the gloom of intricate woods and the majesty of towering mountains. Finally, spanned by the Pont du Diable, it empties into the green Bienne.

"AT LAST, THOUGH LONG."

WE had just experienced one of those general breakings-up that occur from time to time in the history of private families. There had been seven of us children, living with mother though all grown up. Life with us had been a very easy-going affair and not particularly eventful, when suddenly there came a rush of exciting occurrences. One brother got an appointment at Aberdeen, another was ordered with his regiment to the Cape, my eldest sister married, and Herbert, the youngest boy, announced his determination to be a farmer, which, as that is a profession not easily followed in London, would entail our leaving town and settling in some country place, or his making one more absentee from the home-circle. After many discussions and a great deal of that tiresome process known as "talking things over," we decided to leave Kensington and move into Sussex, to a country-place where Herbert could study practical agriculture.

I was away at the time of the actual *déménagement*, and did not put in an appearance at the new home until the others had been there nearly three months. The house was called Broomer's Hill, and was a nice, old-fashioned place with about thirty acres of land around it, situated in the parish of Saxonholt. The surrounding country was beautiful, and the village itself not unpicturesque, and containing between twelve and fourteen hundred inhabitants, mostly agricultural laborers.

There was no squire, properly so speaking; there were several large houses round, but they were all just beyond the boundaries, and undoubtedly the chief man of the place was the rector. He lived in a fine old house near the church, and wrote himself "honorable" as well as "reverend," being the younger son of a peer. The living was a very large one and he had private means, of which, to do him justice, he was not stingy, but was always ready to help those who went to him for aid.

The church itself was an old Norman building, cruciform in shape, with some fine brasses in the interior and one or two interesting monuments. I made a pilgrimage to it with my sisters the first morning after my arrival, and they showed me with glee the Broomer's Hill pew—a spacious affair with red cushions and hassocks, and a perfect library of hymn and prayer books. They gave me a graphic account of the service—how the little clerk

was always behindhand and came in with a quavering "Amen" when every one else had finished; they were getting used to it all now, they said, but it had struck them at first as very primitive, accustomed as they had been all their lives to the ornate functions of an extreme Ritualistic London church.

Not the church only but the whole manner of life at Saxonholt was new and strange to them, and very old-world in its simplicity.

"You won't have been here a week before every one in the parish will have called on you," said Maude. "They are of a most sociable disposition, besides which they are devoured with curiosity. A real live Catholic is unknown here. I don't believe such a thing has ever been seen, and I am sure that many of them expect you to have *hoofs*, if not *horns*."

"They know, then, that this strange, wild creature is coming into their midst?"

"Oh! yes. Daisy has been at great pains to inform everybody, for the sake of seeing what she calls 'their pained surprise.'"

"Really, Ethel," put in Daisy, "it was amusing when Mr. Chandos (that's the rector) and his wife called the first time. We had said we would be pleased to help with the Easter decorations, and so forth, but that Maude was not strong enough to undertake a Sunday-school class, and mother considered me too young. 'Well,' said he, 'perhaps when your other daughter comes home she may feel inclined to assist us in that way.' 'Oh! no,' mother said, 'I'm afraid you must not count on her aid, as she is a Roman Catholic.'"

"What did they say?"

"They both said 'Oh!' in a shocked voice, and there was quite five minutes' silence before they spoke again."

"Have you been over to Ashly, either of you?"

"Yes, we drove over one day. Does not the prospect of seven miles there and seven miles back rather scare you?"

"No; I have been taking long walks lately in order to get into condition, and I believe I can do fourteen miles easily, with a rest between."

A sister of my father's had become a Catholic many years ago, and when I was born she begged my father to let me be baptized in her faith. He refused then, but later on, when his family became more numerous, he was glad to accept her offer of charging herself with my education on condition that she was allowed to accomplish it in a convent school. At ten years old

I was placed with the Sisters of Jerusalem, and when, at sixteen, I expressed a desire to be received into the church, neither he nor my mother made any objection, only stipulating that I should in no way allow my religious opinions to obtrude themselves or to clash with family arrangements. When the question of taking Broomer's Hill arose some regret was expressed at the distance I should have to go to Mass; but as it was in every other way desirable, it was decided that I must surmount that difficulty somehow. At Ashly Park, a place about seven miles from Saxonholt, there was a chapel and priest, maintained at the expense of Sir James Ashly; and that was where I intended to go when the weather was fine enough to permit so long a walk. On wet Sundays I must resign myself to staying at home, unless I could induce Herbert to drive me in the dog-cart. My first Sunday was beautifully fine. I started about eight, Mass being at half-past ten. The way was varied and delightful. After a mile or so I left the high-road and struck across an undulating common all covered with the golden glory of the gorse; then through an ideal English village where the cottages lay up round a green, with the church on one side and on the other the blacksmith's forge, and the inn, "The Queen's Head," with a sign-post out in the road, and a portrait of her Majesty Victoria in her robes of state, with sceptre and crown, swaying gently up and down in the breeze; then for nearly two miles through the pine woods where the path was covered thick with soft brown needles and all the air was full of aromatic scents, and then through a white gate into the park.

Oddly enough, both the Protestant and Catholic churches were built in the park, the former a funny little gray stone edifice with high, pitched roof and lancet windows; the latter, only a short way across the fine, springy turf, and well within sight, was modern Gothic, built about twenty years ago by Sir James' father. Each church possessed one bell, and ringing, as they did, within a second of each other, they produced two jerky notes that sounded like "Do come, do come."

The villagers entered at the west gate of the park, and then divided and went off in straggling groups to their separate destinations. The old women with their prayer-books wrapped in clean pocket-handkerchiefs, and the old men in wonderfully-stitched smock-frocks and high silk hats, harmonized as well with the landscape as the smoke-colored Alderney cows were dotted about in twos and threes; and once when I passed a



hollow in the ground I saw the broad antlers of some deer tossing above the bracken.

To my great joy I recognized the priest as Father Naylor, who had been for some time chaplain at the convent. He came down to speak to me after Mass, and I went round to his house to rest.

"By the bye," he said, when I had told him where I was living, "there is a co-religionist at Saxonholt I go to see sometimes. You ought to make his acquaintance and his wife's."

"What is their name?"

"Tugwell."

"Tugwell? They have not called on me yet."

"Well, no; they would hardly do that. Mr. Tugwell earns a precarious livelihood as a hedger and ditcher, I believe, and Mrs. Tugwell takes in washing; so perhaps you had better call first."

"I will. Where do they live, and how do they come to be Catholics?"

"In answer to your first question, they live in one of those cottages at the foot of Church Hill; in answer to the second, he is a convert. But you must ask his wife to tell you the story; I can't do it justice, as she can. He doesn't often come to church, as it is too far for him to walk; but he comes at Christmas and Easter in great style in a fly. If you ever drive over, give the old man a lift if you can."

"Do you know a Mrs. Tugwell, Sarah?" I asked our housemaid a day or two after this conversation.

"Well, miss, there's a many Mrs. Tugwells. There's her whose husband works down to the Red Lion, and there's Mrs. Richard Tugwell at the shop, and Mrs. Jim Tugwell does plain sewing, and Mrs. John she's a widder; then there's Mrs. Tugwell, her as washes for your ma."

"I think that must be the one," said I, anxious to stem this torrent of Tugwells; "her husband goes to Ashly Park to church."

"Oh! *her*. That's Nance Tugwell. Yes, I knows *her* well enough, and so does most people, I fancy. She's a deal too fond of giving folks the rough side of her tongue, is Nance. And gossip? My eye! can't she talk!"

"Where does she live? I want to go and see her."

Sarah explained, at the same time adding: "I wouldn't go if I was you, miss. She doesn't care for the quality. None of them ever goes near her."

In spite of this discouraging remark I started about six the next evening to call on her. I found the house without difficulty. There were three or four of them clustered at the bottom of Church Hill, a winding road cut through high banks of sandstone, overgrown with birch and hazel, and tangled with ferns and creeping plants. The houses were old and built of plaster and wood, with immense thatched roofs. A gate opened into a garden all full of pinks and larkspur, and tall hollyhocks holding up their beautiful cups to catch the dust from the road.

The door stood open and I could see into the kitchen, a good-sized room with a flagged floor as clean as soap and water could make it. A large clock ticked away in one corner, and in the window was a trestle-table piled high with linen which Mrs. Tugwell was ironing. She had heard my step on the gravel and came to the door to meet me—a tall woman, stout too, though not ungainly, and still handsome in spite of the forbidding expression of her face.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Tugwell," I began rather nervously; "my name is Turner—"

"Oh! I know who you are fast enough," was her not very gracious answer; "will you walk in?"

"As you know my name," I said, accepting her invitation, "you very likely know that I belong to the same faith as your husband; and, as we are the only Catholics in Saxonholt, we ought to be friends—don't you think so?"

A loud sniff was the only answer vouchsafed by this very impossible woman, and I was beginning to feel extremely uncomfortable; however, I started again:

"Father Naylor—" when she broke in:

"I'm not a papist, so don't think it, though my husband is—more fool he, says I. I saw you go by on Sunday. 'She's off to Ashly Park,' says I to myself; 'but she'll soon give *that* up.' Dan'l used to do it, but he was fit for naught on a Monday when he'd traiposed all the way over there."

"Your husband is not in, I suppose?" I ventured, thinking Mr. Tugwell might prove less difficult than his spouse.

"No, he's not. He's at work; that's where he is. It's only the gentry who have time to go round visiting and hindering folks, keeping them talking while their irons are cooling!"

"Oh! I beg your pardon; I won't detain you any longer," I said, mustering all my dignity, but feeling wonderfully small. "Good-evening." And I moved towards the door. I suppose her conscience smote her, for she said:

"You mean well by calling, miss, I'm sure, but you must come some time when I an't so busy. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays I am up to my eyes in the clothes, but Thursdays and Fridays I gets a bit of peace."

I was a good deal teased at home about my unsuccessful attempt to establish social relations with the Tugwells, and we heard such stories about her from Sarah that Herbert gave her the name of "The Dragon." All the village seemed to hold her in wholesome awe, and there were many legends of her prowess and feats of strength. One was how she had returned from market one day to find the colporteur of the Bible Society in her kitchen haranguing her husband, who, from all accounts, seemed to be a nervous, easily dispirited man. With one thrust of her vigorous arm she sent this apostle of the printing-press flying down the path to the gate, pursued by a shower of his own tracts and leaflets. That was his last attempt at evangelizing the Tugwell family, and he was observed, from that time, to avoid the road past her house. Another story ran that she had marched straight into the cottage where John Millam, the brutal blacksmith, was beating his wife, and, wrenching the stick from his hands, had then and there administered the soundest thrashing to him he'd ever had in his life!

One afternoon I met her, wheeling a barrow full of clean clothes.

"Well, miss," she began, "you've not been to see me again? You aren't so wonderful anxious for us to be friends, after all, it seems."

"Indeed yes I am, Mrs. Tugwell; but I was afraid of bothering you."

"Oh! ah! I dare say. There's more ways than one of roasting eggs." And with that she took up the shafts of her barrow again and went her way.

Two days after this I screwed up courage enough to once more beard the lioness in her den.

This time I found her darning stockings, with the cottage all tidied up, and her husband, "Marster Tugwell," seated in the chimney-corner smoking, and nursing his knee. She really seemed pleased to see me, and presented me as "Miss Turner, the young lady as goes over to Ashly Park, Dan'l."

"Please sit down, Mr. Tugwell," I said, "and don't put your pipe away. My brother smokes all the time at home, so I'm used to tobacco."

He was a great contrast to his wife, though he had evidently

been handsome, too. He was a timid, deprecating old man, very thin, and bent nearly double, with trembling hands whose joints were swollen with rheumatism. His scanty white hair fell round a face wrinkled with age and toil, his features were sharp and clearly cut, his blue eyes mild and singularly gentle, and every line of his person expressed that wonderful, pathetic patience so noticeable in old poor people. It was some time before he spoke, and then only in answer to a direct question from me.

"Will you go to Mass with me next Sunday?" I asked. "My brother is going to drive me, and there will be plenty of room for you, if you like to come."

His whole face lighted up.

"If it an't troublin' you, I should dearly like to," he said.

"Ah! that he would," said his wife; "he don't often get a chance to go, 'ceptin' twice a year—at Christmas and Easter—when I strains a point and has a fly from the George. Seven shillin's is a deal of money; but since he *is* a papist, folks sha'n't say he's too poor to be one properly."

To this somewhat embarrassing remark I replied vaguely by saying: "It *is* a very long way to walk."

"Ah!" he said, "I used not to find it so, but it's too much for me now. I'm an old man—seventy-odd."

"And old as that," put in his wife, "you wouldn't think there was but ten years 'twixt him and me, miss, would you?"

"No, indeed," I answered, looking at her upright, stalwart figure. "Have you been a Catholic long, Mr. Tugwell?"

"Fifteen years next month, missy; and, please the Lord, I'll die one."

"Tell her how it happened, Dan'l," said his wife. "I can see she's dying to know, though she is too pretty-behaved to ask."

He lifted his rheumatic leg slowly with both hands, and crossed it over the other one; then, after two or three pulls at his pipe, he began:

"It was when the duke was building his big church, just after he come of age. He sent out notices that he wanted seven hundred men, and he wanted 'em all from this part of the country, if he could get 'em, bein' like his own people. So all who were in want of a job went to his agent. There was men came from all round, many more than was wanted, but I was lucky enough to get on in the first hundred. It's too far to go from here and back every day, so I used to go there a Monday mornin's and stop till Saturday noon.

"The duke he used to come round himself sometimes when

we was working, and speak to us; a little bit of a fellow he was, not much more than a boy, but so pleasant and kind in his manner. Well, one day it was give out that there was to be a mission for the workmen. Some priests were coming from Lunnon, and the hours were arranged so that all could attend if they see fit; if they didn't, why they needn't. There was lots of 'em went, and I was one; and the very first sermon that priest preached took right hold of me, and before I knew where I was I see it all. I went to him that day, and many times arter, and he tried to teach me; but I warn't very bright—I never was—only I knowed it was all right somehow, and he teached me as much as he could—"

"He come home one Saturday," broke in Mrs. Tugwell, "and 'Nance,' says he, 'I've joined the church.' 'Why, you great cuckoo,' says I, 'you an't a Methody,' says I. So then he ups and tells me all about it; and I was that mad I could ha' knocked him down. And I found his rosary in his pocket, and I just ups and chucks it into the midden at the back of Marster Home's yard. And I told him what I done when he comes home in the evenin', for 'I an't goin' to have no popish clutter about *here*,' says I. 'Nance, lass,' says he, 'you shouldn't ha' done that; I'll have to get another.' 'You won't bring it to *this* house, Daniel Tugwell,' says I, 'so I tells you frank and free.' Well, he never says nothin' more till the evenin', and then he tells me he'll have to be up earlier than usual the next day. I was surprised, for he generally lay abed a bit Sunday mornin's, and 'What's that for?' says I. 'I am goin' to Mass to Ashly Park,' says he; 'will you come with me?' 'No, I won't,' says I. And when he was asleep I gets up and hides his clothes, and slips out myself, and doesn't come home till past church time and too late for him to go. 'There, my man,' says I, 'you won't talk about Mass to me again in a hurry,' says I. 'Don't you ever serve me that trick again, Nance,' says he wonderful quiet like; and he puts on his things and walks out. Well, it's 'the still sow sups the milk,' you know, miss; and I talks to him all that day about his foolishness. But lor! you might as well ha' preached to a stone; and he goes off to work the next mornin' as full of his nonsense as ever, and leavin' me as cross as you please, when who should come down but Mr. Chandos. 'Mrs. Tugwell,' he begins, 'what's this I hear about your husband?' 'I don't know, sir, I'm sure,' says I, firing up; 'nothing bad, *I'm* sure.' 'Nothing bad!' says he. 'I don't know what you *call* bad,' says he; 'but they tell me he's become a papist.' 'Oh! dear me,' says I, trying to keep

cool, 'is that *all?*' says I. 'That's true enough. Father Moxon over to Stokesly, where he is workin', has been and converted him.' 'And what does Father Moxon mean by interfering with a parishioner of *mine*, I should like to know?' says he. 'I will not have such doings in Saxonholt,' says he; 'and so I would have you to understand, Mrs. Tugwell,' says he; 'I will not have such things in my parish.' Now, I was as mad as mad with Dan'l myself, but I wasn't goin' to have him ordered about by Mr. Chandos, so 'As to that, sir,' says I, 'you can't help yourself; we live in a free country,' says I, 'and if Dan'l bows down to wood and stone,' says I, 'there's no man can hinder him.' 'Mrs. Tugwell,' says he, 'you've always gone to church regular, and as such you've had a deal of work from the rectory, not to speak of other things, and I expect you,' says he—'I expect you to see that your husband comes to his senses.' Well, a worm will turn at last, as you know, mißs, and that was too much for me, hintin' at the work I'd had from him and his, and the drops of broth and things when Dan'l was down with the fever; so I ups, and 'Mr. Chandos,' I says, 'I'm much obleeged for past favors,' says I, 'but, washin' or no washin', I am not your black slave; and as for Dan'l,' says I, 'I don't care if he turns papist fifty times over, and I'll never set foot in your church again,' says I, 'though it's not very often you're there yourself, if you can find some one else to do your work,' says I. Well, he went the color of that candle, and he takes up his hat. 'You're a very impertinent woman,' says he. 'Woman yourself,' says I, and I shows him the door, and from that day to this I've not seen the inside of a church. And, if you'll believe me, I spent the whole of that afternoon in the midden lookin' for Dan'l's rosary, and I found it at last; and I washed it and rubbed it, and I took the three o'clock train over to Stokesly, and I come upon Dan'l all in the midst on his work, and you never see a man so struck of a heap. And 'Here's your rosary, Dan'l,' says I, 'and you'll go to church where you please,' says I, 'and I'll not be the woman to hinder you.' Well, the great soft-head! he bursts out a-cryin', and it was ever so long before I could make him understand. We went to see the priest together that evenin', and I told him just all about it; and laugh!—I never see a man laugh more in my life. 'You'd better let me instruct you too, Mrs. Tugwell,' says he; 'if you don't go to one church you must to another.' 'No, thank you,' says I. 'Once bit, twice shy, your reverence; and I've had enough of the clergy,' says I; 'and if Dan'l there wasn't a great chuffin' ed he wouldn't take up with such foolery neither. Not to speak of quarrellin'

with his bread and butter,' says I; 'for there's no denyin' Mrs. Chandos's starched gowns mounts up, and the housemaid's aprons, and if we come to the workhouse I shall know who to thank for it,' says I."

"Why don't you move somewhere nearer a church?" I asked as soon as I had a little recovered my gravity, which was as much upset as Father Moxon's had been; "then you might get the surplices and so forth to wash, and Daniel could go to Mass on Sundays."

They both looked blankly at me, and Daniel shook his head; evidently leaving Saxonholt was too bold a step to have presented itself even to Mrs. Tugwell's independent mind.

"The missis has never been further away than Pelbury," said he, "though I were in Lunnon myself once."

"And a nasty place it is, if all folks tells you is true," said Nance, "with the blacks a-fallin' all the while, and the milk as weak as weak. I was bred and born in Saxonholt, and in Saxonholt I'll die; and if you, Dan'l Tugwell, can't be content to do likewise, why it's a pity, says I."

"Do you work at Stokesly now?" I asked.

"Oh! no; the duke he turned off half the men a year or so after I joined the church, and he's cut 'em down still more since, though he's building still. Ah! we had a hard time just then, for the quality all took their washin' away, and I only got odd jobs. Do you mind that time, Nance?"

"Mind it!" she cried. "Yes, I mind it. It was a bitter bad winter, and we came precious nigh starving; but, thank God! we never went near the house or asked help from any one. But you wouldn't wonder at his being bent, miss, if you knew what we went through, and all along of that great gowk there a meddling with matters he don't understand. If he'd 'a' been content to worship as his father and mother did afore him, we shouldn't have lost the rectory washin'. It's all very well for the likes of you to take fads into their heads, but it don't do for them as has their living to get. What would become of him if I fell sick, I should like to know? And he can't even eat his bit of vittles now like a Christian, but must have this, and mustn't have that, on certain days; and won't let his bread look at the bacon fat on a Friday, but eats it dry—when the Lord he knows we don't pamper our inwards, and it's little else we get sometimes."

"Well, well, Nance," put in her husband meekly, "after all, we have only our two selves to look after, and we've always been fed; we've no cause to grumble."

"Grumble! No, you've no cause to grumble, but *I* have. You went with your eyes open and walked into a pit, but it's hard on her as you've dragged in with you. As you've made your bed, so you must lie on it, Dan'l Tugwell; but the toad that's put under the harrow has a right to complain!"

When I left the cottage the old man walked to the gate with me.

"Don't you mind what she says, missy," he said; "she wouldn't have said that much if you hadn't ha' been a Catholic too. She always stands up for us to the others, but it's been a bit hard on her, and you can't wonder if she complains now and then. She's been a good wife to me; her tongue's her only trouble. Come again, if you please, miss; she's taken a fancy to you, I can see."

Poor old Tugwell! "Her tongue's been her only trouble!" but what a trouble only a shrinking, sensitive nature like his could know.

"Did you never feel like giving up, Daniel?" I asked him once.

He shook his head. "It's been mighty hard at times, miss. The men used to badger me at first, but they left that off. And I never minded the going short; there was things that more than made up for *that*. It was through the missis I used to feel it most. I won't deny she made me nigh despairin' sometimes, for she's never left off nag-nagging me, but somehow, poor soul, I believe she'll be sorry for it some day. And though I liked her for standing up to the parson, it don't seem right of her not to go to church, and so I've told her times and again."

At home they took a great interest in this couple. "Why, the man is a martyr—a positive martyr," exclaimed Herbert when I repeated the above remark to them. "Fifteen years' nagging is considerably worse than wild beasts, *I* think. Does he ever scold back?"

"No; she told me he never gave her a hard word."

"More fool he. If he rounded on her sometimes she would be all the better for it."

"Perhaps; but he is not that sort of man. His is the gentlest, most patient temper I've ever met."

My brother Herbert was a very good-natured fellow, and also, perhaps, not a little glad to miss the service at Saxonholt, so he used to contrive to take me to church in his dog-cart very often, and we always took Dan Tugwell on the back seat. He would come down to the gate in a clean white smock, with a flower pinned in the breast of it, a bird's-eye handkerchief round

his neck and another in the crown of the wonderful beaver hat that had been his Sunday head-gear ever since his wedding-day, for which occasion it was bought. His wife would follow him, scolding all the time as he slowly and painfully clambered into his place. But poor old man! how happy he was in church. One got a faint idea of the "beauty of holiness" when one stole a look at his face during Mass.

In the summer he had plenty of work in the hay and harvest fields, and in the autumn we took him on to do odd jobs in the garden. I used to go and have five minutes' chat with him sometimes, for I found that a little time devoted to him brightened the whole of his day.

"He do think a wonderful deal of you, miss," his wife said to me once, and I really think, without vanity, that she herself was not indifferent to me.

I came in from a walk one afternoon towards the end of November, and went in search of Dan. I found him in the kitchen garden, hard at work as usual. The house was on a hill, and the ground sloped down to flat meadows, at this time under water, for the floods were out.

He rose from his stooping position over the celery-trench he was weeding, straightened his back with a hardly suppressed groan, and stood, his knotted hands crossed on his spud, and his bent figure silhouetted against the waste of water where the sun was dying away in a sea of crimson splendor.

"Well, Dan," I began, "I've come to say good-by to you for a little while. I am going away to-morrow to stay with my brother in Aberdeen."

"I don't rightly know where that is, missy; is it far away?"

"Yes; I shall be travelling all day, and all night nearly, after I leave London."

"Beant you afraid to go so long alone?"

"Why, no; my brother will meet me, you know. It is not like going among strangers."

"Ah! that's it. If one has a brother or a father waitin' it takes away the fear, don't it?"

I knew what he meant, but I was shy of talking to him on such a subject, he was so ignorant, and yet so much wiser than I.

I gave him some muffetees I had knitted for him.

"Why, bless your pretty heart!" he said, "they be a mort too fine for me! You'll go round and see the missis before you go?"

"I've just come from there. She was getting your supper

ready, and you had better be quick home, and not keep it waiting, or you'll get scolded, perhaps."

It was the end of January when I came home. After two months' absence there was, of course, much home and village gossip to be told me.

We sat round the fire in my room until late on into the night; then, in a momentary silence, Maude said:

"O Ethel, poor old Daniel is dead!"

"Dan Tugwell?"

"Yes; he died three days ago, very suddenly. He is to be buried on Friday. Mr. Chandos has been very nice. He came to see Herbert about it, and said he was sure Dan would choose to be buried in the churchyard among all his people, and he asked Herbert if he thought Father Naylor would read the service there, as it was Protestant ground. Herbert drove over to Ashly, and Father Naylor said the ground had been consecrated centuries ago, and he had no reason to believe desecrated since; and he thanked Mr. Chandos for his courtesy, and said he would come."

Herbert and I went to the funeral. There were a few, very few, mourners at the grave, and when all was over Father Naylor and I walked down to the cottage with Mrs. Tugwell.

"Come in," she said, drawing the key from her pocket. Everything was in its usual place, but the whole room looked bare and desolate, and seemed to have undergone a change.

"He was sitting there," she said, pointing to the chimney-corner, and speaking as though she were talking to herself rather than to us. "He had been telling his beads, and I had been going on at him, as I always did, when suddenly he gets up and comes over to where I stands. 'Give us a kiss, Nance,' he says in his old voice just like his courting days. I was too took aback to speak rough to him, and I—oh, thank God!—I kissed him. And he sat down in that chair with a little gasp, and died."

Father Naylor tried to comfort the poor woman a little, but she seemed almost in despair, and at last he had to go.

"Come to me or send for me at any time, if you want help, as Daniel would have done, Mrs. Tugwell," he said as he went away. "Try and persuade her to have a neighbor in; she ought not to be left," he whispered to me.

Although she had made enemies with her unkind tongue, there were several good-hearted women who would gladly have stayed with her; but she would have none of them, neither would

she listen to me when I wanted her to come to Broomer's, for that night at least.

"Leave me in peace," she said at last, and as I closed the door I heard her cry: "I didn't mean it, Dan'l—not one word of it."

We wokenext morning to a white world. Such a snow-storm broke over England that night as had not been known for fifty years. Every line of rail was blocked, and train after train stopped, some in cuttings where the half-frozen passengers shivered for hours before help came to them. London was like a city of the dead, all traffic stopped and the roar of the streets silenced.

In country-places the snow drifted, hiding the high-roads and completely obliterating lesser tracks, and the wind swirled and blew it into wreaths, piling it high above the roofs of lonely cottages, and burying sheep and cattle in a soft white shroud.

Many strange stories were told of people snowed up in distant farm-houses till the thaw released them after three weeks' imprisonment. More than one poor shepherd perished on the Downs near Saxonholt, and we were all frantic with anxiety about the fate of Toby Scult, our diminutive cow-boy, till we found him, after eight-and-forty hours' search, in the pen with the sheep, lying close up against an old bell-wether, and as warm as toast.

It was, as I have said, three weeks before the thaw set in. Long before then it was known that Mrs. Tugwell was missing, had not been seen since the day of her husband's funeral.

Gradually the snow melted away, excepting on the hill-tops and in the sheltered hollows. Then they found her close by the church-door in Ashly Park, with Dan's brown rosary grasped in her frozen fingers.

PROVINCIAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

WERE Sir Roger de Coverley to come to life to-day I am inclined to believe he would consider society in the nineteenth century a very interesting study, and some of its problems peculiarly puzzling, so various are the outgrowths of the civilization over which he speculated with mild cynicism and the gallantry of his period, and so many the forms and fashions we have revived from his generation in our pursuit of novelty without in every case a corresponding sense of the eternal fitness of things. I fancy that our quaint old friend would find himself oppressed by some of the most brilliant scenes in Belgravia. The region below Half Moon Street and nearer to the Strand and Charing Cross might appeal to his senses with something like familiarity, outwardly at least, but Mayfair would be a sorrowful pilgrimage to him. Sir Gorgius Midas would startle him; all his preconceived ideas of even mushroom splendor would fail him here, while the *haute noblesse* of Park Lane and Carlton Terrace would afford him the material for profound philosophies too deep to utter. We can fancy that he might direct his steps hopefully towards the suburban places where at least Nature, in her loyalty to the forms and colors she first assumed, would welcome him with the green fields and blue skies which are as much of his time as our own; while were he to wander down into the provinces of England remote from this chaotic London his traditions might receive few shocks.

To assert that the English people cling to social prejudices, to forms of thought and feeling about every-day life, is almost superfluous, but journeying through the southern and western part of England the fact that this is the case becomes at times startlingly apparent; the incongruities are often surprising. People of the most modern influences and necessity for novel action cling to early traditions, and preserve customs, and have the spirit of the past with the letter of the present, in a way that makes one appreciate and understand where the Pilgrim Fathers procured that firmness of spirit and dogmatic will which made them persecute while they declared it their intention to protect.

Country life in England has many phases, from the state of splendid informality of a large country-house where there are thirty or forty guests and fifty servants, to the town or over-

grown village where a certain amount of caste feeling dominates the community and the rules for society are as fixed as those of Mayfair—nay, more so, since they are subject to none of those fascinating vacillations which are like the caprices of a beauty whose every phase has its own charm, and whose whims have the grace of an artistic decision. Vibrations such as sway the social atmosphere of “passionate Brompton” are welcome to the dwellers in provincial England. They accept modern innovations in a staid and resolute manner, recognizing no power to please in the subtleties which make terra cotta effective to-day and tiresome to-morrow. They are anxious to look prosperous and fashionable, but the variations of “temperament” are little known.

With the life in a conservative country-town I have to deal at present, and it seems to me that the best preface I can make is to say that it is, in all its essentials except that of human nature, radically different from life in a corresponding place in America. We take, for example, a town in one of the southern counties—a market-town, something between the fascinating Casterbridge of Mr. Hardy's novels and the Barchester of Mr. Trollope's enchanting chronicles. Leaving the railway-station at such a place, we encounter immediately the newest features of the town. Radiating from this point are some circles of brand-new villas, stucco and brick dwellings, with a “smart” look about them, not to be called pretentious—for architecture in England is generally too solid to be thus characterized—but perhaps “genteel” in appearance; houses, set back a little, with bow-windows at either side of a pretty doorway, and latticed panes in the casements above, with here and there a dormer roof or gable end showing. Nothing especially quaint, and hardly to be called picturesque. New bricks and mortar are what the dwellers within dearly love; new colors, new-looking gardens, freshly-sprinkled gravelled walks, bright paint, and a well-laid strip of pavement.

A green or common exists in this region of the town, traversed with foot-paths and circled by a low hedge, with gates here and there and admitting the foot-passengers who enjoy this approach to what may be called a square. One or two churches dominate this district. *The church*—a new one, perhaps, but governed by English law and rubric—stands at a little distance from the green, tribute to the modern prosperity of the people in the villas round about; while further up the hilly road to the right is the dissenting chapel, which assembles a large number of towns-people, and is as defiantly prosperous as “Salem

Chapel," in Mrs. Oliphant's story, in the period of Mr. Togers' supremacy.

Perhaps a certain chill of disappointment settles down upon the American visitor who has journeyed south for the sake of finding quaint forms in architecture as well as manners, on beholding so much of to-day in the looks of things near to the station; but he need only turn his steps up the first narrow street back of the smart-looking terrace confronting him, with its twinkling windows and solid style, and the England of the seventeenth century is before him. In the town of which I write the High Street* was full of quaint picturesqueness, such as made one feel, on leaving the new town, as though an unexpected slide in a magic-lantern had been pushed in. Houses which were built in the reign of Charles I. were converted into shops with as little injury to their original form as possible. The butcher sold his wares in a building where it was said that the Protector held one of his few genial merry-makings, and William of Orange had supped in the place where the baker now cooked delicious-looking loaves and sold buns by the score to the parish-school children.

Midway in the High Street a circular space was devoted to the market on Thursdays. Here was a huge town cross, which formed an attractive centre for indifferent-mannered people, in smock-frocks or corduroys, who were more interested in local topics and the aspect of the weather than the sales more active minds were busy over in the porch of the Town Hall. Such figures moved about on market-days with leisurely *abandon*, affording fine types for the curious observer of the English countryman of narrow boundaries and limitless traditions. They gave a piquancy to the scene and their animation fitted well with their utterances in dialect. Deep in their hearts a belief in science and symbols, and brought up on oath few could have denied their faith in such witchcraft as lay in the evil eye or the virtues of nails buried at cross-roads or bones dipped in wax and melted before a fire. Radiating from this centre were small streets intersecting the heart of this lovely country like adventurous foot-paths which had outgrown their original intention. The houses bordering these were for the most part very quaint in form, with bulging upper stories and strangely-devised interiors. The High Street wandered on past the town cross, widening as it neared the open country, and presenting certain digni-

* The High Street of an English town corresponds to our "Main" or principal business street.

fied landmarks. A large old manor-house, shut in by a brick wall, held its own in spite of the poverty of certain places in its near vicinity—houses which had mouldered into decay, and whose original grace was forgotten in the presence of poverty and indifference to anything but the need of walls and roof for a shelter and a door-yard for the fast-increasing families. Perhaps such a house gave the strongest emphasis to the conservatism of the place. It was too well known to suffer any loss of dignity through its surroundings, and the maiden lady who resided there bore her title of "Honorable" with as much respect as though her house, with its quaint proportions dominating a poor part of the street, its garden and orchards dipping downwards to the river, were set in the midst of a stately park.

From this point the country spread itself with luxurious undulations, dotted here and there with houses belonging to the "county" families. The roadways, of gracious width and bordered by most fertile lands, wound up and down, while the landscape presented every variety of the southern English country, the Tors rising bluely in the distance, and the river, which had its source further north, flowing in and out of the meadow-lands, past the quaint old mill, curving about a bank of pollards; or below the farm-lands of the country, its ripple or its rush giving character and variation to the scene. Here in due season the otter might be hunted. Here were fords and pools, craggy bends in the little river that could tell stories of many an exciting day-break chase of the old "fishmonger," as the otter is called, while on every side, up hill and down dale, the fox has a skurrying time of it as soon as the hunting season sets in.

Naturally, as a Catholic, one of my first interests in the remote little town of which I speak was my church; and well do I remember the setting-down which I received from my landlady on inquiring its whereabouts—the only *church* to her being the recognized one of England.

"Oh! the *chapel* you mean, ma'am," understanding at last—"the Catholic chapel," and proceeded to give me the various directions by which I found myself led and misled up and down some country-looking streets, finally to a lane where stood the little building devoted to our Lord's service.

It was a Sunday morning, and I had been told that the service took place at nine o'clock, and I pushed open the little, worm-eaten door of the church to find myself in the most cheerless of all sacred edifices. It was, perhaps, the size of one of our smallest and poorest Catholic churches, say in the far West or in some

northern districts of New York State, and where any attempt even at cleanliness had been made certain traces were left conspicuous from the fact of their making a contrast to the very rough and very dingy main part of the building. About six people were seated here and there in the broken-down pews; a very feeble, venerable priest was officiating. Fortunate for me, thought I, that the service is the same and may go on, no matter how meagre or how unsuggestive the surroundings; and I responded, of course, in my heart, feeling everything as tangible and real as in the cathedral in London. But the poverty, indeed the squalor, of the place, the extremely feeble looks of the aged priest, and the apparent indifference of the people struck me as being almost unnatural even for a poor parish; since the town was large, and if the Catholics within it were not prosperous, at least in numbers, they might have maintained the church in better order. Wishing to discover something about the week-day Masses, I presented myself a little later at the priest's house, to be received by the most deplorable-looking old woman, who led me into a scantily-furnished parlor, listened to my inquiries, and answered at once: "Week-days? No, indeed, miss; it is more than he can do to say the Mass on Sunday." And so, indeed, it shortly proved; for the old man, whose failing health had made it so long almost impossible for him to keep up the duties of his situation, and yet who had, from desire to administer to his little flock, kept his feelings from the bishop, died suddenly about two weeks later. I knew that in the neighborhood a well-known Catholic nobleman had his own chaplain and private chapel, also that several rich Catholics in the county attended elsewhere; yet this little chapel had to be maintained, and a very brief search brought to light many who, for want of special encouragement or instruction, had been remaining away from their duty, but who professed themselves glad enough to attend the services were they recommenced. Such matters proceed very slowly in England. The bishop was absent at the time, and only by a fortunate chance did any one appear in the actual town itself ready to take an interest in the religious growth of the place.

We had passed and repassed very often the quaint old manor-house of the town, and knew only that its present occupants had but recently taken up their abode within its walls. A doorway opened in the garden-wall sometimes and revealed a lady and gentleman, a happy party of young children and scampering dogs, while glimpses were obtained of a fine old tree on the lawn, of a garden in the rear, and sounds as of a perfect rookery in the

taller tree-tops. At an evening party, soon after the old priest's death, I remember hearing it mentioned that the people from the manor-house were expected; and, sure enough, Mr. and Mrs. H—— were announced. It chanced to be my good-fortune that Mr. H—— took me down to supper, and a little conversation brought to light the fact that he was one of those Catholic converts to whom the Whitehall had given special fame. He had been a clergyman of some distinction, holding one of the finest livings of the English church, but his conversion had been slow and sure. If not "with the rushing of a mighty wind," it had come from deliberate daily convictions which either preceded or followed an investigation leading him directly into the Church of Rome. Of course his living was abandoned, but, fortunately for his family, much of his fortune was a private one, and he had felt happier in coming down to B—— to live in the old manor than in remaining in the midst of parishioners he had dearly loved and who were now mourning him as one led astray.* His wife was bitterly opposed to his conversion, as she told me that very evening, but of course she could not, or would not, interfere with what her husband considered the only lawful and godly thing for him to do.

I can hardly remember all that passed between us about the little church, but I know that it resulted in a decision to do something, and that at once. A day or two later the H——s drove me to a convent situated charmingly two or three miles from the town. The order was an enclosed one—the motive Perpetual Adoration—but I believe only two houses of the especial order exist, and in the convent to which I refer several ladies of noble English families had vowed their lives to the service of God.

We saw the prioress sitting in a little parlor, and talked to her across a large window-space from which the grating was removed, and where we might have shaken hands with her. Her dress was spotless white, of a soft, heavy serge, and I think that, but for their very evident contentment with their lot, the nuns of this convent would have afforded any amount of suggestion for the picturesque and romantic to outsiders. The grounds of their house were very old; there were alley-ways and certain cypress walks, up and down which the white-robed sisters took their exer-

* I would like to mention that since then a large number of Mr. H——'s former parishioners, under his instruction, have become Catholics. A significant fact connected with his conversion was that when his living came to be sold, so great was the dread of disestablishment that it was hard to find a buyer!

cise daily, and on one or two occasions sang together sweet-toned chorals, rehearsing for their daily service, to which outsiders came, sitting within the grating. The prioress was a woman of decided views and much kindly common sense. She said she believed it could readily be arranged for their chaplain to officiate Sundays and holydays at our church; and this being the final agreement, we set to work to improve the condition of things in the chapel and to form a choir.

I think some of us well remember with much deep satisfaction those wintry days in the little church. The cold weather passed so rapidly that we had no particularly dreary experiences, and when the bloom of February appeared we were able to begin to dress the altar with wild-flowers, and by St. Joseph's day it seemed as though the woodlands and the hedgerows fairly teemed with blossoms. Well do I remember sitting with Mr. and Mrs. H—— on the steps of St. Joseph's altar, waiting for the boys whom we had sent out in the country-side for a fresh relay of flowers; and I can see them now coming up the dimly-lighted aisle, fairly staggering beneath their load of blossoms, for the daffodils were out, primroses were plenty, and the violets lay in great purple clusters amidst the green boughs the boys were bearing. We thought St. Joseph fared very well that day, and I am sure he must have been lonely for years in that neighborhood. The altar-linen and the boys' cassocks were mended, and our choir, who had done well in all Lenten services, made glad all hearts on the feast-day morning; and it was very soon after this that Mrs. H—— and her husband took a memorable journey, on which occasion she received conditional baptism and made her first communion, returning to the manor-house a far happier woman than she had been for many a day. All this time the chaplain of the convent was officiating; but things were looking very prosperous, the congregation had greatly increased, and the bishop promised a regular priest, who came in course of time. But for that one winter and spring time it was almost like building up a house of God in the wilderness, and I am sure that it made the service and its requirements dearer than it had ever been before to the few who were there constantly and working so harmoniously together.

The opposition to Catholicism which I found in such places was like that which our Calvinistic brethren might harbor. It was downright bitter and severe. The very priest to whom I refer told me once that sooner than walk on the same side of the street with a Catholic priest during his own Protestant boyhood,

he would go a decided distance out of his own way; and the first time a Catholic entered his father's house as a guest he refused to be one of the party at the dinner-table. Such places as the town of which I write cannot in any way be compared to an American place of the same size and importance, so far as our church is concerned. Within an area of fifteen miles two private chapels were maintained. Consequently, the town chapel appealed to a very small number of people. It was not a manufacturing place—at best scarcely more than two hundred people ever attended service—but I have heard from it since that it is flourishing and vigorous. There is a school-house now. I doubt not but that they have also enlarged the church itself. Rumors of a fine boys' choir and other such matters have come to my ears, and I know that the priest is an Oxford man with an income of his own; but can anything ever make it seem so dear to us as it did when, having done all that hands and feet could do to prepare the table of our Lord, we few could kneel together, uniting prayers and the homage of grateful hearts for the light which was slowly but surely growing there where once it had so nearly come to darkness?

The country teemed with romance, nearly every great house having its story. On the principle that a ghost-story is rarely out of place, I will mention one or two household traditions which came to my immediate knowledge. Dining at a town place one evening, we commented upon a portrait in the library of the house, and which represented a beautiful woman in the prime of life and wearing upon her neck a collarette of diamonds with a pendant of amber-colored stones. Our host informed us that the picture had a singular history, which he good-naturedly related. In the beginning of the century the heir to the estate was seated one evening in his dressing-room, thinking of no more emotional subject than the new kennels being built for his hounds. His mind was entirely absorbed with practical details, and he was startled from a very prosaic reverie by a knock upon the door. Thinking it was his valet, he answered "Come in" without moving from his position or allowing the interruption to break his chain of thoughts. As no sound of an opening door occurred, he turned his head, and in the firelight behind his chair saw distinctly the figure of a beautiful woman wearing a collarette of diamonds and a singular-looking pendant of yellow stones. The young man started, but, as he said later, was by no means alarmed. He could not imagine who his visitor might be, and as he moved forward to address her she made an appealing gesture with her

hand towards the pendant at her throat, and vanished. So unexpected and apparently useless was the apparition that he could only conclude he had been dozing unawares; but late in the same evening, as he was going upstairs to an old study in which some diagrams of former kennels were kept, he again encountered this strange presence. The lady stood at the end of a long hall and very distinctly beckoned to the young man to approach. He followed this time, overcome with awe-struck curiosity. She retreated, still beckoning to him, and vanished behind the study-door. He entered the room to find it vacant. The next day he related these strange occurrences to the only other person in the house at the time—an old clergyman who had been his father's tutor. The reverend gentleman seemed much struck with what he had to say, and informed him that in his boyhood a robbery had taken place at G— House, and some valuable East Indian ornaments belonging to his grandmother, together with her portrait, were stolen. Search had been made, but the only clue to either picture or jewels had been the fragmentary confession of a man arrested for another crime, and who in dying had murmured sentences which were taken down, and on being produced read as follows: "Picture left in the west room. Could not break spring of locket." As he had admitted to having taken part in the famous robbery at G— House, these dying words were supposed to relate to that affair; but a search in the west room for the picture proved unavailing. The father of the young man who had seen the apparition had always supposed that the robbery was planned by a cousin of his who had some covert design in securing the jewels. But circumstances were not strong enough against him to warrant his arrest. The young man, roused to the keenest interest by what had taken place, determined to make a thorough study of the west room, and the result was that the wall between the study and this apartment was taken down. In so doing a secret panel or sliding door was discovered, and behind it the missing picture together with a small box containing the East Indian jewels. Why or how they had been deposited there no one could ever tell; but the owner of the house carried the pendant at once to London and had the spring of the locket opened by an expert jeweller. A faded piece of parchment, on which something in cipher was written, was disclosed. But, like most of ghost-stories, the end was shadowy and mysterious. No one had ever succeeded in deciphering the writing or in determining as to its origin. There it lay while we were talking, locked in a small cabinet in the library at

G— House, perhaps some day to be clearly understood. The picture was restored to its former place, and in spite of many suggestions of the supernatural no one had been found who could substantiate any story of the strange lady's further appearance. Connected with another house in this vicinity was a weird tale, which, however, had become like a commonplace fact to the neighborhood. Charles I. had passed a week there shortly before his downfall, and on the eve of his execution he is supposed to revisit the place and walk, holding his luckless head in his hand, up and down a certain corridor where it is said the master of the house denounced his king.

Society in such a town has two distinct phases. Some of these are too subtle to define, but for the most part they represent rules and prejudices which form governing influences and which are respected by all the people as traditions too sacred to be disturbed. The "county" families rarely visit in the town. They have their own gatherings in their fine mansions, detachments of visitors from town, gatherings from the county, all forming a little world of their own. While the town society pursues the even tenor of its way with varied entertainments, all more or less formal in character, the winter season having a fair show of dinner-parties, afternoon teas and dances; the more purely bourgeois element and the people who are generally known as Dissenters form a certain distinct set apart from the upper town society, and having a world in which the festivities are sociable and decidedly hilarious. Some of the town-people, of course, visit among the county families, but the exceptions are few: a leading barrister, a clergyman or physician, an army officer or naval commander, some lady of blue blood residing in the town, being eligible for county invitations; while to the American mind certain caste distinctions afford endless variety for study. To understand the *raison d'être* for some of their closest distinctions was very difficult. There were some families who seemed to be accepted without any analysis at all or any discussion, although, from what I used to hear, they did not impress me as being of pedigree or position, according to English social rules, to warrant such reception. Whether it was that in a weak moment they had been taken up and could not be discarded, or that they had some claim to recognition too subtle for the American mind, I could not understand. Nevertheless the fact remained of their undoubted position among the elect ones, and I used to think their cases must cause an additional heart-burn to the waiting souls who hovered on the debatable border-line be-

tween the leading town-people and the second-rate bourgeoisie. It would be hard to find a more agreeably social community than the better class formed in this little town. The dinner-parties given among them were delightful. They combined the latest novelty in fashion with something of the substantial home-life of an older generation, and were in some respects better than the more stately entertainments to which one went driving five or six miles, sometimes in the wet and darkness, recompensed only by the sense that the invitation and the entertainment were distinctly to one's credit. The hour of dining was quarter before eight; every one appeared in full evening toilet; there was evident the usual reticence among the young girls present and the comfortable affability among the dowagers, while the men talked politics and local affairs agreeably enough; and there was sure to be good music and a comfortable hour of conversation on congenial topics among the ladies in the drawing-room. The five-o'clock tea-parties brought together the most agreeable elements in the town society. The young girls were fond of long walks, and would come in fresh from such exercise to discuss all sorts of things over a genial fire, and perhaps to flirt a little with the young men, who might have spent their morning in the hunting-field and were ready enough for this hour of light-hearted amusement. The drawing-rooms in which such gatherings took place had all the charms, as I recall them, which belong to an English home; there was a sense of being chaperonized, with no special restraint. And if I ventured to be critical with anything, it would be of the limited point of view so often found in regard to the art and literature of the world beyond their ken. Here conventional rules which may have been laid down five-and-twenty years ago still govern feelings and ideas, in spite of the agreeable fact that Mudie furnished the town with plenty of current literature twice a week, and nearly everybody went to London during the spring exhibitions. An older, quainter, and perhaps more entertaining little circle belonged to the place and suggested at all times such towns as Cramford to my mind. Small card-parties were here given, the invitations coming upon pink note-paper, with sometimes a suggestion that there would be "a little music." We usually went to these at about eight o'clock in quiet evening-dress, many of the ladies coming with the escort of a maid or man-servant carrying a lantern, and I do not think I would have been startled by the appearance of a sedan-chair. If it rained we often wore waterproof cloaks, as it was not expected that we should always hire a "fly." Little bits of finery,

like hats or laces, might be brought in a paper parcel ; and at one house to which we often went, and where we were always most agreeably entertained, we used to pin on such last touches in a large, roomy bed-chamber, with a four-post bedstead hung in damask, and a dressing-table with a large mirror that reflected our anxious faces and the sober gayeties as well as the vast corners of the candle-lit room. To have worn anything very new in style at such gatherings would have seemed a trifle out of place, for I remember that flowered silks of quite an antique pattern, large, solid-looking jewelry, and Honiton laces appeared decidedly in keeping. We would go down-stairs to the drawing-room with a peculiar air of formality, where we were received cordially, but with a dignity of manner fitting the occasion ; and we had a little light refreshment before going to cards. On such occasions no men-servants appeared, but the things were handed about by the brightest, neatest of maids, who bloomed like spring flowers in the large, old-fashioned, stately house. Our hostess was a genuine Mrs. Battle in regard to whist ; but, cards over, her cheerful voice was lifted again, and we always had the most bountiful sort of a supper. They always had a dish called "jannet" at these parties, which was very delicious and tasted as if it had been spiced in some Oriental country a long time ago. When we came to leave I think we all felt sorry and wished for another invitation soon again. The atmosphere of these parties was so home-like yet so quaint, and the flavor of everything so unlike anything we had ever experienced in America, that it was to us like being set down in the middle of some interesting, old-fashioned novel to partake of it. It often rained so that going home one could see the lanterns swaying over the wet pavements—curious little flames of light that seemed to suggest large, damp fireflies ; but somehow we always liked that method of escort better than driving, and the friendly good-nights exchanged here and there among us had a piquancy of their own, whether uttered in the soft, quiet rain of the winter or under the clear, star-lit sky. Everything connected with such entertainments appeals to me now in retrospection so agreeably that the very prejudices which baffled and amused me at the time seem to have gained a dignity of their own. I recall the discussions over Mr. So-and-so's marriage with a girl of "no family at all" ; the question as to whether it would be possible to call upon her ; the horror expressed as to Mr. —'s will disinheriting his daughter Jane ; the question whether Admiral — would ever be reconciled to his wife, as among the various topics

under discussion at the present time, and the figures in the pictures suggested rise to mind like characters in some story, and a dozen plots such as Trollope would have used to admirable advantage are suggested by the incidents of their every-day lives. For be it known that in the social condition of things in England lies a mine of wealth for any novelist of the day. Every tradition suggests a set of circumstances for a writer of any ingenuity to weave together, and the merest externals of society in a provincial place such as I describe make up the outlines of a picture which the story-writer can use without the necessity of resorting to any tricks or sensational incidents, or unexpected dilemmas and developments.

While the system of home-education is still popular, even among the middle classes, in England, school-life is carried on much more admirably of late years than during the first decades of this century. Boys are sent to the grammar-schools of the towns in which they live, and may compete there for scholarships in the great public schools of England, whence they go on to the universities; and if the schools for girls fall short of corresponding ones in America, there are decided advantages for the gentler sex in special studies. Painting and music are liberally open to all, while the board-schools are beginning to find their way among the masses of people, even in the provinces.

The general method of life, or what I may call its routine, in a provincial English town, corresponds nearly to our own. The root of difference lies in the whole system of feeling—the point of view with which, so to speak, an Englishman is born, and which he accepts as a general thing without a murmur. The fondness for home-life noticeable among high and low in Great Britain might well be imitated on this side of the water, where the young people of the present day are always anxious to fly away from the parent nest and try their own wings in a new atmosphere. One thing further to be remarked in the provinces is the admirable manner in which domestic service is viewed. The girl who would go into a shop or factory in America regularly prepares herself for household work in England, and by doing well dignifies the labor she undertakes. The positions of mistress and maid, if more clearly defined in England than in our country, have the inestimable advantage of being so regulated that the mistress provides a real home for her servant, and the maid is conscious that she increases her own self-respect by doing her duty to her employer. I have heard it said, and it

seems to me with admirable justice, that the middle classes of England, the wives and daughters in a provincial town such as I have been describing, formed the real backbone of England's well-being. The nobility have their rights and their excellent qualities, no doubt; but the middle classes, the professional and solid business people of the country, form its standing-ground and certainly uphold its position socially among the nations of the world.

PRESENT STATE OF THE CHINESE MISSIONS.*

THE appointment by the Holy See of Mgr. Agliardi as diplomatic representative to the court of Peking marks an important era in the history of the Chinese missions. The exclusive protectorate exercised since the treaty of 1860 by France over all the Christians of the Celestial Empire had become an anomaly to the other European nations and a cause of offence on the part of China. A government engaged at home in making war on religion acted in queer character abroad while masquerading as the special champion of the faith. For a long period all Christians seeking to travel into China did so on the passes of the French consuls; and thus, in the course of time, Frenchmen and Christians have come to be identified in the Chinese mind, the latter being held responsible for the actions or the hostility of the former. How disastrously this arrangement works has been revealed in the massacres of last year, which were directly provoked by the military operations of France in Ton-kin. In the interest of the church and for the sake of the Chinese Christians it had become necessary that a change should be made, and the Pope has acted at last.

How every resource of patience was exhausted, and how every tenderness was shown for French feeling, is demonstrated by an elaborate account of the negotiations published in the *Osservatore Romano*. The initiative came from Peking as far back as the month of May, 1881, when Li Hung Chang first sent a letter to Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State, touching the question of re-establishing diplomatic relations between China and the Holy See. Chang expressed much solicitude for the safety

* *Missiones Catholicæ Ritus Latini cura S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide. Descriptæ in annum MDCCCLXXXVI. Romæ: Ex Typographia Polyglotta S. C. de Propaganda Fide. 1886.*

of the Chinese converts, and urged that in their interests the Pope should send to Peking a nuncio, for whom he promised the honors and the station accorded to the ambassadors of sovereign states. At that time the idea was not entertained by the Holy See, or at least not acted upon. Last year's persecution, however, induced the Pope to address a personal letter to the Emperor of China, to which a respectful answer was returned. As a consequence of this correspondence, perhaps, Mr. Dunn was, in January last, made the bearer of another letter from the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, to Cardinal Jacobini, asking that Mr. Dunn be received as a special envoy empowered to open negotiations for the establishment of closer and more formal relations. At the same time the viceroy took occasion to say that this step was not suggested by any European power, but was spontaneous on the part of China. Under these circumstances the Holy See felt that, while all due regard should be paid to the claims of France, this offer of the Chinese government could not well be rejected.

These facts were communicated to the French ministry, together with the assurance that the representative whom the Vatican proposed to send to Peking would always respect the rights of France and cordially co-operate in mutual assistance in the East. The French government at once raised objections, and requested that the papal representative at Peking should have no diplomatic standing, but be of the same character as the apostolic delegate at Constantinople. This would have been equivalent to a rejection of China's offer, since the very object desired, according to Li Hung Chang's letter, was a fully-accredited ambassador and direct relations with the Holy See. Finding that France persisted in her stubborn attitude, the Holy Father yielded to the feelings of France by the appointment of Mgr. Agliardi as diplomatic representative to the court of Peking, with instructions to examine the situation in China and report thereupon to the Holy See.

These momentous proceedings forcibly call attention to the present state of the missions in China, and lend considerable additional interest to the account which we find in the volume devoted to the missions under the care of the Propaganda Fide, and compiled from the reports of the missionaries. While not so strictly accurate and full as one could desire, yet, by a little study, a tolerably fair account can be drawn from the badly-arranged facts flung together between the two covers of the book.

The first province on the list is that of Chan-si, into which the

Jesuits introduced Christianity some time during the sixteenth century, though the mission is now in charge of the Franciscans. Chan-si was separated from the Peking diocese by Alexander VII., and in 1696 it was, in conjunction with Chen-si, erected into a vicariate-apostolic by Innocent XII.; in 1762 the region of Hu-quang was added to it, but in 1838 the last-named was separated and erected into an independent diocese, the provinces of Chan-si and Chen-si being divided and formed into two vicariates by a decree of February 5, 1844. The present vicariate covers an immense area. The number of inhabitants is 17,000,000; number of Catholics, 14,980; catechumens, 2,500; churches and chapels, 10; European missionaries, 7; native priests, 9; schools, 31, pupils 1,250; college, 1, students 40; seminary, 1, seminarians 18; orphans, 578.

In 1839 the vicariate of Chan-tong was erected by Gregory XVI., including within its bounds the quondam pro-vicariates of Hu pe and Hu-nan. This mission has been often and grievously afflicted by persecutions. By a decree of December 22, 1885, Chan-tong was divided into northern and southern vicariates. In Northern Chan-tong the population numbers 29,500,000, of whom Catholics are 15,000; catechumens, 6,000; there being 14 European missionaries; 9 native priests; schools, 36, pupils 200; seminary, 1, seminarians 22; orphanages, 5, orphans 600; number of churches not stated. The slimness of the school report is perhaps owing to the severe persecutions recently suffered.

On January 2, 1882, the vicar-apostolic of Chan-tong, who was then Bishop Cosi, nominated the Rev. John B. Anzer, of the College of Steyl, Holland, pro-vicar of Southern Chan-tong, then in his own vicariate; the idea was to more thoroughly organize the work in a district which had been scarcely touched. The College of Steyl has undertaken to supply this mission, and several young priests were sent out a few months ago. By the decree mentioned above, on December 22, 1885, the province was formally erected into a vicariate-apostolic, with Right Rev. John B. Anzer as incumbent. There are 2,000 Catholics; 2,264 catechumens; 5 churches; 26 chapels; 1 seminary with 12 seminarians; 25 schools, and 2 orphanages. No other statistics are given. The vicariate is in a disorganized condition from persecution.

The Christian religion was introduced into the province of Chen-si in 1640. Its fortunes varied with the alternate favor or persecution of the Chinese emperors. By a decree of February

5, 1844, a vicariate was formed of Chen-si, Kan-su, and the adjoining Tartar regions. On May 21, 1878, Chen-si was separated from the Tartar regions and the district known as Ku-ku-noor. It extends from the Mon-ku desert on the north to Hu-pe and Su-tchaen on the south; from Chan-si and Ho-nan on the east to Kan-su on the west. There are 10,500,000 inhabitants; 21,300 Catholics; 107 churches and chapels; 8 European missionaries; 14 native priests; 8 schools, 50 pupils; 1 seminary, 20 seminarians; 2 orphan asylums.

The vicariate of Emoi was separated from that of Fo-kien on December 5, 1883. It includes the Formosan peninsula; Fo-kien bounds it on the southeast, whence it extends towards the northwest to the provinces of Chuan-cheu and Chiang-cheu. The continental part of the vicariate is under the Chinese government; the peninsula of Formosa below Keelung is occupied by French troops. There are 4,500,000 inhabitants; 5,000 Catholics, of whom about 1,000 are in Formosa; 7 churches and chapels; 11 European missionaries; 3 native priests; 3 schools, 20 pupils; 1 seminary, 20 seminarians.

The vicariate of Fo-kien, erected in 1696, included Nankin, Tche-kiang, and Kiang-si, the last two being separated into independent vicariates in 1790, and the first-named divided in 1838. Emoi was cut off from Fo-kien, as we have shown above, in 1883. There are 18,000,000 inhabitants; 30,355 Catholics; 114 catechumens; 37 churches and chapels; 12 European missionaries; 13 native priests; 12 schools, 60 pupils; 1 seminary, 20 seminarians.

In the year 1622 the Jesuit Fathers penetrated Ho-nan and planted the seeds of Christianity. They had a very difficult work, whose fruits, so far as this world goes, were often trampled out by persecutions. In 1774 a firmer footing was obtained, and, in spite of great and persistent afflictions, a nucleus of the faithful was formed. Until 1843 the Catholics of Ho-nan were subject to the spiritual authorities of Nankin; then the province was raised to a vicariate in 1869; and on August 28, 1883, Ho-nan was divided into two vicariates known as Northern and Southern Ho-nan.

In Northern Ho-nan there are 9,000,000 inhabitants; 1,067 Catholics; 6 chapels; 3 European missionaries; 3 native priests; 2 schools, 18 pupils.

Southern Ho-nan comprises 20,000,000 inhabitants; 5,000 Catholics; 45 churches and chapels; 7 European missionaries; 12 native priests; 20 schools, 100 pupils; 1 seminary, 17 seminarians.

Solicitous for the needs and safety of the Catholic English soldiers, Gregory XVI. insulated Hong-kong and erected it into a prefecture-apostolic, which it remained until 1874, when it was raised to a vicariate. It includes the island of Hong-kong and the adjacent islands; including on the continent the districts of Fung-koun, Sing-gan-hien, Hay-fou-hien, and Hai-cha-hien, with the exception of the city of Quei-tscheo-fou. The islands belong to England; the rest of the vicariate lies in the Chinese Empire. There are 3,000,000 inhabitants, speaking Chinese, English, and Portuguese, or a mixture of the three; 6,600 Catholics; 27 churches and chapels; 11 European priests; 3 native priests; 19 schools, 118 pupils; 1 seminary, 12 seminarians. A Catholic journal, the *Hong-kong Catholic Register*, a very small four-page sheet, is published in this city.

It is conjectured that the Christian religion was introduced into Hu-nan about the middle of the seventeenth century; at least records of the date of the reign of the Emperor Kan-si, of the Cin dynasty, would lead one to suppose so. From the first the faithful of this province suffered severely, persecution following persecution with steady rapidity. Last year's affliction came near extinguishing the few remaining sparks in Northern Hu-nan, but as fast as the missionaries fell at their posts of duty others took their places, and are laboring now to repair the ravages of the enemy. In 1856 Hu-nan was separated from Hu-pe; and on September 19, 1879, the province was divided into two vicariates, Northern and Southern Hu-nan.

Northern Hu-nan numbers 10,000,000 inhabitants; 100 Catholics; 6 European missionaries; 4 native priests; 1 school, 10 pupils. In Southern Hu-nan there are 10,000,000 inhabitants; 5,000 Catholics; 10 churches and chapels; 3 European missionaries; 7 native priests; 4 schools, 81 pupils; 1 seminary, 24 seminarians; 1 orphanage.

In the year 1636 Antonius de Govea, S.J., introduced the faith into Hu-pe. For a long period it was included in the vicariate of Chan-si; but in 1870 Pius IX., by his brief *Christianæ rei procurationi*, separated Hu-pe from Chan-si, and divided it into three distinct vicariates—Northwestern Hu-pe, Eastern Hu-pe, and Southwestern Hu-pe.

Northwestern Hu-pe contains 9,000,000 inhabitants; 8,000 Catholics; 26 churches and chapels; 7 European missionaries; 18 native priests; 9 schools, 310 pupils; 1 seminary, 12 seminarians; 1 college, 12 students; 2 orphanages with 28 boys and 68 girls.

Eastern Hu-pe has 9,000,000 inhabitants; 16,000 Catholics; 42

churches and chapels; 16 European missionaries; 14 native priests; 16 schools, 525 pupils; 1 seminary, 54 seminarians; 1 college, 24 students. There are various other institutions, orphanages, industrial schools, etc., but no statistics are given of these. We may remark that the same is the case with other vicariates, as regards orphan asylums at least.

In Southwestern Hu-pe there are 9,000,000 inhabitants; 3,500 Catholics; 13 churches and chapels; 7 European missionaries; 4 native priests; 2 schools, 82 pupils; 1 seminary, 31 seminarians.

The vicariate-apostolic of Kan-su was a part of the Chan-si vicariate until May 21, 1878, when it was erected into an independent vicariate. It includes the province of Kan-su, the Ku-ku-noor region, and the wandering Tartars. Missionaries have been sent into the unknown interior as far as they can go, even beyond the scope of imperial authority. There are a multitude of mixed dialects spoken within the limits of the vicariate, but they are broadly divided into these three languages: in Kan-su proper, Chinese; in Ku-ku-noor, Sifon; in Tartary, Turkestan. There are 21,500,000 inhabitants; 1,500 Catholics; 9 churches and chapels; 5 European missionaries; 3 schools, 32 pupils; 1 seminary, 10 seminarians.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century Matthew Ricci, S.J., preached the Gospel to the Chinese of the province of Kiang-nan. Pauli Siu, the reigning emperor, admired the zeal of Ricci and his companions, and the good results of their labor. Thousands of converts were made, and the Christian religion placed upon a firm foundation. In 1660 the vicariate-apostolic of Kiang-nan, or Nankin, was formally erected, and Ignatius Cotelendi named its bishop. In 1690 Alexander VII. instituted the diocese of Nankin, and made it a suffragan see of the archbishopric of Goa; and Innocent XII. united to it the provinces of Kiang-nan and Ho-nan by his constitution of October 15, 1696. Alexander Caceri, consecrated titular bishop of Macai, February 5, 1696, was the first to occupy the see of Nankin; and with the death of his last successor, Cajetan Pires-Pereira, a Portuguese, at Pekin in the year 1838, the see became practically extinct. After his death apostolic administrators continued to rule the see until 1856, when the Holy See entirely suppressed it. Then the province of Kiang-nan was erected into a separate vicariate and confided to the care of the Jesuits. The vicariate comprises the whole civil province of Kiang-nan and two sub-provinces, Ngan and Kiang-sou. There are American and European military posts at Ou-hon, Nan-king, Tcheu-kiang, and Shang-hai, the

very gates of the province. There are 50,000 000 inhabitants; 101,206 Catholics; 606 churches and chapels; 81 European missionaries; 30 native priests; 667 schools, 11,237 pupils; 2 seminaries, 27 seminarians; 1 large and 3 small colleges; 2 large orphanages at Shang-hai and many smaller ones throughout the provinces.

The Rev. Matthew Ricci did not confine his labors to spreading the faith in Kiang-nan; he also pushed into Kiang-si. In 1696 Innocent XII. confided this region to the care of Alvaro Benevente, whose work was very fruitful. But he soon died; persecutions fell thick and fast; no successor was appointed, and the martyred missionaries' places were voluntarily filled by priests from other provinces. About 1790 Kiang-si was placed under the spiritual charge of the Right Rev. D. Carpena, vicar-apostolic of Fo-kien, by the authority of Pius VI.; and it remained a suffragan of Fo-kien until 1838, at which time, with the approbation of Gregory XVI., the Propaganda Fide named the Right Rev. Alexius Rameaux vicar-apostolic of Kiang-si and Tche-kiang. On his death in 1845 Kiang-si was separated from Tche-kiang, and the Right Rev. Bernard Laribe, the dead vicar's coadjutor, was named vicar-apostolic. In 1879 Leo XIII. divided the vicariate of Kiang-si into two distinct parts, the northern and the southern.

There are in Northern Kiang-si 14,000,000 inhabitants; 13,007 Catholics; 1,368 catechumens; 49 churches and chapels; 10 European missionaries; 13 native priests; 40 schools, 260 pupils; 1 seminary, 16 seminarians; 4 colleges, 200 students; 5 orphanages, 1,579 orphans; 2 hospitals.

Southern Kiang-si is very fertile, being traversed by innumerable streams. There are 11,000,000 inhabitants; 3,753 Catholics; 1,440 catechumens; 25 churches and chapels; 3 European missionaries; 5 native priests; 16 schools, 140 pupils; 1 college, 28 students; 1 orphanage, 77 orphans.*

Kuang-si was evangelized in the seventeenth century. Despite the many bitter persecutions, the seeds of the faith were never completely destroyed, and, though often separated from the outside world, the children of the church, here as elsewhere in China, kept up the tradition of their fathers and the practice of their religion. In the year 1853 the Very Rev. Father Guillemin, then prefect-apostolic of Kuang-tong and Kuang-si, sent the Rev. Father Chapdelaine into the western extremities of the province of Kuang-si, and there he found abundance of neo-

* By a decree of August 14, 1885, this vicariate has been again divided, and a new one erected, called East Kiang-si, comprising the prefectures of Koan-si-fu and Kie-g-tchang-fu.

phytes. With two native Christians as companions he penetrated as far as the city of Si-lin-hien, where, notwithstanding the jealous vigilance of the mandarins, he found about 80 Christians living. Several missionaries were, from time to time, sent into Kuang-si from Kuang-tong. On August 6, 1875, Pius IX. separated the mission from Kuang-tong and erected it into a prefecture-apostolic, with the Very Rev. Father Jolly as incumbent. It is nominally subject to the Chinese emperor, but the real rulers, most of the time, are the Miao-tse and Tchang-ko tribes. It has a number of difficult languages and a confusing variety of dialects. There are 8,000,000 inhabitants; 1,013 Catholics; 10 churches and chapels; 11 European missionaries; 4 native priests; 5 schools, 70 pupils; 2 seminaries, 20 seminarians.

In 1850 Kuang-tong, Kuang-si, and Hai-nan were united into one prefecture. In 1875 Kuang-si was separated from it and erected into an independent prefecture; at the same time Hai-nan and Heung-shan were given to Macao, while the vicar-apostolic of Hong-kong obtained three districts of the territory, San-on, Kwai-shan, and Hoi-fong. There are in Kuang-tong 25,000,000 inhabitants; 28,076 Catholics; 100 churches and chapels; 41 European missionaries; 5 native priests; 101 schools, 1,000 pupils; 1 seminary, 25 seminarians; 1 college, 20 students.

How long back the Christians from the older evangelized field of Su-tchuen penetrated Kuy-tcheou is not known; but it must have been at an early date. In 1708 Cardinal de Tournon, legate of the Holy See in China, consecrated Claud Visselton a titular bishop and made him vicar-apostolic of Yun-nan and Kuy-tcheou. He died in India in 1737. From that time forward the Christians of these regions endured a stormy existence, suffering many persecutions. In 1849 Kuy-tcheou was made a separate vicariate, with the Right Rev. Bishop Allrand as incumbent. The Franco-Chinese war had a disastrous effect upon this mission; but in spite of the obstacles in its way the Christian religion has steadily gained ground. There are 8,000,000 inhabitants; 16,892 Catholics; 73 churches and chapels; 26 European missionaries; 7 native priests; 84 schools, 1,081 pupils; 2 seminaries, 20 seminarians; 12 orphanages, 700 orphans.

It must have been under the Emperor Tang that the Christians first penetrated the distant regions of Su-tchuen. At least there are monumental remains which would lead to that conclusion. Certainly there were many Catholics there before 1630, but the atrocities of Tartar war, in ruining the civil state, appear also to have annihilated the Christians. When Bishop

Pallu, in 1658, visited Sü-tchuen he found nothing but desolation. He, however, labored there until his death in 1684. Then Bishop de Syonne was put in his place. Frequent and direful persecutions vexed the church in this province, Bishop Dufierse, among others, being martyred for the faith on September 17, 1815. The number of Christians, however, increased, and it became necessary to separate Yun-nan from the vicariate in 1838. In 1848 Kuy-tcheou was set apart; in 1856 Su-tchuen was divided into northern and southern parts; in 1858 the three present divisions were made, Northwestern Su-tchuen, Eastern Su-tchuen, and Southern Su-tchuen. In the three Su-tchuens there are 45,000,000 inhabitants; 84,079 Catholics; 120 churches and chapels; 78 European missionaries; 83 native priests; 400 schools, 4,514 pupils; 5 seminaries, 204 seminarians; 2 orphanages, 171 orphans.

Hang-tcheou, the metropolis of the Tche-kiang province, was once, during the old Franciscan missions, an episcopal see, a suffragan of the archbishopric of Pekin. During the sixteenth century missionaries spread the faith throughout the province; in the year 1696 Innocent XII. raised it to an independent vicariate, with the learned Dominican, Right Rev. Bishop Alcala, as incumbent. Subsequently it was united under one administration with Fo-kien and Kiang-si. Fo-kien was separated in 1838, and the others in 1845. The Christians suffered many persecutions in this province; thousands were martyred between 1858 and 1864 during the Tchang-mao rebellion. There are 8,000,000 inhabitants; 11,480 Catholics; 39 churches and chapels; 9 European missionaries; 7 native priests; 37 schools, 500 pupils; 2 seminaries, 9 seminarians; 1 orphanage, 8 orphans; 1 industrial school.

The Rev. Matthew Ricci, S.J., went to the city of Pekin in 1601, where he won the favor of the emperor, Wang-lie, and the other men of power, for the Christian faith. He established the Pekin mission. In 1688 the episcopal see of Pekin was formally erected, having within its jurisdiction Chang-tong, Eastern Tarty (Leao-tong), the whole province of Tche-ly, the kingdom of Corea, and other adjacent regions. In 1831 the kingdom of Corea was erected into an independent vicariate, and subsequently the other provinces were separated as occasion seemed to demand. On the abrogation of the bishopric of Pekin the territory of the see was constituted a vicariate, and in 1856 the province was divided into three parts, one of which, Northern Tche-ly, contains the city of Pekin. In Northern Tche-ly there

are 10,000,000 inhabitants; 28,000 Catholics; 166 churches and chapels; 16 European missionaries; 13 native priests; 120 schools, 1,000 pupils; 2 seminaries, 40 seminarians; 9 orphanages, 800 orphans.

Notwithstanding the various calamities which have fallen upon the mission of Southeastern Tche-ly, from wars, rebellions, famines, persecutions, the faith has made no little progress in it, and it ranks among the first in the number of Catholics in proportion to the population. On the north lies Northern Tche-ly; on the south Ho-nan; on the east Ho-nan and Eastern Tche-ly; on the west Chan-tong and Northern Tche-ly. There are 10,000,000 inhabitants; 33,488 Catholics; 462 churches and chapels; 32 European missionaries; 7 native priests; 89 schools, 2,331 pupils; 1 seminary, 7 seminarians; 1 college, 170 students; 13 gymnasiums, 584 attendants.

Southwestern Tche-ly has 10,000,000 inhabitants; 21,000 Catholics; 81 churches and chapels; 7 European priests; 12 native priests; 4 schools, 30 pupils; 2 seminaries, 17 seminarians; about 1,000 orphans.

The first vicar-apostolic of Yun-nan was the Right Rev. Bishop Le Blanc, who in 1702 established the mission. He was succeeded by Bishop de Martillac, who died in Rome in 1755. The vicariate was then attached to that of Su-tchuen, in which state it remained until August 6, 1840, when the vicariate was re-established, with the Right Rev. Bishop Ponsot as ruler. It is the extreme southwestern corner of the Chinese Empire. There are 12,000,000 inhabitants; 11,207 Catholics; 53 churches and chapels; 21 European missionaries; 8 native priests; 40 schools, 200 pupils; 1 seminary, 18 seminarians; 25 orphans.

Let us now recapitulate: In the twenty-nine vicariates and prefectures of the Chinese Empire there are 390,000,000 inhabitants; 485,403 Catholics; 2,460 churches and chapels; 440 European missionaries; 303 native priests; 1,779 schools, 25,219 pupils; 34 seminaries, 666 seminarians. The returns of the sisters, nuns, orphans, industrial schools, colleges, students, etc., are so incomplete that no total can be given, but there are proportionate numbers of all these.

The first thing observable in the careful and accurate survey of the Chinese missions which we have just placed before our readers is not only the number of Catholic converts in China—about half a million—but also, and much more so, the striking way in which they are scattered throughout the territory of the Celestial kingdom. There are Catholics, there are missionaries,

there are native priests, there are churches, schools, seminaries, colleges, orphan asylums, from Thibet to the Yellow Sea, from Siberia on the north to Annam on the south. Every province has its vicariate—sometimes one province has two or three; every vicariate, with the exception of one, has its bishop. The complete organization is there. The seeds are planted. The 500,000 are scattered among the 400,000,000, fruitfully working at every point, not massed together in one locality. In this respect the condition of China is very much like that of the old Roman Empire in the first centuries of the Christian era. The early missionaries of the Catholic Church did not pause to convert every nation they came to; they pushed on, forming colonies of the faithful here and there, until the whole empire was dotted with centres of the cross. They knew the fructifying power of Christ's religion; they knew they had but to plant the seeds and await the time and season of their coming to maturity. And they were justified in their course, for the despised religion of the Galilean grew like a giant and soon overthrew the pagan mummeries of the ancient world. Just so is it in China to-day; only, perhaps, the Chinese Empire is a more extended and more populous field than that afforded by the majestic structure of the Seven-Hilled City. Those huge provinces of the strange kingdom of the far East are as large as the mighty nations that olden Rome chained to the chariot-wheels of her triumphant progress. Mere man, unaided from above, would shrink from the stupendous task of changing the long-settled religion of half a world. It is foolish, it is a strange, fantastic dream, which these deluded missionaries cherish. They can do nothing to move that impalpable bulk. But see! The Catholic missionaries do not weigh human probabilities, or even possibilities. They have upon them the charge of God himself; they have his Holy Spirit in their hearts. Against the dictates of reason itself they attack, with no weapon but the cross, this uncounted conglomeration of humanity. They stop at no point; they push ahead; they penetrate every nook of the empire, and detached bands stray out into those lost regions of the earth, the steppes of Siberia, the plains of Tartary, the mountain fastnesses of Thibet. In China, from Tche-ly to Emoi, from Hong-kong to Su-tchuen, they establish a network of flawless organization—twenty-nine perfect sees, with rulers in them, with clergy, with people, with churches, with schools. It is magic! How can we explain it except upon the theory that God is in the work? And now that the increasing numbers of the converts, and the exalted station of many—for

there are high mandarins in the ranks of the Catholic Chinese laity—compel such a signal recognition from the emperor as a request for closer relations with the Holy See, may we not expect to behold something like that old conversion of the Roman Empire in the not remote future?

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MISS VERNON LEE has a great many admirers. She is a lady of a Positivist turn of mind. She shows in her writings much familiarity with the nastiest works of fiction and poetry. She dwells on these with the tenderness peculiar to the new æsthetic school to which she belongs, and in her pages we are taught that Maupassant's *Une Vie*, Théophile Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal* are oft-recurring topics in the only circles where the highest philosophy is talked. It is rather hard to grasp this high philosophy as taught in *Baldwin: Being Dialogues on Views and Aspirations* (Boston: Roberts Bros.) It has such little body. Mr. Mallock's *New Republic* has doubtless given Vernon Lee—who prefers to pose as a man—the idea of the form of *Baldwin*, as Lander's *Imaginary Conversations* probably gave Mallock the idea of the *New Republic*. Mr. Mallock is bitten by the pruriency that disfigures Vernon Lee's writings, and one of the strongest chapters in *Is Life Worth Living?* is ruined by a quotation from the worst novel written in any language, which quotation in Mallock's book, taken with its context, becomes blasphemous.

If Mr. Mallock and Vernon Lee reflect the opinions of the English "high thinkers," we have reason to conclude that the emancipation from all religious belief which Vernon Lee teaches us to believe to be the *nirvana* of the philosophical æsthete has led to a return to the most horrible forms of pagan vice. The most remarkable thing about Vernon Lee's writings, aside from the constant playing with thoughts forbidden to Christians, is the art by which so large a number of well-formed English sentences are made to cover so little real knowledge. She gives one the impression that she has dipped into hand-books and saturated herself with certain poetry and novels in which the use of art for art's sake is made an excuse for positive obscenity.

It is natural to conclude that a young woman who has written

in a learned manner on the Renaissance—a large book on the Renaissance—should take the trouble to learn something of the Catholic Church. But she is evidently as ignorant of its theology and its philosophy as Mr. Frederic Harrison, who considers it unworthy of “philosophical consideration”!

Baldwin is in the shape of dialogues. Labored efforts are made to give individuality to the characters, and descriptions of nature are introduced and greatly elaborated. “The Responsibilities of Unbelief” is the first dialogue in the book. Vere, Rheinhardt, and Baldwin talk over the sermon of a Monsignor Russell, whom they have heard preach. They are all unbelievers. All of them have gotten over the “weakness” of believing in God. But Rheinhardt is the most advanced.

“Ladies,” Rheinhardt says, “I admit, may require for their complete happiness to abandon their conscience occasionally into the hands of some saintly person; but do you mean to say that a man in the possession of all his faculties, with plenty to do in the world, with a library of good books, some intelligent friends, a good digestion, and a good theatre when he has a mind to go there—do you mean to tell me that such a man can ever be troubled by wants of the soul?”

After Rheinhardt asks this question the author drops into one of those over-worked bits of description held by her admirers to be exceedingly vivid and graphic:

“Beyond the blush and gold (coppery and lilac and tawny tints united by the faint undergrowing green) of the seeding grasses and flowering rushes, was a patch of sunlit common-ground of pale, luminous brown, like that of a sunlit brook-bed, fretted and frosted with the gray and rustiness of moss and gorse, specks of green grass and tufts of purple heather merged in that permeating golden brown. The light seemed to emanate from the soil, and in it were visible, clear at many yards’ distance, the delicate outlines of minute sprays and twigs, connected by a network of shining cobwebs, in which moved flies and bees diaphanous and luminous like the rest, and whose faint, all-overish hum seemed to carry out in sound the visible pattern of that sun-steeped piece of ground.”

This is a good example of the manner in which some modern writers overlay words with words in the effort to imitate the effects of the paint-brush. Sir Walter Scott’s and Cooper’s manner of suggesting natural pictures have gone out of fashion, and in return we get this sort of thing. The talkers go on considering the responsibility of unbelief. Now, one of the most fascinating qualities of unbelief seems to most people its absence of responsibilities. But Baldwin tries to make it plain, taking for a text Monsignor Russell’s zeal in preaching the faith, that unbelievers

have resting on them the responsibility of propagating un-faith. Whom they are responsible to does not appear, and Rheinhardt voices the logical conclusion of the religion of humanity, to whom they all belong, when he says: "Upon my word, I don't know which is the greater plague, the old-fashioned nuisance called a soul or the new-fangled bore called mankind."

But Baldwin, who is a wretchedly hypocritical and "talky" prig, tries to convince Vere that he ought to destroy the religious belief of his wife and children:

"Do you consider this as complete union with another, this deliberate silence and indifference, this growing and changing and maturing of your own mind, while you see her mind cramped and maimed by beliefs which you have long cast behind you? This divorce of your minds, which I can understand only towards a mistress, a creature for whom your mind does not exist—how can you reconcile it to your idea of the love of a husband to a wife?"

Vere, in real life, would probably answer that a wife without religion would run the risk of becoming less of a mother and more of a mistress. But in Vernon Lee's hands he only says:

"I respect my wife's happiness, then, and my children's happiness; and for that reason I refrain from laying rough hands upon illusions which are part of that happiness. Accident has brought us into contact with what you and I call truth—I have been shorn of my belief; I am emancipated, free, superior—all things which a thorough rationalist is in the eyes of rationalists; but"—and Vere turned round upon Baldwin with a look of pity and bitterness—"I have not yet attained to the perfection of living a hypocrite, a sophist to myself, of daring to pretend to my own soul that this belief of ours, this truth, is not bitter and abominable, icy and arid to our hearts."

Nevertheless Baldwin goes on arguing on the responsibility of unbelievers to communicate the truth that there is no truth, until at the end Vere says: "But you see I love my children a great deal; and—well, I mean that I have not the heart to assume the responsibility of such a decision." "You shirk your responsibilities," answers Baldwin, "and in doing so you take upon yourself the heaviest responsibility of any."

All this is mere juggling with puppets and words. And if there is any evidence needed to show how inadequate this Positivism is for any useful or logical purpose, Vernon Lee's dialogues furnish it conclusively. Another dialogue, "The Consolations of Belief," is almost as serio-comic in effect as "The Responsibilities of Unbelief." Baldwin talks at a young lady named Agnes Stuart, who has been a Christian. Finally "a strange melancholy, al-

most like a physical ache, came over Agatha." People who have followed Baldwin's limitless flow of talk will understand that this was the kind of ache that afflicted the hapless wedding-guest. "I think you are deserving of envy," answered Agnes coldly. "But I prefer to believe in the goodness of God." This is the most triumphant declaration of belief that Vernon Lee permits any of her puppets to utter. She cannot conceive of a Christian, strong and logical, because she is ignorant of the church, and because her studies of life and literature have been all on the surface. The arguments of these dialogues can unsettle no clear and well-instructed mind. But the allusions to nasty literature, similar to the allusions to nasty vices which made Vernon Lee's *Miss Brown* an indecent book, may help to make thoughts already corrupted more corrupt. Vernon Lee is regarded by a certain class of shallow thinkers and readers as a strong representative of high and refined philosophy and literature. Her work is a constant example of the truth that pretended belief in Neo-Paganism—we say "pretended," for it is plain that these infidels protest too much their disbelief in God—leads to the contemplation of the lowest objects under the most high-sounding names. Priapus looks well in a phrase of poetry; but it is a symbol of things which only the inhabitants of slums and dives dare utter in plain English to their fellows. And in this revival of "culture" we find the morals of Horace gilded in imitation of the gold of his phrases. Progress, with people like the teachers of Vernon Lee, means that we are to go back to the Augustan age, but with no hope that God will come as Christ to save the world.

A refreshing book, which reminds one of the cool air of an early winter night after the artificial atmosphere of *Baldwin*, is the *Meditations of a Parish Priest* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), by the Abbé Roux. The Abbé Roux's *Thoughts* or *Meditations* have excited a sensation among the literary men of Paris, in spite of the fact that he is a priest, and evidently a good priest. The critic of *Pensées* for *Blackwood's Magazine* frankly acknowledges that this prejudice is not confined to the Parisian writers, but he as frankly acknowledges the merit of the work. He says:

"It was the centenary of Petrarch, held in 1874, that first called Roux into notice—a festival celebrated in southern France by the *Félibres*, that society for the promotion and revival of Provençal poetry, of which Mistral is the outcome and to the present time the chief glory. M. Paul Marieton, himself a young *Félibre*, a poet in French and Provençal, made the acquaintance of the Abbé Roux, and, struck with his work in dialect, sought to gain closer intimacy with the author. He unearthed him one day in his

retired nest. 'He appeared to me,' says Marieton, 'like one of the Limousin giants of his *Geste de Charlemagne*, with his strong, square frame, his deep bass voice. His visage, large and tender, sweet and yet rough-hewn, resembled that of those English lords of Henry VIII.'s time, Northern, colossal, painted by Holbein. With the gentleness of a child and a poet, he showed me the simplicity of his life; and I departed more moved than I can express.' . . . It was during this visit from the ardent young Félibre that the Abbé Roux diffidently confided to him a large number of copy-books, written in a mighty, firm hand—a hand that would delight graphologists—in which were put down the mile-stones of thought marking the way traversed by this lonely minister of God during his twenty-five years of isolated life. Delighted, M. Marieton at once proposed to publish a selection. At first the abbé demurred. 'You would publish my *Pensées*,' he said. 'Beware! I am not independent enough to seek calumny, for I am not an individual, but a legion; and the good Abbé Roux will bear the mountain of prejudice that weighs on the clergy of all times, and above all of this time. Prudence, my friend! You would have me think that I shall become a personage. I can scarcely hope it. I shall always be an immured. With a proud and timid character one never arrives at anything.' But M. Marieton did not let himself be deterred; and to-day the world can decide whether he did well or not to drag forth this priest from his lonely obscurity."

The greater part of the intelligent world will decide that these thoughts—which are more like points of the most brilliant and concentrated light than anything else, and which are both epigrams and maxims—are new treasures of great worth added to a literature already rich in similar treasures. It is not exaggeration to say that the Abbé Roux possesses the keenness of La Rochefoucauld without his cynicism, the perception of Montaigne without his scepticism, and the sagacity of La Bruyère without his prejudice. Above all, the Abbé Roux is Christian without reserve, without any sacrifice to the literary spirit of the time. And this is a great thing. It is also a great thing to be able, in a trained voice of such quality, to declare that the intellect of the civilized world must listen, that Pan is dead, but that Christ lives, glorified and eternal. The quality of the Abbé Roux's thoughts must be our excuse for making him speak for himself, instead of writing about him. No man has opened the life of the French peasant to us as Abbé Roux has done. The peasants of current French literature are as unreal as the Arcadians of Watteau, with their be-ribboned perukes and crooks, compared with the peasant as drawn from living models.

"The war of the slaves in Italy, the war of the serfs in France, have bequeathed to history a particularly mournful memory. . . .

"Oh! ye who rob the peasant of his beliefs and his money, stuffing his

pocket with vile journals and his heart with brutal desires, beware of the reprisals which he will owe you for having put him back into slavery, into servitude."

"The peasant," Abbé Roux says, "passed from paganism to Christianity through a great expenditure of miracles; he would return from Christianity to paganism at a less cost." He continues: "A monster has lately come into existence—the infidel peasant."

Of the influence of a modern kind of thrift on the peasant's mind he gives a vivid example:

"Far away yonder the sky appears all red.

"'It is the sunset,' says the man.

"Wrong! It is his house on fire.

"One of those wretches, so many of whom pass among us nowadays, set a fuse beneath the door, and the house has burst into flames.

"The man darts forward, crying 'Fire!'

"Then he bethinks himself, halts at a reasonable distance, crouches down on the trunk of a tree, listening to see if any one is coming, and wishing that they may come too late.

"The house is insured.

"Meanwhile the alarm bell bleats; people rush from the neighboring villages. 'The furniture? Come!'

"The man stirs not, makes no reply.

"The furniture is insured!

"So burn on in peace, ye cupboards and chests of his ancestors; burn, bridal bed, and cradle lately cold; burn, picture of the Blessed Virgin, patron of the dead wife (alas! he will soon replace her when his house has been rebuilt); burn, military tunic; burn, little frame of his First Communion, souvenirs of glory, of love, and of grief, souvenirs ancient and recent, burn on in peace.

"He is insured!"

The Abbé Roux, withal, has a great love for the French peasants among whom he labors. He sees their faults without anger, only with a certain melancholy patience. He sees that their natural faults have been exaggerated by what is called modern progress. They are bad enough, in spite of the priest; what would they be without him? he asks.

"Our peasants tolerate God well: 'He is not there, if he is anywhere; and besides he demands neither gold nor silver.' On the other hand, they endure but ill the men of God, the pope, the bishop, the curé.

"To tell the truth, they would tolerate their other masters still less, if they dared."

Of the causes which are helping to ruin France, and which the infidel tries to cure by means of atheistical schools, Abbé Roux speaks in no uncertain manner:

"Absenteeism and Malthusianism are visibly depopulating our country districts. The Natchez and the Mohican have had their turn. The next subject for a book will be 'The Last of the Peasants.'"

"The petty peasant who wishes to acquire a competency; the peasant in easy circumstances who wishes to found a family; the ex-peasant who wishes to become *monsieur*—Malthus furnishes the law for all of you, does he not?"

"If the ex-peasant is father to a male child first of all, it is enough. If he has only daughters, he may in time have a son. The tardy son will be the eldest, the only child, to speak rightly. The rest will stir only at his beck and call. He will have as many servants as he has sisters. None of them will get settled, all of them will devote themselves to monsieur their brother and to his wife. If one of them speaks of taking the veil, there is a long suit to argue. The good father is inexhaustible in *whys* and *hows*. 'So you no longer love me,' he sighs. 'Who will counsel, guide, take care of your poor brother?' Then he begins to discourse about the clergy who tear children from their family, and to rage against that 'era of ignorance and fanaticism, abolished by the great Revolution, when the victims of the cloister, etc.' The vocation will be finely tempered in this assault of sensibility and hypocrisy."

One is forced to agree fully with the Abbé Roux that the French peasant, in spite of his "emancipation by the great Revolution," is almost a clod, yet a clod capable of helping good things to germinate, but that when infidel is veritably a "monster, and a shameless one."

It would be easy enough to put a great number of these "Thoughts" in a kind of paraphrase; but they would lose that aroma which has been well preserved in the present translation. We cannot refrain from quoting entire from the fascinating chapter, "Literature, Poets," the Abbé Roux's analysis of the qualities of Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin:

"It is in vain that Eugénie de Guérin praises Maurice; the more she recommends him, the more she effaces him.

"Eugénie never rests from loving; she ardently desires literary glory for Maurice, and, above all, that celestial glory which is preferable. This anguish of a Christian sister is something new in French literature. One admires and loves this sweet, pious Eugénie, devoted in life and death. As for Maurice, he is only insipid and colorless. He has some imagination, no character. He does nothing but flutter about in a fickle or, what is worse, an undecided way.

"Maurice disenchant, even in his finest passages, by a certain school-boy accent. *Le Centaure* is only a brilliant imitation of Bitaubé, of Chateaubriand, and of Quinet. Eugénie conceals, perhaps ignores, her art, which is exquisite. She appears solicitous of writing well, without, for that reason, believing herself to be a writer."

The Abbé Roux does injustice to *Le Centaure*, which is most exquisite in its individuality, and which preserves the Grecian spirit in a far greater degree than any of the poems of Keats. But he does no injustice to the character of the poet, who, personally, has only the interest of being loved by Eugénie.

With great regret, only pausing for one more quotation, we take leave of one of the most brilliant books that has appeared, either in French or English, for many years:

"St. Thomas d'Aquinas verifies as though he could not believe, and believes as though he ought not to verify."

John Boyle O'Reilly's latest volume, *In Bohemia*, is one that will force the attention of all discriminating lovers of true poetry. We may criticise Mr. O'Reilly's occasional boldness of expression when his indignation against the existing order of things leads him beyond those limits of phraseology within which writers careful about their theology keep themselves. Beyond this, which may seem like a hypercritical suggestion, *In Bohemia* is warm and cordial, generous and true, and in technical treatment almost perfect. It is consoling to know that a heart beats under the polished rhymes of these poems.

"A Lost Friend" will be an old friend for ever, since it has been given to the world. To many of us it may be a reminiscence; to all of us it ought to be a lesson:

"My friend he was; my friend from all the rest;
With childlike faith he oped to me his breast;
No door was locked on altar, grave or grief;
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief;
The hope, the sorrow, and the wrong were bare,
And ah! the shadow only showed the fair.

"I gave him love for love; but, deep within,
I magnified each frailty into sin;
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,
Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed.
Reproof became reproach, till common grew
The captious word at every fault I knew.
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore;
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

"Alone, of all men, I who knew him best
Refused the gold, to take the dross for test!
Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw;
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.

"At last it came—the day he stood apart,
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart;
When carping judgment and uncertain word
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred;
When in his face I read what I had been,
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

"Too late! too late! Oh! could he then have known,
When his love died, that mine had perfect grown;
That when the veil was drawn, abased, chastised,
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.

"Too late we learn—a man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end."

Mr. O'Reilly is a thorough republican, and he voices his convictions very plainly. He cries, in "America":

"O, this thy work, Republic! this thy health,
To prove man's birthright to a commonwealth:
To teach the peoples to be strong and wise,
Till armies, nations, nobles, royalties,
Are laid at rest with all their fears and hates;
Till Europe's thirteen Monarchies are States,
Without a barrier and without a throne,
Of one grand Federation like our own!"

But, above all, even above the passionate poetry of "Erin," when the poet's heart burns with a white heat, beyond the strength, the subtle and deep poetic thought, of "Songs that are not Sung," we prefer "The Dead Singer," in which Mr. O'Reilly has found newer and higher qualities than he showed in *Songs of the Southern Seas* or *The Statues in the Block*. He lacks neither a theme nor a heart. And in this he is unlike most modern poets, who seem to have neither themes nor hearts, but only what is called *technique*. In "The Dead Singer" Mr. O'Reilly adds to the vivid color and human interest of *Songs of the Southern Seas* and the classic sweetness of *Statues in the Block* qualities of deeper thought and poetic insight, which complete the circle in which are all the bays for a true poet's crown.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SERMONS OF THE REV. JOSEPH FARRELL, late C. C., Monasterevan, with an Appendix containing some of his speeches on quasi-religious subjects. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

The writer of these sermons died some eighteen months ago in the prime of life. He had been a contributor, both in prose and poetry, to Catholic magazines in Ireland. These beautiful sermons are now for the first time printed, and they are worthy of the memory of one who seems to have been a man of far more than ordinary talent and a most zealous priest. They embrace subjects for the whole ecclesiastical year, a few Sundays excepted. There is much originality of thought in them, a very devout tone, and a literary style which is very attractive. There is hardly any commonplace matter and no slovenly writing to be found in these sermons. Although the style has the finish and elegance of the essay, it also possesses the freshness and unction necessary for a sermon; and there are very many passages of really lofty eloquence.

That one who could write and preach such stately and powerful discourses was hidden in a country curacy and should have died at the age of forty-four are mysterious dispensations of Providence.

The sermons are none of them long, and the book will be of much practical use to the parochial clergy. The speech on education in the appendix is a fine specimen of a philosophical, and at the same time popular, treatment of that question. The publisher's work is well done.

A COMPANION TO THE CATECHISM. Designed chiefly for the use of young catechists and the heads of families. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Those who have had experience in teaching catechism know that one of the difficulties most often met with is that the children do not understand the meaning of the words they repeat. Very frequently they can give the answer to the question asked them in the exact words of the book, without having any adequate knowledge of what they are talking about—the very words, to say nothing of the idea, being beyond them.

The book before us aims at improving this matter. It suggests a scheme of class-work to the teacher which, if followed and developed, cannot but give the pupils a clearer insight into the subject-matter. The text of the catechism is explained, not simply in reference to the ideas expressed therein, but especially as regards the meaning of words which little people most likely would not grasp of themselves. Thus a great help is given to the inexperienced teacher, by showing how to make the children think and how to have them understand Christian doctrine, when otherwise they would wander aimlessly in a maze of words.

ORPHANS AND ORPHAN ASYLUMS. By Rev. P. A. Baart, S.T.L. With an Introduction by Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes, D.D., Bishop of Covington. Buffalo, N. Y.: Catholic Publication Co. 1886.

This very interesting book gives a full account of the origin and growth, up to the present time, of the two hundred and twenty-one orphan asylums now in active existence in the archdioceses and dioceses of the United

States. It is a most valuable work of reference, and is, moreover, likely to exert an instructive and edifying influence on the minds of persons outside of the Catholic Church who may have the good fortune to read its pages.

The introduction treats of the duty which, "as a church, we Catholics have to perform towards the orphans of America," and of "the great question" how it is to be done. It describes the main difficulties with which the work of taking care of the orphan has to contend, and which are well known to observant persons who have had experience in the management of orphan asylums: viz., the defects of the "drill-like training" which has to be made to take the place of "family life"—"that one thing which fits the child for its duties and prepares it to meet the many temptations thrown in its way." The arduous problem, how to put youths who, from necessity in most cases, have to leave the asylum and go out into the world before their characters are formed, in the way of earning an honest livelihood, is earnestly dwelt upon, and valuable suggestions are given in relation thereto, as also to the comprehensive questions, "What shall our orphan asylums be? Where shall they be built? How should they be managed?" In the matter of providing for orphans we have not certain advantages and facilities existing in European countries, where the old apprenticeship system has been retained.

The opening chapter, which is entirely historical and statistical, points out that among the Gentile nations "little, if any, regard was paid to works of beneficence that had the orphan for their object"; and that the Romans, of whom St. Paul speaks as a people "without affection, without fidelity, without mercy," were reproached by Justin for their inhuman treatment of foundlings whom they gathered up into flocks in the same manner as herds of oxen, or goats or sheep. To the kindlier feeling of the Jews for the orphan, brought about, probably, "by their stricter family ties and more exalted notion of religion," justice is done. Then the extraordinary progress of beneficence co-existent with the rapid spreading of the Gospel is explained, as also that bishops considered it their duty to provide for the poor and the orphan. "The noblest epitaph which could be inscribed on the tombs of the popes was their charity to the helpless and destitute, to the afflicted and the orphan." "We read in the Apostolic Constitutions that the widows and the orphans were considered as 'altars for holocausts or whole burnt-offerings in the temple of our Jerusalem'—a text which shows the exalted idea that the church entertained of the charity that had the orphan for its object." The singular statute is mentioned which was afterwards inserted in canon law "*forbidding a bishop to keep a large dog, lest the poor be frightened thereof and driven from his door.*" The progress of the establishment of orphan asylums is rapidly traced, and the check given to it by the Reformation and the confiscation of ecclesiastical property in England and Germany is explained. "The fruit of benevolence that springs from the seed of Protestantism" is, in certain cases, briefly and impartially reviewed. The admirably-conducted and munificently-supported charitable institutions of Holland are praised as they deserve. The writer of these lines, who has visited the Catholic male and female orphan asylums of Amsterdam, is glad to bear testimony to the fact that they effectually carry out in practice one of the recommendations given in the introduction of this book—viz., the ap-

prenticing of orphans and giving them a home while they are serving their time. A list is given of one hundred different orders or congregations organized for the work of charity to the poor, the sick, the orphan, and the foundling; and brief, interesting descriptive statistics are given, in this and in the last chapter, of the work they have done and still do.

We allow ourselves to point out a slight oversight on the part of the writer of this very interesting work. He uses the word "orphanage" in the sense of a habitation for orphans. It means "the state of being an orphan." There is in English no single word (if we except "orphanotrophy") which is equivalent to the French word *orphelinat*.

The book is got up in good, clear type, and fair style, the only omission being that the name of the particular diocese treated of is not at the head of each page, where it would have been useful for reference.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET'S SCEPTICISM;

THE CURSING PSALM (cix. of King James' Version);

A LETTER TO REV. S. DAVIDSON, D.D., LL.D., in answer to his Essay against the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel. By Kentish Bache. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1886.

These three pamphlets are recent re-issues, having been first published about fourteen years ago. The first two are very brief, and it is enough to say that they are clever and acute. The third one is larger and of more importance. We can endorse the numerous laudatory notices it has received from respectable English periodicals. It is, in fact, learned, while very direct and incisive in its style, and quite satisfactory.

Dr. Davidson's criticisms are indeed so unfair, and even trivial—worthy in this respect to have proceeded from Renan—that they are not deserving of refutation. There are extrinsic reasons, however, for taking the trouble of refuting them, which Mr. Bache has done remarkably well. His work is a little masterpiece of its kind.

AMONG THE FAIRIES. A Story for Children. By the author of *Alice Leighton*. A new edition. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Notwithstanding the Mr. Gradgrinds with their cries of "Facts! Facts! Facts!" it is well that Fairyland is not allowed to become a thing of the past. A child's mind has need of playthings. It would be as cruel to sweep away the fairies as to break all the dolls and toys. In the little book before us the fairies are brought upon the scene through the medium of a child's dream. It is a dream so full of delightful adventures among all kinds of good-natured fairies that it must needs be pleasing to every fanciful child.

SKETCHES OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY. By Michael Brophy, ex-Sergeant R. I. C. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

Together with considerable information—though given in a somewhat desultory fashion—concerning the formation, work, and methods of the Royal Irish Constabulary, a number of more or less amusing anecdotes and incidents are strung together illustrative of life in the *force*, and depicting the eccentricities of its odd fish. Though the book is put together in a rather haphazard manner, it succeeds in bringing before the mind quite a vivid picture of a constabulary which, in the author's words, "has been, since its first embodiment in the year 1823, made up of a more curiously checkered and miscellaneous class of men than any other police force in the empire, or perhaps in Europe."

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THE TRUE MAN OF THE TIMES.

THE dominant trait of the man of the times should be attachment to the truth as it is universal. One is attached to the truth by personal conviction because he is an honest man, and because, however it may be reached, there is no religion without personal conviction; and he is attached to it as a race-heritage by tradition: these should hold their place. But the dominant trait of our minds as men of the age should be attachment to universal truth as children of God. Guileless minds embrace universal truth when fairly presented and seen. Catholic means universal. We must not stop short of the universal if we would meet the needs of the times. The grounds upon which live men act, and the motives of their belief, should be such as are applicable to all mankind; otherwise we shall be unable to appreciate or to display the unity of the truth. If there is any defect in the universality of our views our catholicity will not be organic and our unity will be defective; nor can our convictions be imparted outside of a range narrowed by personal, national, or race characteristics. This is the spirit of sectarianism. This is the special fault of Protestantism. None of its varieties has had room for all. Its converts must embrace not only a peculiar doctrine but a peculiar civilization. This malady is constitutional in Protestantism, but Catholics may catch the contagion, at least to some extent. Beware of acting as if the controversy were not purely one of truth against error, but of man against man or race against race. We ought not to confuse the defects or excesses of a race with

the errors of a sect. If race-traits have intensified religious errors, the cure is not to substitute the traits of another race; the cure of errors which are racial is the application of truths which are universal. Christianity is neither Celtic nor Saxon, if either race seeks to monopolize it; it is both Celtic and Saxon, if both races are willing to be catholicized by it; it is above both races and all races. There can be no doubt that every race of men has a weakness which favors some kind of untruth in religion. But it is equally certain that man, as he is always and everywhere, is made for the truth; if it is presented as it is universal he will develop sooner or later those laws of his reason which attract him to it. For three centuries and more the contraries in religion have been universals against locals, universals against nationals, universals against personals.

Many a man has all his life borne the name of Catholic with just pride whose mind is but now enlarged to appreciate its true significance. This is owing to the surroundings in which he has been placed. Circumstances have brought into prominence the necessity of Catholics emphasizing the universality of the truth which they hold. Nor will this aspect of it weaken personal conviction or the sacredness of race-inheritance. It enhances the value of both. As an influence on the individual the universality of the truth has an essential office in intensifying personal convictions. Right reason, indeed, constrains man to a sincere conviction; but if I know that what I thus believe is approved by human reason, when rightly directed, the world over, it strengthens me. As to my neighbor who is in error, the realizing sense that truth is a universal heritage afflicts my conscience. If I am devoted to the spread of truth I am driven, according to my place and station, to undertake its diffusion and to display its note of Catholicity to others.

What is religion, if it be not Catholic? At best racial or national—Teutonic or Latin, Celtic or Saxon. Or it is less than national, as is now the case with Protestantism: it holds but the fragment of a nation or a caste in a race—as does Methodism or Episcopalianism—till, by the wasting action of time and man's reason, it becomes an affair of little corners of a people, a distinct sect for each neighborhood, finally an affair of individuals of weakened convictions, ending in hesitation, doubt, and general scepticism.

Amidst such surroundings how plain is our policy—a policy, too, forced upon us by the character of divine truth and human reason! It is our duty to say: What! will you affirm one Lord

and Father of all, and make his religion not one but sectarian? Will you declare all men brethren and deny them a common faith?

A man is a fanatic or is feeble-minded who is content with any opinion in the natural order of truth which is not buttressed by the common convictions of mankind, or who can complacently adhere to a view of revealed religion which lacks the approval of divine, organic, historic Christianity.

We can learn a lesson from the martyrs. Doubtless they were supported by personal conviction—never men more so; such of them as were Jews, also, by a traditional faith founded on a revelation peculiar to their race. But they were primarily witnesses of a truth that was universal. The special mission of St. Paul, and the vision of St. Peter and his message to Cornelius, prove this, and so does the whole history of the apostles and martyrs. Furthermore, what the office of the martyr was in the eyes of the heathen, that was his office by appointment of Providence. And to the heathen world the martyr was primarily a witness of a Mediator and Saviour of all humankind. Little do we appreciate that if universal truth—our dearest birthright—had not been witnessed to by men superior to flesh and blood, nationalism and race, perhaps we should not now have it either as a personal conviction or as a traditional belief of our kindred. Christian truth has come to us sealed in blood, a charter of universal liberty, adorned with the palm-branch of victory. But whose victory? Not the martyr's alone, but his and ours and all men's who love the universal truth. Do we appreciate how much the world owes to such heroic witnesses as Lawrence, Agatha, and Ignatius? The martyr was the expression of an elevated type of universal manhood.

Of all ages of the world this transitional age is most unsuitable for men who are sectarian in their religious views or convictions. God's way now is to break down barriers between races and individuals. Not only men but nations are being born again; they are migrating from their ancient seats and filling the vacant continents, or migrating into each other and mingling together. Providence has chosen America as the most conspicuous theatre of these transformations. More Germans have landed in America in the last five years than sufficed to conquer Italy fourteen hundred years ago. More Celts have settled among us in a single year than sufficed to sack Rome. And there is little friction in this movement; there is no thought of subjugation on the one hand or resistance on the other. The foundations of the deep

are breaking up without destructive convulsions. Humanity is providentially readjusting its relationships all around. Millions of men are denationalizing themselves every decade; not outcasts either, or the scum, or men of effete nationalities, but the best specimens of the noblest races on earth. The emigrants, taken as a body, are bringing away from Europe more of true manhood than they leave behind. The continents of the New World and the islands of the Pacific are receiving the fairest and mightiest children of the dominant races of the earth. God has made it a virtue for multitudes of men to leave home; and not in dribbles of families or to form patches of settlements, not in creeping caravans, but swiftly by those newest instruments of divine Providence, steam and electricity, and in half-millions a year. In a single year over seven hundred thousand men and women of Europe settled in the United States, changing their form of government, their homes and neighborhoods, most of them learning new tongues and from Europeans becoming Americans. So that when you talk of divine truth nowadays, expect that men will square your theories with the spiritual aspirations of all mankind. The universal race of man, and not a particular national family, is now in the thoughts of men who set out to solve the problems of the soul. And, more, God is preparing the human race by the inspirations of his providence for something above natural and human ideals. If you would be a true man of the times seek after that which makes for divine unity.

Since it is the will of God that human virtue should be tested by the most untried liberty in government and the choice of the whole earth for a dwelling-place, we can but expect that men will demand broad views of religious questions—broader, indeed, than some teachers are ordinarily willing to impart. Divine Providence in the natural order is but the forerunner of his providence in the revealed or Christian dispensation. Any method, therefore, of dealing with God—and that is the meaning of religion—which cannot call itself and prove itself universal has little hope of winning the intelligence of this age of transition. Woe to a religion which can be only personal when men are readjusting the essential relations of all mankind with God! Woe to a religion which bears the marks of a particular race in an age of widening international relations! There are processes now at work among men in which sectarianism will be broken up and destroyed.

The religion which has so much as the name of Catholic has an immense advantage in this era. Why else do the sects

enviously claim that name and reach so eagerly after organic unity? What, then, shall be the advantage of a religion whose name is not only Catholic, but whose organization is world-wide and yet central; whose doctrines are *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*; whose worship is familiar to all tribes and nations, and whose unbroken tradition is of God's dealing, not with a petty corner of a kingdom or a little island, but with the human race; whose chief shepherd sends his messengers to speak for God as well to China as to Alaska, to Paris and Dahomey, to New York and Patagonia, and to all mankind? No narrow-minded man can expound the doctrines of such a religion in this epoch; it requires one conscious of universal sympathies, be he pontiff, priest, or layman.

We are persuaded that much of the difficulty between ourselves and non-Catholics is just here: they dread that our religion would exclude personal conviction and—what is a most singular delusion—fasten upon them a “system” adapted only to certain races. All do not perceive, some had rather not perceive, that the universal is alone essential with us. Trained themselves in the narrowness of sectarianism, their tendency is to think that sectarianism is a form necessary to religion. Even the better-disposed, those who admire the virtues of Catholics, who praise their wide-reaching charity, their heroic zeal as missionaries, their self-denial in establishing institutions of education and building splendid churches, attribute these virtues to motives purely human. It is *esprit de corps*, they say, which inspires the missionary with heroism. The obedience, the silence, the self-restraint of the religious is owing to disappointment of worldly hopes, or to the security and peace of a cloister enfolded in its gentle embrace spirits too timid for the rough contact of a rude world. This is the way they talk. They admire the discipline of the church, even submission to authority, and are perhaps eloquent in praise. They seek no deep religious motive, but they affirm that their own race is not amenable to such discipline, and that they are willing to forego the advantages of a perfect organization in order to retain their native liberty.

Now, all this is but attributing to peculiarities of race or to the temporary adaptations of Providence what in the innermost springs is due solely to causes in their nature universal and eternal; in other words, to Christian principles. The same universal truths, held in the very same supernatural state of soul, will make an Englishman or an American a Catholic hero just as well as an Italian or a Frenchman, but by different methods. In the one

case the heroic results of divine action will be developed by methods which consecrate a high degree of personal liberty to the service of God, and in the other by methods which utilize and sanctify external discipline. Personal liberty and external discipline will, in different races, both minister to the same end; the life-giving principle will follow race-characteristics in choice of methods. What is servility in one is Christian humility in another. One may be a martyr in the free spirit of his native race, another just as noble a martyr in the instinctive obedience peculiar to his people; both are equally witnesses for the same principle. If in your investigations you stop at means and methods you will never understand how the Catholic religion is equally fitted for different races. Means and methods are but adjuncts, however men may be attached to them or however prominent they may appear; the efficient cause of religious traits lies in principles sincerely held, needed universally, and efficacious everywhere. The nearer we approach to God the plainer it becomes that the conventional in Religion is of but little force, and the real power is in the universal natural and supernatural motives of conduct.

Now, if Catholics, in explaining or even in publicly practising their religion, lay too much stress on anything but universal and fundamental principles, they will too often confirm the delusions of honest inquirers. There are many practices which are useful to me in my private devotions. Shall I dwell upon them in an exposition of the Catholic truth? They are but the habiliments of religion, useful to me and others, perhaps in a certain sense necessary; for religion must have its clothing. But religion thus viewed is personal, not universal. If I am not careful I may, by my language and conduct, give a sectarian appearance to a faith which is the universal and eternal truth.

For example, will you say that a priest thrown amidst non-Catholics shall have nothing to bend or straighten out in his particular school of theology, the customs of his order, the religious traditions of his race; nothing in practice or demeanor to change for the love of God? To a class of lookers-on a priest means nothing but Rome and the pope, and Rome and the pope mean nothing but the autocracy of an Italian bishop produced by the accidents of time. To them priest, church, and people are but exponents of mere discipline, uniformity, obedience, and, alas! the substitution of authority for conscience. But, we ask you, intelligent Catholic, what does it all mean to you? Tell your non-Catholic neighbor the difference between form and substance

in your religion; tell him in what manner he may discover in your priesthood and in yourself the marks of the indwelling Spirit of God and the personal conviction of the universal truth.

It is possible for one to mistake the motives which lie deepest in his own soul. We often notice, for example, that the fervor of conversion clothes the whole of Catholicity with the raiment of that particular doctrine which led the way to the entire truth. Was it the sacramental system which gave the initiative to the Ritualist when he became a Catholic? There is danger of his becoming a ritualistic Catholic—that is to say, unduly emphasizing the external channels of grace. Did a man reason his way in by the argument of historical continuity? Such a convert is inclined to despise the difficulties of Quakers and others whose attrait is towards the guide of the inner light. Was one led on by the spectacle of unity and the majesty of the church's authority? Then you may see a tendency to out-Rome Rome itself, clamoring for the decisions of ecclesiastical tribunals as the exclusive motive of doctrinal certainty, and a manifest impatience with legitimate personal independence. Has another been converted by the need of a sin-destroyer, flying to the church's sacramental aids to escape the deluge of vice? Expect the thunders of the judgment from such a one, the extremest views of divine justice; the Mediator lost in the Judge; the sorrows of Good Friday obscuring the joys of Easter morn. Does the convert come from transcendentalism? The danger is that he will unduly emphasize the natural order of things, and will dream that the only business of the Catholic Church is to antagonize Calvinism. So with the "genuine, original article" of old style, born-and-bred Catholicity; seeking to transplant among us a state of things peculiar to the providential necessities of a different land; endeavoring to make the priest not simply teacher, father, and friend, but boss-teacher, boss-father, boss-friend, perhaps boss-politician.

We have seen a sign set up in vacant lots which, it struck us, might apply to the religious world of this age, and especially this country: "Dump no rubbish here under penalty of the law!" We have reference—meaning no contempt whatever—to worn-out and cast-off race or national religious expedients. They may be consecrated by the tenderest religious memories, and may have brought you nearer to God; to another class of minds they may but serve to impede the action of the Holy Spirit, even to make religion odious, becoming hindrances cumbering the ground. It is the universal truths, the fundamental doctrines, and the uni-

versal and preceptive practices of the church which cannot be hindrances, which must advance the soul towards union with God, and can only be worn out or cast off by degenerate children of heroic ancestors.

If any man objects to anything in your Catholicity, and you are aware that it is not of the essence of your faith or integral to its fulness, he is entitled to know it. Your idiosyncrasy may be good German Catholicity or sound Irish Catholicity, but your neighbor is entitled to know whether it is Catholicity pure and simple. For an active mind the search is not after religious bric-à-brac. To earnest men whatever old custom is without a present significance is but a memorial of the dead. *Sepeliendum est corpus cum honore.*

Universality is a mark of the divine action, whether natural or supernatural, personal or general. The true church is universal. A guileless soul is one which acts from universal principles; as soon as they are presented it receives them spontaneously. The man who has acted on universal principles of the natural order will instinctively accept universal principles in the supernatural order. The man of this age who is true to his vocation and who lives up to the times will render the universal more explicit and make it more emphatic. All true souls aspire after that religion which embraces in one grasp the whole natural and supernatural truth.

II.

CONSTANTINE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Emperor Constantine at Constantinople, a few days before his death, A.D. 337. revolves his past life and the failure of his design for the creation of an Imperial Church, or Christian Caliphate. He calls to mind several of the causes which have forced him with his own hand to break up the unity of his Empire : but he suspects also the existence of some higher and hidden cause. His career he declares to be finished; yet he suddenly decrees a new military expedition.

A MISSIVE from the Persian King ! Those kings !
Their prayers and flatteries are more rankly base
Than those of humbler flatterers. I'll not read it :
Place it, Euphorbos, on my desk. 'Tis well :
The sea-wind curls its page, but wafts me not
Its perfumed fetor. Leave me.

From the seas,
The streets, the Forum, from the Hippodrome,
From circus, bath, and columned portico,
But chiefly from the base of that huge pillar
Whereon Apollo's statue stood, now mine,
Its eastern-bending head rayed round with gold,—
Say, dost thou grudge thy gift, Helopolis?—
The multitudinous murmur spreads and grows.
Wherefore ? Because a life compact of pangs
Boasts now its four-and-sixtieth year, and last.
Give me that year when first I fought with beasts
In Nicomedia's amphitheatre ;
Gallerius sent me there in hope to slay me :
Not less he laughed to see that panther die ;
Laughed louder when I charged him with the crime.
Give me that year when first my wife—not Fausta—
That year, when launching from the British shore,
I ceased not till my standard, my Labarum,
Waved from the walls of Rome. When Troy had fallen
That brave and pious exile-prince, Æneas,
Presaged the site of Rome : great Romulus
Laid the first stone : Augustus laid the second :
I laid the last : 'twas mine to crown their work :
From her she flung me, and her latest chance :
Eastward I turned.



Three empires to the ground
I trod. My warrant? Unauthentic they:
Their ruling was misrule. Huge, barbarous hosts
I hurled successive back o'er frozen floods:
Yet these, the labors of my sword, were naught:
The brain it was that labored. I have written
The laws that bind a province in one night:
Such tasks have their revenge. O for a draught
Brimmed from the beaming beaker of my youth
Though all Medea's poisons drugged its wave,
And all the sighs by sad Cocytus heard
O'er-swept its dusky margin! Give me youth!
At times I feel as if this total being
That once o'er-strode the subject world of man,
This body and soul insensibly had shrunk
As shrinks the sculptor's model of wet clay
In sunshine, unobserved by him who shaped it,
Till some chance-comer laughs.
I touch once more dead times: their touch is chill:
My hand is chill, my heart.

I thought and wrought:
No dreamer I. I never fought for fame:
I strove for definite ends; for personal ends;
Ends helpful to mankind. Sacred Religion
I honored not for mysteries occult
Hid 'neath her veil, as Alexandria boasts
Faithful to speculative Greece, its mother;
I honored her because with both her hands
She stamps the broad seal of the Moral Law,
Red with God's Blood, upon the heart of man,
Teaching self-rule through rule of Law, and thus
Rendering the civil rule, the politic rule
A feasible emprise. My Empire made,
At once I sheathed my sword. For fifteen years
I, warrior-bred, maintained the world at peace,
There following, 'gainst my wont, the counsel cleric.
What came thereof? Fret of interior sores,
A realm's heart-sickness and soul weariness,
The schism of classes warring each on each,
And all to ruin tending, spite of cramps
Bound daily round the out-swelling wall. 'Twas vain!
Some Power there was that counter-worked my work
With hand too swift for sight, which, crossing mine,

Set warp 'gainst woof, and ever with my dawn
Inwove its night. What hand was that I know not :
Perchance it was the Demon's of my House ;
Perchance a Hand Divine.

I had two worlds to shape and blend in one,
The Christian and the Pagan, glorious both,
One past her day, one nascent. Thus I mused—
Old pagan Rome vanquished ignobler lands,
Then won them to herself through healing laws :
Thus Christian Rome must vanquish pagan Rome,
The barbarous races next ; both victories won,
Thus draw them to her, vanquishing their hearts
Through Law divine. What followed ? Pagan Rome
Hates Christian Rome for my sake daily more ;
Gnashes her teeth at me. " Who was it," she cries,
" That laid the old Roman Legion prone in dust,
Cancelling that law which freed it from taxation ?
Who quelled the honest vices of the host
By laws that maimed all military pride ?
Who hurled to the earth the nobles of old race,
And o'er them set his titular nobles new
And courtier prelates freed from tax and toll ?
Who ground our merchants as they grind their corn ? "
Their charge is false ; they know it to be false :
The Roman legion ere my birth was dead :
Those other scandals were in substance old ;
My laws were needfullest efforts to abate them.
They failed : when once the vital powers are spent
Best medicines turn to poisons. " God," 'tis writ,
" Made curable the nations." Pagan Rome
Had with a two-edged dagger slain herself :
Who cures the dead ? To her own level Rome
By equal laws had raised the conquered nations ;
Thus far was well. Ay, but by vices worse
Than theirs, the spawn of sensual sloth and pride,
Below their level Rome had sunk herself.
The hordes she lifted knew it and despised her ;
I came too late : the last, sole possible cure
Hastened, I grant, the judgment.

Pagan Rome
Deserved her doom and met it. Christian Rome—
'Twas there my scheme imperial struck its root ;
Earliest there too it withered. Christians cold

Cheat both themselves and others. I to such
Preferred at first the ardent for my friends :
Betimes I learned a lesson. Zealous Christians
Have passion that outsoars imperial heats,
Makes null imperial bribes. To such a man
Earth's total sphere appears a petty spot
Too small for sage ambitions. Hope is his
To mount a heavenly, not an earthly throne,
And mount it treading paths of humbleness.
Such men I honored ; such men, soon I found,
Loved not my empire. Christians of their sort,
Though loyal, eyed us with a beamless eye,
Remembering Rome's red hand, remembering too
This, that the barbarous race is foe to Rome
And friendly oft to Christ. To Him they rush
Sudden, like herds that change their haunts at spring,
Taught from above. At Rome the Christians gain
A noble here, a peasant there. Those Christians,
I note them, lean away from empires ; mark
Egypt in each or Babel. I from these
Turned to their brethren of the colder mould,
But found them false, though friendly ; found besides
That, lacking honor 'mid the authentic Faithful,
Small power was theirs to aid me. Diocletian
Affirmed that Christians, whether true or false,
At best were aliens in his scheme of empire,
At worst were hostile. Oft and loud he swore
That only on the old virtues, old traditions,
The patriot manliness of days gone by,
The fierce and fixed belief in temporal good
And earthly recompense for earthly merit,
Rome's Empire could find base. That Emperor erred
In what he saw not. What he saw was true.
I saw the old Rome was ended. What if I,
Like him, have missed some Truth the Christians see?
Men call the Race Baptized the illuminated.

The Race Baptized : To me it gave small aid !
That sin was doubly fatal. It amerced
My growing empire of that centre firm
Round which a universe might have hung self-poised :
The onward-streaming flood of my resolve
It froze in 'mid career. The cleric counsel
Was evermore for peace. The Barbarous Race

For that cause lies beyond my hand this day,
Likelier perchance to absorb, more late, my empire
Than be in it absorbed.

I missed my spring: no second chance was given:
I failed; none know it: I have known it long.

What were the lesser causes of that failure?

The sophists and seditious thus reply:

"The Emperor caught the old imperial lusts;
He bound his realm in chains." They lie, and know it:
The People, not their Emperor, forged their chains:
The old nobles had expelled the native poor:
Slaves filled their place; these gladdened in their bondage;
It gave them life inert and vacant mind
Unburdened by the weight of liberty.

Slaves tilled the fields. What followed next? Ere long
Stigma was cast on wholesome Industry.

The slave worked ill; the master sought no more
His wealth from grateful glebe, and honest hand
But tribute-plagued the world. The Italians bought
Exemption from the tax world-wide. What next?
Through the whole Roman world, thus doubly mulct,
The o'er-weighted tax crumbled; brought no return:
Then dropped the strong hands baffled. Slowly, surely
The weed became the inheritor of all:

The tribute withered: offices of state
Were starved: and from the gold crown to her feet
Beneath her golden robe the Empire shrank:
Fair was the face; the rest was skeleton;
Dead breast; miscarrying womb. A hand not mine
Had counterworked my work.

"The slave," they say,

"Finds lot more kindly in a Christian state":
That saying lacks not truth. What followed? This,
That freemen daily valued freedom less;
At least the Pagan freemen slaves within.
Slavery with us was complicate in malice:
From rank to rank half-bondage crept and crept
Yearly more high and bound the class late free,
Their burdens waxing as their incomes waned.
Sorrowing I marked the deadly change; heart-sore
I learned my edicts were in part its cause:
The tribute lost, perforce I had replaced it
With net-work fine of taxes nearer home,

Small but vexatious imposts. Rose the cry,
"No Roman now can move or hand or foot
Save as some law prescribes." The Citizen
Deserted like the soldier. Streets, like farms,
Became a desolation. Edicts new
Hurled back the fugitive to city or glebe,
Henceforth a serf ascript. In rage of shame
Or seeking humblest peace at vilest cost,
There were that voluntary changed to slaves!
A priest made oath to me, "There's many a man
Sir, in your realm, who gladly, while I speak,
Would doff his human pride and hope immortal,
And run, a careless leveret of the woods,
Contented ne'er to see his Maker's Face
Here or in worlds to come." Death-pale he sware it!
What help? I worked with tools: my best were rotten.
Some Strong One worked against me.

Let me compare my present with my past.
My courtier bishops helped me once: this day
The Spiritual Power hath passed to men their foes.
Of late I made my youngest son a Cæsar:
I craved for him the blessing of God's Church:
I sought it not from prelates of my court:
I cast away from me imperial pride:
I sent an embassy of princes twelve
In long procession o'er the Egyptian sands
To where within his lion-cinctured cave
Sits Anthony the Hermit. Thus he answered:
"Well dost thou, Emperor, in adoring Christ;
Attend. Regard no more the things that pass:
Revere what lasts, God's judgment and thy soul:
Serve God, and help His poor." His words meant this:
"That work thou wouldst complete is unbegun;
Begin it Infant crowned."

Three years of toil
With all earth's fleets and armies in my hand
Raised up this sovereign city. Mountains cleft
Sheer to the sea, and isles now sea-submerged,
Surrendered all their marbles and their pines;
And river-beds dried up yielded their gold
To flame along the roofs of palace halls
And basilics more palatial. Syrian wastes
Gave up their gems; her porphyries Egypt sent;

Athens and Rome their Phidian shapes eterne :
The Cross stood high o'er all. That work was dream !
That city should have been an Empire's centre :
That Empire had existence, but not life :
The child it was of Rome's decrepitude,
Imbecile as its sire. No youth-tide swelled
Its breast one moment's space, or lit its eye :
Its sins themselves had naught of youth within them.
On Rome the shadow of great times was stayed ;
The shadow and the substance here alike
Were absent ; and the grandeur of the site
But signalized its lack. To the end Rome nursed
Some rock-flower virtues sown in years of freedom :
Music of Virgil thrilled the Palatine :
Great Arts lived on ; great thoughts. Pagan was Rome :
Ay, but the Catacombs were under Rome
With all their Christian dead.

That Rome was mine.

I left it for some future man ;—for whom ?
Old Sabine Numa can he come again
To list Egeria's whisper, or those priests
White-robed that, throned on Alba Longa's height,
Discoursed of peace to mortals ? Romulus ?
Augustus ? These have left their Rome for ever :
With me they left it. Till some deluge sweeps
Her seven-hilled basis, life is hers no more :
Haply some barbarous race may prove that wave :
Haply, that wave back-driven or re-absorbed
Into some infinite ocean's breast unknown,
From the cleansed soil a stem may yet ascend ;
A tree o'er-shade the earth.

That Rome I left :

I willed to raise a city great like Rome,
And yet in spirit Rome's great opposite,
His city, His, the Man she Crucified.
What see I ? Masking in the name of Christ
A city like to Rome but worse than Rome ;
A Rome with blunted sword and hollow heart,
And brain that came to her at second-hand,
Weak, thin, worn out by one who had it first,
And, having it, abused. I vowed to lift
Religion's loftiest fane and amplest shrine :
My work will prove a Pagan reliquary

With Christian incrustations froz'n around.
 It moulders. To corruption it hath said,
 "My sister"; to the wormy grave, "My home."

Not less that city for a thousand years
 May keep its mummied mockery of rule
 Like forms that sleep 'neath Egypt's Pyramids
 Swathed round in balm and unguent, with blind eyes.
 That were of dooms the worst.

My hope it was
 That that high mercy of the Christian Law,
 Tempering the justice of the Roman Law,
 Might make a single Law, and bless the world:
 But Law is for the free man, not the slave:
 I look abroad o'er all the earth: what see I?
 One bondage, and self-willed.

I never sinned
 As David sinned—except in blood—in blood:
 Was this my sin, that not like him I loved?
 Or this, that, sworn to raise o'er all the earth
 Christ's realm, I drew not to his Church's font?
 The Church's son could ne'er have shaped her course.

Again I mete the present with the past.
 Central I sat in council at Nicæa:
 In honor next to mine there stood a man—
 I never loved that man—with piercing eye
 And wingèd foot whene'er he moved; till then
 Immovable as statue carved from rock;
 That man was Athanasius. Late last year
 A second sacred council sat at Tyre:
 It lifted Arius from Nicæa's ban:
 From Alexandria's Apostolic throne
 Her Patriarch, Athanasius, it deposed:
 Her priesthood and her people sued his pardon;
 He was seditious, and I exiled him:
 That was my last of spiritual acts.
 Was it well done? Arius since then hath died:
 Since then God's Church is cloven.

Since then, since then
 My Empire too is cloven, and cloven in five.
 No choice remained. I never was the man
 To close my eyes against unwelcome truth.
 My sons, my nephews, these are each and all
 Alike ambitious men and ineffectual:

Since childhood left them I have loved them not,
And late have learned that they conspire against me.
No zeal parental warps my life's resolve
To leave my Empire one, and only one:
Once more a net is round me. To bequeath
To one among those rivals five that Empire
Were with the sceptre's self to slay that Empire,
To raise the war-cry o'er my funeral feast,
And, ere the snapt wand lay upon my grave,
To utter from that grave my race's doom
And yield the labor of my life a prey
To Vandal and to Goth.

Conviction came:

It comes to all; slowliest to him who knows
That Hope must flee before its face for ever:
It came at first a shadow, not a shape;
It came again, a body iron-handed:
It took me by the hand from plausible hosts;
It took me by the hand from senate halls;
It took me by the hand from basilic shrines;
It dragged me to the peak ice-cold; to depths
Caverned above earth's centre. From that depth
I kenned no star; chanted no "De Profundis."
One night, the revel past, I sat alone
Musing on things to come. In sleep I heard
The billow breaking 'gainst the huge sea-wall,
Then backward dragged, o'erspent. Inly I mused:
"The life of man is Action and Frustration
Alternate. Both exhausted, what remains?
Endurance. Night is near its term. The morn
Will see my last of Acts, a parchment writ,
A parchment signed and sealed." Sudden I heard
Advancing, as from all the ends of earth,
Tramp of huge armies to the city walls:
Then silence fell. Anon my palace courts
Were thronged by warring hosts from every land,
Headed by those disastrous rivals five,
My sons, my nephews. Long that strife rang out;
First in the courts, then nearer shrieks I heard:
Amid the orange-scented colonnades
And inmost alabaster chambers dim;
And all the marble pavements gasped in blood,
And all the combatants at last lay dead:

Then o'er the dead without and dead within
A woman rode; one hand, far-stretched, sustained
A portent—what I guessed—beneath a veil:
She dropped it at my feet: it was a Head.
She spake: "The deed was thine: take back thine own!
Bid Crispus bind in one thy broken Empire!"
Then fires burst forth as though all earth were flame,
And thunders rolled abroad of falling domes,
And tower, and temple, and a shout o'er all,
"The Goth, the Vandal!" 'Twas not these that roused me;
It was a voice well loved, for years unheard,
"Father, grieve not! That deed was never thine!"
Standing I woke, and in my hand my sword.
This was no vision: 'twas a dream; no more:
Next day at twelve I wrote my testament,
Designed, and partly writ, the year before.
I wrote that testament in my heart's best blood:
That Empire, vaster far than in the old time,
That Empire sundered long, at last by me
Consolidated, and by Christian Law
Lifted to heights that touch on heaven, that Empire
This hand that hour divided into five.
This hand it was which wrote that testament;
This hand which pressed thereon the imperial seal:
Then too I heard those shouting crowds. Poor fools!
They knew not that the labor of my life
Before me stood that hour, a grinning mask
Disfleshed by death. Later they'll swear I blundered:
'Tis false! What man could work to save my Empire
I worked. It willed not to be saved. So be it!
When in the Apostles' Church entombed I lie
Five kinglings shall divide my realm. That act,
Like Diocletian's last, was abdication:
How oft at his I scoffed!

They scoff not less
The ripples of yon glittering sea! they too
Shoot out their lips against me! They recall
That second crisis in my vanished years,
When from this seat, Byzantium then, forth fled
Vanquished Licinius. There, from yonder rock,
Once more I see my fleet steer up full-sailed,
Glassing its standards in the Hellespont,
Triumphant; see the Apostate's navy load

The Asian shore with wrecks. He too beheld it :
Amazed he fled ; and all the East was mine.
It was my Crispus ruled my fleet that hour !
That victory I saw was his, not mine :
His was the heroic strength that awes mankind,
The grace that wins, the majesty that rules them :
No vile competitor had he to fear.
Had he but lived ! Well spake my dying sister,
Wedded to that Licinius whom I slew,
“ God for thy sins will part from thee thy realm.”
I heard that whisper as my city's walls
Ascended, daily. Night by night I heard
The tread of Remus, by his brother slain,
Circling the walls half-raised of Rome.

'Tis past !

My Empire's dead : alone my city lives :
My portion in that city is yon Church
Named of the Apostles : there I built my tomb :
In that alone my foresight stands approved :—
Around it rise twelve kingly cenotaphs
In honor of the Twelve Apostles raised ;
These are my guards against the Powers unblest :
Within that circle I shall sleep secure.
Thou Hermit of the Egyptian cave, be still !
Regret I then my life, my birth ? Not so !
To seek great ends is worthy of a man :
To mourn that one more life has failed, unworthy.
But be ye still, O mocking throngs far off !
Be still, sweet song and adulating hymn !—
What scroll is that wind-curved ? Ha ! Persia's missive !

I ever scorned that Persia ! I reject
Her mendicant hand, stretched from her bed of roses ;
She that of Cyrus made of old her boast,
That tamed the steed, and spake the truth ; even now
The one sole possible rival of my Rome ;
One from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf,
The Tigris to the Ganges ; she that raised
In part that Empire I designed but wrought not,
An Empire throned o'er trampled idol bones,
An Empire based on God and on his law,
A mighty line of kings hereditary,
Each “ the Great King,” sole lord of half the world,

And, raising, proved my work was feasible!
This day she whines and fawns; one day she dragged
A Roman Emperor through her realm in chains,
By name Valerian. Roman none forgives her!
Dotard at last, she wastes her crazy wits
On mystic lore and Manichean dreams:
I'll send no answer; yet I'll read her missive.

“The Great King thus to Constantine of Rome:
Galerius stole from Persia, while she slept,
Five provinces Caucasian. Yield them back.
If not, we launch our armies on thy coasts
And drag thee chained o'er that rough road and long
Trod by Valerian.” Let me read once more:
Writ by his hand, and by his sigil sealed!
So be it! My boyhood's vision stands fulfilled!
Great Alexander's vow accomplished:—Earth
From Ganges' mouths to Calpé's Rock one realm!
Insolent boy! Well knows he I am old:
I was: I am not: youth is mine once more:
To-morrow in my army's van I ride.
Euphorbos! Sleep'st thou? Send me heralds forth!
Summon my captains! Bid these mummers cease!—
The error of my life lies plain before me,
That fifteen years of peace.

NOTE.—The next day Constantine set out on his Persian expedition; he fell sick at Hellenopolis, a city erected by him in honor of his mother, the Empress Helena. He demanded Baptism, and died soon after he had received it.

IS THE NEGRO PROBLEM BECOMING LOCAL?

AN affirmative answer is ventured upon. And the reasons for it will be given in this paper. Of course, in the eyes of the negro himself, the question of his race is not in any wise restricted. In his newspapers, books, and pamphlets, in the pulpit and the rostrum, before judges and magistrates, he struggles for many wants, real and imaginary. Seven millions in numbers, the negroes are determined to make their presence felt. The latest turn is a proposal to organize themselves into a National League. Like the great Irish scheme, it will have a different aim. As for the whites, however, a local question is the negro problem, chiefly affecting the South: not, indeed, all of the former slave States, but only the ones lying between the Potomac and the Gulf.

The States in question are Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Of all the blacks of the Union two-thirds live in these States; man for man are they to-day with the whites.

"Leaving out of consideration the population of the mountain regions—the slopes of the Appalachian range—we may safely say that in every house (including, of course, the curtilage) and on every plantation in eight States there is one colored person living side by side with each white person: master and servant, mistress and maid, child and nurse, employer and employee, in the shop, on the farm, wherever capital and labor or oversight and service meet. From the cradle to the grave the white life and the black touch each other every hour" (*An Appeal to Cæsar*, p. 116).

From the census of 1880 two facts are plain. On the one hand the whites are gradually moving from, and on the other the negroes are as steadily and surely moving into, these same States, now known as the "Black Belt." Two great streams of domestic migration are continually carrying in their courses the white inhabitants of the Northern and Eastern States, as also those of the eight States under consideration. These streams are divergent—one, going to the West, throws off a branch to the Southwest; while the other, starting from the "Black Belt," sends its main stream of whites to the Southwest and the branch to the West. Independently of these there is another, a black stream, whose waters are ever bearing the dark-hued children of the tropics southward where the hot sun makes life more attractive and where companionship is more genial.

Before the year 1900—within fifteen years, that is—it is likely that there will be a chain of States, from the Potomac to the delta of the Mississippi, in every one of which the blacks will outnumber the whites, and in some will even double them. “Where are the boys that have finished school?” lately asked a Southern bishop of the principal of his cathedral school. “Gone away,” was the answer, terse and pointed. The lads could do better in the West and North, and left their homes, where the negro problem faced them, to put themselves in a more genial competition in the race of life. Like reasons will lead the blacks to change. In the other States the negro is in a hopeless minority: out of thirty-odd millions numbering not two millions, of which over three-fourths are living in the other six old slave States—Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, and Tennessee; the remainder, about half a million, are scattered throughout the rest of the country. For a long time it was thought that trade and commerce and Northern capital would tend to act as a lever in the South for the balancing of the races; but they have left the whites and the blacks decidedly unbalanced, and have proven a poor lever. European emigration was also going to the South, and would crowd the negro out. The wish was father to the thought; but, alas! the sunny land threw back too dark a reflection for the emigrants, who in seeking a colder climate found also fairer surroundings. In fact, since emancipation there has been a falling off of white immigrants. In 1880 there were 28,976 less foreign-born persons in these eight States than in 1860. And all competent judges of the writer’s acquaintance will bear this out.

The colonization which is so strongly advocated by Professor Gilliam in both the *Popular Science Monthly* (1883) and *North American Review* (1884) seems to be under way. “For their common good let them be separated, and the African turn or be turned to Africa,” are his concluding words to the second article. The African is turning, and is also being turned; but the Africa is at home. He will not cross the Atlantic, whose western waves now wash the new Africa’s coast. In the North, New Ireland is spoken of; in the South, New Africa will be its rival. Henry Clay’s scheme—and, if we are not mistaken, Gen. Sherman’s idea also—will, after all, be realized, with the addition of citizenship and the franchise, with also a difference of locality. A handful of States, if the portents are true, are going to be swallowed up by the negroes; and the rest of the country will mind its business. “This is a white man’s country and a white man’s government, and the white race will never allow a section of it to be

Africanized" ("The African Problem," *North American Review*, November, 1884). This simply provokes a smile. As long as the blacks behave themselves nobody will bother them.

To-day the whites are steadily making room for the dark-skinned; to-morrow and the next day they will do the same. Both races only seek more congenial fields. There need be no collision, and if fanatics do not sway the blacks there will be none. There is plenty of room in the North and West for the whites; plenty in the South for the blacks. The natives will find it hard to give up their homes and leave their sunny land; but other people have done so, leaving behind them as beautiful lands as the South. In bringing about these "black republics" climate will have a big share:

"The African, on climatic grounds, finds in the southern country a more congenial home. In many districts there, and these by far the most fertile, the white man is unable to take the field and have health. It is otherwise with the African, who, the child of the sun, gathers strength and multiplies in these low, hot, feverish regions" (*Popular Science Monthly*, February 18, 1883).

Besides, the best cultivators of the great Southern staples are the colored race:

"For the agricultural labor of the South it is impossible to provide any substitute for the African. It is his field; he holds it far beyond all competition, and whosoever seeks to invade it must adopt not only his methods but come down to his level also. The same is true in a less exclusive sense of mechanical laborers at the South. Little by little all of the plain mechanical labor of the South is centring in the hands of the colored people. Long before the abolition of slavery it was found profitable to teach certain trades to slaves. Blacksmiths and carpenters, house-painters and, in some instances, wagon-makers, were to be found among the slaves. Almost every plantation had its rude blacksmith-shop, and a slave presided at the forge and anvil. Some masters paid large sums to have their slaves taught the trade of the carpenter, so far as building could be taught without the knowledge of reading and writing and the laws of mechanics. These men have not been slow to seize upon their opportunities" (*An Appeal to Cæsar*, p. 163).

Last year, in the building of St. Joseph's (colored) Church, Richmond, all of the laborers were colored; of eight bricklayers, five were colored; two of the three carpenters were of the sable race, and none but a black hand spread even a trowel of plaster.

The negro question, then, territorially at least, is being narrowed down to small limits. As far as the problem's circumference goes, a few States monopolize it. Is this the state of the question in all its phases, political, educational, social? A little reflection will show that it is. Questions like the labor question,

prohibition, and socialism agitate the whole country. If it were possible to transfer all the workmen, grog-shops, and socialists to any eight States grouped together, no agitation would disturb the others. Now, from one cause or other, the colored race are settling down in a well-defined locality. There also will they settle their problems. The work entitled *An Appeal to Cæsar* is simply a protest against ignoring this result. In his last chapter the author cries out in a wail of despair :

"Will Cæsar hear? Will the public—the myriad-minded Cæsar—hear? Will any one of influence—the individual Cæsar—hear? The President, the Senate, a national political convention, and the press, one and all at different times this writer addressed in order to catch Cæsar's ear. And Cæsar heard not. Take up any book or pamphlet or article on this question; it is all about the South and the negro, or *vice versa* : the North is invoked as a mighty Cæsar, but the South is the Egypt where the new Antony must be met."*

For us Catholics it has received, we may say, a final decision in the decree of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore which left the negro's salvation and Christian education specially to the synods of the provinces in which the blacks for the most part live. There are but two such provinces—Baltimore and New Orleans. A handful of sees with slim Catholic populations are affected.

The question once localized, the next step is to understand it fully. A clear result of this localization will be negro rule; not, indeed, such as was seen some fifteen years ago, but one with growth and experience stamped upon it. To-day writers like Professor Gilliam (*North American Review*) and Mr. Grady, of Atlanta (*Century*), cry out: White men must rule! They are simply giving the blacks a watchword: The negro must rule. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. A great deal of gerrymandering is done now to keep the colored people out of positions which, numerically, they would hold. I speak not of their fitness, but of their numbers. Will the negroes, when their turn comes, forget this? They may forget it, for, paradoxical as it may seem, it is the oppressed who forgives, not the oppressor. Man never forgives him whom he has wronged, although he will forgive his wrong-doer. The negro may forgive and forget. And he may not. It is now too late to speak of disenfranchising him. He is a citizen, and will stay one.

With this outlook before the race the negro's warmest friends see only evil and danger if he remain as now. The fears and forebodings of friend and foe alike are a dire arraignment and

condemnation of sectarianism, which is stronger and more life-like in the South than elsewhere in the United States. In seven of these "black republics" Protestantism has its happy hunting-grounds, while the Catholic Church has a bare foothold. For two and one-half centuries the Reformation has had the colored race under its thumb; and the result is that the very thought of its black *protégés* controlling a few States sends a nightmare of horror, not throughout the land, but in the South, among the very Protestants who made them, mentally and morally, what they are.

The loudest among the prophets of evil thus writes:

"One hesitates to address to any one professing a belief in the doctrines of Christianity anything like a specific argument or appeal in favor of any measure the sole object and purpose of which is the general betterment of humanity. It would seem that one who claimed in any degree to be controlled by the command, 'Do good to all men,' must feel as if an injunction were laid upon him actively and earnestly to promote such a measure as we have discussed (national aid to education). . . . Taken in connection with that mysterious providence which made the greed of man the instrumentality for bringing the colored race to these shores, which appointed for the lot of the negro Christian stripes and tears and woe, but kept for ever green in his heart the faith in that 'year of jubilee' which should bring him deliverance, it would seem that every believer must regard this measure as an opportunity to offer the sacrifice of good works in extenuation of the evil wrought before by those who bore the Christian name and with the sanction of Christian churches" (*An Appeal to Cæsar*, p. 402).

—that is, Protestant churches. For the Roman Catholic always condemned the slave-trade, and never was strong in the South.

A diagnosis of the outcome which the "black republics" will offer is beyond the writer's scope and, very likely, power. The popular magazines now and then furnish the views of men who make, or pretend to make, the negro a study. There is smattering enough. It is very sad to notice in these effusions the ignoring of religious influence. Effects, good, bad, and indifferent, are given, and reasons are laid down for them; but, barring some sentimental twang, the divine and eternal standpoint is ignored. "Leave them alone; they are blind," the Master said of such teachers.

Of the remedies education is held up as the chief. It is the Lux, Lex, Dux, Rex of *An Appeal to Cæsar*. Of course it is the popular or common-school education that is all this. The curse which this so-called education is bringing upon white children will be fourfold worse upon the colored, whose morality an Episcopal bishop has called a shame. And particularly so in those

schools where both sexes attend. Two facts that have come under my notice will serve to illustrate this. At a public meeting held in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, some years ago, the president of one of these "mixed" places of study declared his conviction in the utter depravity of the negro. Fancy the tendency of such a man's care! When once visiting a mixed school of higher grade, I saw a young woman, one of the pupils, about twenty-five or so, with her head and shoulder on the breast of a young man, apparently older and a pupil also. There was one book between them, which the girl was holding open. Neither the woman teacher (colored), nor the large class of both sexes, nor the pair themselves gave any sign of feeling the impropriety of the *mise-en-scène*. And this was a State Normal School; that pair will be teachers in the schools to establish and support which national aid is sought. This is laying the paint on with the trowel, we admit; *qui potest capere, capiat*.

Notwithstanding, it is pretty sure that some scheme of national education will be enacted before long. Sooner or later the "Blair Education Bill," or one like it, will be saddled upon the country. Then the mind will be enlightened in some sections; but the heart?

The principle underlying the demand that the whole country make itself responsible for the education of the negro has been recognized by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. In leaving the work of converting the blacks to the ecclesiastical provinces the council localized the responsibility of management; but, by ordering a collection in every church of the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it determined the duty of support to be of the whole country. It orders a yearly collection, on the first Sunday of Lent, in every diocese of the United States. In those dioceses where the Association for the Propagation of the Faith exists the whole collection will go to the negro and Indian missions; in the others, one-half only for those missions, and the other half to the Association. The sums for the home work will be given to a commission, composed of the Archbishop of Baltimore and two bishops of sees not affected by the negro problem or the Indian. Once more, the council draws the spiritual "Mason and Dixon's line." Rightly does the council re-echo the whole country's cry. From outside must come the sinews of war in order to educate the negro. He needs, not a partial education, but a Christian education, to receive which both teachers and schools are needed.

Of all teachers the most vitally necessary are priests who will

"consecrate their thoughts, their time, and themselves wholly and entirely to the service of the colored people" (II. Conc. Balt.) It is simply impossible for the Southern clergy to do this work. The late Plenary Council, while gratefully expressing its thanks for what was done in the past, commands bishops interested to get priests "whose sole duty will be to preach God's Word to those members of Christ's flock, teach their children the principles of faith, and fulfil in their regard the work of apostles" (III. Conc. Balt., No. 238).

A seminary is the first step towards a large body of priests. At present the few exclusively devoted to the negro mission come from England. True, all of them, save one or two, are of other races; still the work was conceived by an English mind and is executed under English direction. The great American church, said a bishop to the writer, ought to be able to do its own work. Moreover, Europeans anxious to be missionaries long for the East. No halo adorns the brow nor glory the path of him who turns his steps to the American blacks. It is not seldom for the negro missionary to find people looking askance at him, and now and then see the index-finger knowingly touch the forehead; but this narrow-mindedness is passing away.

For eight years has this seminary been talked of; it seemed two years ago that it would then be started. At that time the Sulpitian Fathers of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, had, in the spirit of the saintly Olier, consented to the zealous desire of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who wished the students of the proposed seminary to attend the lectures at St. Mary's. Just as is done in Rome, Louvain, and other places, the aspirants for the negro missions would go to the grand seminary at the lecture-hours, returning home for studies, special training for their work, and lodging. Besides the decided advantage of the thorough training, friendships would be formed which in the end would greatly help the black mustard-seed. At present the priests of this work are strangers; in the proposed plan they would grow up with the other clergy.

Next come the religious communities devoted to teaching. It is very much to be regretted that no brother of any teaching order is imparting even the rudiments to any black child. Individual brothers are anxious for the work; and the writer has been told that, some years ago, a band of Christian Brothers asked their superiors to send them among the negroes. The complaint, so common nowadays, of the loss of boys after reaching the fourteenth or fifteenth year, is most sadly true of colored boys. God

help such boys! Their future is blacker than the stain nature gave them. Three white sisterhoods, all Franciscans, are devoted to the colored work. Again, no matter to what races the sisters belong, the communities all hail from England. It is certainly enough to make us all bow down our heads in shame. Both the priests and the sisters on the negro missions have one very great claim on all the clergy: to keep them supplied with subjects. Other religious bodies of men and women serve the ordinary parishes and can get subjects; not so those in charge of the blacks: they must depend on the charity of the clergy, to whom the wretched state of the colored people appeals.

There are quite a number of colored schools attached to the parochial schools, in charge of some seven or eight religious orders. The dioceses of Natchez, St. Augustine, and Savannah have a number of such schools. The system has the advantage of having both schools under the same management—a great boon for the colored people, whose tender spot is thus left intact. Another advantage is the certainty of keeping up a good supply of teachers. The chief drawback is the danger that such schools will be always at a discount—the fag-end of all work. May they grow larger and larger until separate communities are needed!

Lastly, there is no reason why, with the annual collection to help on the work, lay teachers cannot open schools in many places. The local clergy and the examiners of schools ordered by the last council may be able to look after these schools, or, if unable to do so, priests belonging to the negro missions would, I am sure, be placed at the disposal of the bishops for this purpose. After school-hours the parents and friends of the children could be gathered and taught the faith, just as the Protestants have done with the schools built by the "Freedmen's Bureau." Behold an almost unopened field! Over one million colored children go to no school; and this number, instead of lessening, is going up at an alarming rate yearly. Hundreds of Catholic teachers should be thus employed. What sort of schools should we have? Every sort. The only rule is: Whatever Protestants do, Catholics must also do better. The church ought to lead.

THE COSMOGONY AND ITS CRITICS.

"DID he talk a long string of learning," asks Mr. Flam-borough of Dr. Primrose when the latter has described his disastrous deal with Ephraim Jenkinson, "about Greek and the cosmogony of the world?" To this, says Goldsmith's immortal *Vicar*, "I replied with a groan"; and it is quite possible that that groan may be re-echoed by more than one of our subscribers when they read the heading of the present article. There have been so many conflicting interpretations of the Scriptural account put forward, not indeed by Catholic writers, but by men conversant with the sacred text and confessing the inspiration of Holy Scripture; there have been so many theories first devised, then accepted, and ultimately rejected by the representatives of science as to the genesis of the material world; there have been so many reconciliations between science and inspiration, so many repudiations of the reconciliations, and so many refutations of those repudiations, that the only result of attempting to follow such a discussion is for the most part to superinduce a kind of vertigo, and to make the reader inclined to agree with the sentiment of the above-mentioned Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson, "that the world is in its dotage." Nevertheless, reluctant as one may be to enter upon a grave discussion of a topic with regard to which probably nine-tenths of magazine-readers know little, yet these are not the days in which it is possible for any one safely to remain indifferent to that which affects the whole atmosphere of society, or complacently to close his ears when an opportunity is afforded of knowing what objections are urged against our holy faith by those competent to expound them in a clear and intelligible fashion. When, therefore, the president of the Royal Society of England—a man not only at the head of his special branch of knowledge, but practised in literary production, and especially in that most rare and difficult art of rendering the depths of science clear to the unlearned reader—comes forward in the pages of a popular magazine to enunciate the objections raised by the science of to-day to the account of the creation given by Moses more than three thousand years ago, to formulate, in fact, the non-credo of zoölogy and to give his reasons for considering the account of Genesis to be, as he frankly confesses, "a myth," it is well to take the opportunity of listening to the master, that we may not hereafter be deceived or en-

snared through any false issues raised by less capable exponents. The original occasion which gave rise to the discussion was one of no slight importance, and itself marks another rise in the ever-advancing flood of revolutionary thought.

Some months ago Dr. Réville, a distinguished member of the French Academy, took the first step towards the foundation of that experimental religion which, in the view of some theorists, is destined to succeed our exploded Christianity, by publishing a work intended as a preface to the history of religions, wherein he set forth his ideas with regard to the improbability of any divine revelation having been vouchsafed to primitive man. In the course of this work he not only impugned the veracity of the statements relating to the cosmogony in Genesis, as might have been expected from such a source, but he went on to make remarks upon the probable solar origin of certain myths contained in Homer. Now, it happened, in the perpetual see-saw of British politics, that the publication of the book took place while Lord Salisbury was enjoying his present lease of power, and Mr. Gladstone, therefore, was left to the three great pursuits of his leisure hours—yachting, Homer, and theology. Had Genesis alone been attacked it is possible that the attraction would not have been sufficient; but when the domain of Homer was invaded also the well-worn axe leaped forth as fresh as ever, and Mr. Gladstone plied it vigorously in both directions. Thereupon, as the hydra of old when bereft of one head immediately developed two in its place, so here the president of the Royal Society in London and the ex-professor of Sanskrit at Oxford rose up to join issue with the ex-premier. Then Mr. Gladstone replied to Professor Huxley, and both the latter and Dr. Réville replied to Mr. Gladstone, while a fifth writer in a very able article challenged generally the theories of Professor Max Müller.

¶ We shall not attempt in a few pages to lay down the law upon the exact meaning of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, nor the precise rendering of the Hebrew text, nor of the Septuagint, nor of the Vulgate, nor of the Benedictine translation, nor that of King James or of the Revisers, nor upon the proper method of exegesis, nor upon the accuracy of the theory of evolution, nor upon any one of the innumerable points arising out of the discussion, but shall confine ourselves to the humbler yet not wholly useless task of recording the incidents of this grand tournament with the heroes of scientific lore, interposing every now and then a few criticisms of our own as to the fashion in which the combatants conduct themselves.

One promise, at all events, may be made pretty safely : that is, that one who follows the discussion will not find it infected with the cardinal sin of dulness. Since the days when the men of Christchurch wrote, as Lord Macaulay expresses it, the best work that ever was written by any one upon the wrong side of a subject of which he was profoundly ignorant, a livelier controversy never spoiled paper than that which has lately been raging in the English periodical press. In so rare a conjunction of intellects of the highest order as is furnished by the series of articles to which we allude, it is natural to expect not only that the characteristic view of each contributor to the discussion will be set out with special accuracy and distinctness, but also that a certain smoothness and literary ease will pervade every movement ; and this expectation is by no means unfulfilled. Nothing can show more clearly the change which has come over the aspect of controversial discussion—or at least of controversial discussion of this particular kind as conducted in England—than the tone and address of the writers towards each other. There is a total and most happy absence of acrimony and of imputation ; and if one combatant insinuate that another is an ignoramus or fool of the first water, the language is so polished and delicate as to assume rather the form of compliment. Every one seems to be enjoying himself at a hearty game of football ; and they trip each other up and knock each other down with perfect courtesy and goodwill. Thus, when Mr. Gladstone observes that “the Mosaic writer,” as he oddly calls Moses, had in view moral rather than physical instruction, and was consequently more attentive to the general summary than to particular details—that, in short, his account was intended rather as a sermon than a lecture—Mr. Huxley gaily retorts that evidently the differentia between a lecture and a sermon, in Mr. Gladstone’s mind, is that the former must be accurate in its facts, while the latter need not be so ; and doubts whether the clergy will be complimented by the distinction. Again, when Mr. Huxley has spent several pages in demolishing Mr. Gladstone’s scientific averments, the latter thanks his opponent for his corrections with a smile, and wonders at the small amount he has found to correct. Equally if not more remarkable is the frankness with which Mr. Huxley confesses to the narrow limits of his ascertained domain and the constant revolutions that occur therein. He admits without disguise that the limits of certainty in his branch of knowledge are so narrow as to render the contents almost imperceptible, and quietly classes “the Ptolemaic astronomy and the cataclysmic

geology of his youth" under the head of science, without for a moment perceiving, apparently, that he thereby pays precisely the same left-handed compliment to its professors as he considers Mr. Gladstone to have paid to preachers of theology. Yet even he would seem scarcely to understand the universal applicability of his remark to all knowledge acquired by man; for—possibly because he has not adopted numbers as his particular study—he makes mathematics an exception to the general rule that if only that of which we are absolutely certain is to be taken as knowledge, its limits are so narrow as almost to disappear. Mathematics, indeed! Mathematics quotha! Ask a modern mathematician to give up his quaternions or his infinitesimals, and see what he will say to you. As well might you expect a stock-broker to give up his telephone or an astronomer his spectroscope. And yet what is the meaning of a quaternion? It is the symbol of an impossible process. What is the basis of infinitesimal calculus? The expression of an inconceivable number.

A notable exception to this general prevalence of fairness and courtesy is found in an article written by Mr. Laing in the *Fortnightly Review*, commenting upon the discussion. According to the account given in Genesis, the earth, says Mr. Laing, was first formed out of chaos, light from darkness, the seas from the land, and the whole surrounded by a firmament or crystal vault solid enough to separate the waters above, which cause the rain, from the waters below, and to support the heavenly bodies which revolve around it every twenty-four hours. And then, after informing us that the Mosaic narrative states that the stars were added as things of minor importance—probably as ornaments or to assist the moon in nights when the lunar orb is invisible—he winds up this curious summary by observing that this is the plain, simple, and obvious meaning which the narrative must have conveyed to every one to whom it was addressed at the time, as it did to every one who read it until quite recently. In this brief compass the ingenious writer has contrived to compress excellent specimens of every kind of error into which a transcriber can fall, beginning with the moderately incorrect, and passing through the wholly false to the palpably ridiculous. It is quite incorrect to represent the Mosaic narrative as stating that the earth was formed out of chaos; it is wholly without foundation to say that there is a word about the firmament supporting the heavenly bodies, or about the heavenly bodies themselves revolving in twenty-four hours. It is totally false to speak of it as describing the stars to be of minor impor-

tance, or mentioning them as ornaments or assistants to the moon when that luminary is out of an evening. And it is a crowning absurdity to state that these wild misreadings have always been accepted, not by the ignorant or prejudiced or thoughtless alone, but by every one who has ever read the Scriptural account.

In one respect, at least, and that of a most important character, our acquiescence with Professor Huxley is complete. Undoubtedly no one, whatever may be his creed and in whatever difficulties he may be thereby involved, is at liberty to reject a single fact once definitely and sufficiently proved, and that for this simple reason: that to doubt the compatibility of truth with truth is to deny the existence of truth altogether. "Above all things, we must take diligent care," says a celebrated Jesuit writer, "in treating of the Mosaic doctrine, to avoid positively and decidedly thinking or affirming anything which may be repugnant to clear experiments and true reasonings in philosophy or other studies. For since truth must be congruous with truth, the truth of the sacred writings cannot conflict with the true reasonings and experiments of human sciences." And what, then, it may be asked, is a believer in Holy Scripture to do when some fact is clearly ascertained to all appearance hopelessly irreconcilable with the facts related in the Pentateuch? Under these circumstances the first thing necessary is to make sure that the difficulty arises from facts which are immutable, and not from theories which change every day; but supposing this to be the case, then

"Via prima salutis

Quod minime reris Graia pandetur ab urbe."

The very first place to turn is to Professor Huxley himself. In an eloquent peroration, not wholly untinged with a somewhat unaccountable passion, he tells us that his idea of morality is summed up in the saying of Micah: "And what hath the Lord required of thee, but to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" Now, to a plain man the way out of the difficulty would seem to be indicated with sufficient plainness, one would think, in the final clause of the verse just quoted; but this not very recondite solution appears unaccountably to have escaped the observation of the president of the Royal Society. Still, it is something to find on such unexceptionable authority that there is one verse of Scripture which we may still consider as worthy of respect, and that humility is to be regarded as a scientific virtue.

Coming now to the objections raised by Mr. Huxley to the

Scriptural cosmogony, it is impossible to refrain from observing that several of them appear to be surprisingly puerile and trivial. Who could have expected the president of the Royal Society to fall foul of the time-honored interpretation of period for day, and to speak as though the substitution had been expressly devised to reconcile the cosmogony of Holy Writ with the discoveries of the last fifty years? Why, St. Augustine was familiar with it; St. Peter was familiar with it; King David was familiar with it. To say that it is more reverent to presume that if the Almighty had made any revelation to man he would have done so in language not inconsistent with the phenomena of nature as known to science, has a very pretty sound; but what is there unreasonable or irreverent in conceiving that a revelation made to man should be made in terms which man could understand? Would matters have been improved if the sacred writer had said "a cycle of darkness and a cycle of light, one æon"? Or would the president of the Royal Society, the high-priest of the interpreters of nature, excommunicate from his fellowship any one who should venture to talk of the phenomena of sunset, or of the egress or ingress of Venus in its transit, and declare that it was a mere evasion to say that any one using those terms could claim authority as a scientific teacher? As well might one say that whoever talks of right ascension and declination must seriously suppose the stars to climb and to fall off from the ecliptic, or that when Sir John Herschel in a magnificent passage describes the rocking and changing of the orbits of the planets and their ultimate return after countless ages to their original position, and ends his description with the striking words, "the great bell of eternity will then have tolled one," he was betraying his untrustworthiness as an authority upon astronomy, because all these transcendent operations cannot certainly be completed in the course of an hour.

Moreover, there is another method by which we may easily conceive enormous intervals of time to have elapsed in the earlier periods, while yet only a single return of darkness and light took place in each period. For suppose that the rotation of the earth about its own axis, instead of being constant as at present, attained its present velocity by degrees of acceleration, just as a railway train does not start at full speed; and suppose that the earth received during each "day," or period of creation, a force increasing its velocity ten times—then on the second day the velocity of rotation would be ten times as great as on the first, and consequently the interval between darkness and the next succeeding darkness only one-tenth as long; on the third day the

velocity would be ten times as great as on the second, and so forth. Conversely, therefore, the velocity of rotation ultimately attained on the seventh day would be ten times as great as on the sixth, and the sixth day itself would be ten times as long as the seventh, the fifth day ten times as long as the sixth and one hundred times as long as the seventh, the fourth day a thousand times, and the first day one million times, as long as the seventh—that is, as the “day” with which we are familiar. In the same way we may observe that if we conceive the axis of rotation to have been originally inclined at a variable angle to the plane of the orbit, all kinds of cosmic phenomena will result which at present require immense intervals of time for their explanation. And this would correspond with the regularity of the seasons mentioned in Scripture as established after the Deluge. Not, indeed, that these suggestions are offered as explanations of the Mosaic narrative, but simply as illustrations that the language of Genesis may be difficult to follow, not from its inaccuracy, but from the truth of its knowledge.

In connection with this point it may be well to note the strictly astronomical manner in which that great primary condition of the exertion of human intelligence, the measurement of time, is here described. For what are the means by which that most difficult problem is effected? By the sun and moon primarily, by the stars secondarily. And how are the sun and moon here described? As animals, as gods, as different species of creatures? Not at all; but as the greater and lesser of the principal lights of heaven relatively to the earth, the motion of which gives to us our measure of time; the stars, as secondary measures, being parenthetically mentioned also, and every part being the handiwork of God. And, again, in what manner are these movements utilized for dividing time to man? The revolution of the earth gives the year, and the rotation of the earth the day, the inclination of its axis to the plane of its orbit the seasons, and the conjunction of the earth with the sun and moon and stars the signs or epochs from which the measurements are dated. The hour is an artificial division having no basis in celestial mechanism; and if we now read the Mosaic account we shall find the hour to be omitted: “And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night, and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years.” Could any astronomer have described to an unlettered audience the measurement of time more clearly or more justly, or could any human being except Professor Huxley be content to class such a summary along with the

Egyptian mythology—that Hermes, playing at counters with the moon, won seventy of her lights and made five days out of them, kept as the birthdays of the gods: that on the first was born Osiris, and that a voice issued forth with him that “the Lord of all was entering into light”; that on the second was born the elder Horus, on the third Typhon, breaking out of his own accord, on the fourth Isis in very wet places, and on the fifth Nephthys or Venus?

Another threadbare platitude of a similar kind, gravely propounded by the “science proctor,” is that the word rendered “firmament” by the loose though literary translators of the days of James, but “*extentio*” by the more accurate St. Thomas and “*expanse*” by the Revisers, must necessarily mean a solid body, because the waters are said to be divided thereby. If the writer of the Pentateuch did mean to imply that the firmament was solid, one would be glad to know what he intended to convey by stating that fowls fly about in it, unless, indeed, we consider the atmospheric envelope to be a solid, as, with all deference to Mr. Huxley, we are fully prepared to do. But, apart from this latter point, it is evident, first, that the sacred text does *not* say that the waters were divided *by* the firmament, but simply that Almighty God divided the waters that were above the firmament from the waters below it—a very different statement; and, secondly, even supposing such an expression had been used, that would in no way of necessity imply solidity. Has Mr. Huxley never heard—nay, has he never used—the description of the horizon as dividing the sea from the sky, or of the equator as the circle which divides the earth at equal distances from the poles? Or has he not progressed so far in elementary astronomy as to have come across the definition of the first point of Aries, as the point where the ecliptic cuts the plane of the equinoctial? Or will he gravely tell us that navigation, geodesy, and astronomy are all to be regarded as myths because they teach that the ecliptic, the equator, and the horizon are necessarily solid?

Still more surprising is Mr. Huxley's complaint or lament over the impossibility of finding any definite point on which to challenge the believers in Holy Scripture to mortal combat. He seems to look on the race of reconcilers much as an old English squire might regard a fox which skulks from earth to earth instead of breaking covert boldly and giving a good run and a hard death in the open. There must, he says, be some point which cannot be surrendered without giving up the whole. That is true enough, although one might think it no bad test of the truth of the Mosaic account—and one which we should be

curious to apply to those Egyptian and Babylonian cosmogonies accounted by the professor as on the same rank with the Scriptural narrative—that it should be capable of remaining uninjured, while the false interpretations introduced into its exegesis by the ignorance or carelessness of commentators are one by one eliminated; but, however this may be, the point that must not be conceded ought surely to be expressed pretty clearly in the text. Now, the test devised by Mr. Huxley of a *stantis vel cadentis historiæ*—namely, that no new species of any genus came into existence after the first creative act in regard to that genus—is not only unsupported by any statement contained in the narrative, but it is absolutely opposed to certain expressions contained in it. When, for instance, the sacred writer speaks of the herbs yielding seed after their kind, or rather “into their species,” is it to be maintained that all the trees, herbs, and fruits suddenly not only grew up but yielded seed for a fresh crop? Surely no one can seriously maintain that that could have been the intention of the writer of the Pentateuch. Far more reasonable does it seem to say that such an expression gives color to the doctrine of evolution, and that the seed of the genus was differentiated into the subsequent variety, “*produserant in species suas*,” as the Vulgate has it; a translation which exactly gives the force of the Hebrew original, *le-min*.

As to the central idea, which cannot be surrendered without giving up everything in its entirety, who but Professor Huxley ever doubted that the primary and central notion involved in the Mosaic account of the creation is the existence and operation of a Creator—the doctrine that the entire material universe, sun, earth, and stars, light and darkness, seas, plants, animals, and man, were one and all the work of Almighty God? This teaching it is, and not any imported theory as to the supposed limitation of the divine energy to instantaneous action, which supplies the point of resistance somewhat plaintively demanded by Mr. Huxley, which forms the citadel of Christian belief, that cannot be evacuated without total surrender. If zoölogy can show that matter can exist of itself or can create itself of its own mere impulse, it were idle indeed to reconcile one theory of creation or another. Nay, if inanimate matter could of its own mere volition commence to move itself, the Mosaic record would be hard to understand; but then we must give over at the same time the whole teaching of the science of mechanics, which has for its basis the law of inertia. What, then, is the latest reply given by its representative upon this momentous question? It is silence, says the professor, for we have no evidence one way

or the other. If that be the case the problem remains untouched. But before giving up the question let us seek an answer from an authority that Mr. Huxley cannot well repudiate. It happens that in the eighth volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* there are two articles on the subject of evolution. To the second of these, written by Professor Sully, wherein it is stated that that theory is directly contrary to the doctrine of creation, Mr. Huxley refers Mr. Gladstone for certain information. It is a pity that modesty should have prevented him from referring to the first one also; for with such exquisite simplicity and lucidity is that deep and difficult subject there set out that to peruse it gives one a feeling like looking down into the blue depths of the Lake of Geneva, where the objects lying hundreds of feet below seem close beneath the surface, or as a child who looks into the heavens on a frosty night fancies that if he could but get to the top of a tree he could lay his hand upon the stars. Now, what does "T. H. H." (initials impossible not to identify with those of Thomas H. Huxley) say in this remarkable article? He tells us, first, that everything living may be considered not only as coming from a germ, but from a living germ—or, in his own language, not only *omne vivum ex ovo*, but *omne vivum ex vivo*; and it follows from this that if we admit the eternity of matter we must admit also the eternity of life, for either life must come from that which existed from eternity or it must be itself eternal. We arrive, then, at the admitting of necessity the existence of eternal life which may vivify matter but cannot be subject to it, for it is of itself eternal. Again, as animals grow and increase by the absorption of inanimate objects life must be thereby imparted to those inanimate objects (since the whole organism lives); and this, we conclude, must be effected by a force external to the matter, otherwise the matter would of itself produce life. And as life and matter are conceived to be eternal, this force also must be conceived to have acted from eternity.

Further, he teaches that every living thing is derived from a particle of matter in which no trace exists of the distinctive characteristics of the adult structure, and that the formation of the creature takes place, not by simultaneous accretion of all rudiments nor by sudden metamorphosis of the formative substance, but by successful differentiation of a relatively homogeneous element into the parts and structures which are characteristic of the adult. Since, then, that which devises and creates new forms adapted for particular purposes must evidently be conscious in action and intelligent in purpose, it follows that the eternal force that gives rise to these differentiations must be both conscious and in-

telligent ; that is to say, admitting the hypothesis of evolution, we must admit also the existence of a conscious and intelligent agent acting from all eternity upon matter and producing the variety it assumes ; but this agent, it is evident, cannot be the creature itself, for what animal, however highly organized, can adapt its own structure to its environment, or add one cubit to its stature, or develop one fresh organ to aid it in its struggle for existence ? Assuming, then, the principles there adopted as the latest theory of science, we are bound to admit that a conscious and intelligent agent, living from all eternity outside of all creation, imparts life at every moment to every living creature, and never ceases to mould the structure of each in accordance with the necessities of its existence. Now in what material respect, we would ask, does this scientific conception differ from the doctrine of the Catholic Church that the eternal God is the Lord and giver of life, and that every breath we draw is a direct gift from the Creator, the withdrawal of whose power for a single instant would reduce the whole universe to nothingness ?

Of a somewhat more substantial nature, at least at first sight, are the objections raised to the general order of creation, though even here they will be found to be directed rather against the commentator than the original text. For, unfortunately, Mr. Gladstone, with the proverbial light-heartedness of a new recruit, adopted in his first paper an entirely fresh nomenclature of his own, speaking of the air-population, the water-population, and the land-population, and being all the while in blissful ignorance that classification is one of the most dangerous pitfalls that the investigator has to face.

It is hard enough to obtain any definitions which shall not be either redundant or defective, or more probably exhibit both those deplorable qualities at once. It is harder still to find two terminologies which will exactly coincide, genus for genus and species for species. But when three methods of division—the Scriptural, the scientific, and the Gladstonian—are all to be compared together and every detail is to correspond, one need not be surprised if here and there certain lacunæ—not large, indeed, but not less lamentable—should appear. Consequently it was not difficult for Mr. Huxley to demonstrate that the newly-invented definitions were inharmonious with the received classifications, and in his second article Mr. Gladstone wisely recurs to the ordinary terms of science. And he ultimately parallels the Mosaic narrative with the order given in Professor Phillips' Manual, as edited by Professor Etheridge, as follows :
1. Azoic Period ; 2. Plants ; Invertebrates (omitted in Gene-

sis); 3. Fishes; Reptiles (also omitted); 4. Mammals; 5. Man; birds being afterwards inserted between reptiles and mammals. And also with that of Professor Prestwick: 1. Plants; 2. Fishes; 3. Birds; 4. Mammals; 5. Man.

To this arrangement, however, Professor Huxley takes several exceptions, but he is by no means as clear in his arguments as in his exegesis, and a perusal of his article, repeated several times, still leaves one in doubt as to the exact points at which he means to strike. Thus when he says that bats must come in at stage number three, it is really difficult to understand whether he is directing his arguments against the Manual, against Mr. Gladstone, or against the sacred text.

Another objection raised to the Scriptural order is not a little hard to understand; and Mr. Huxley appears to have anticipated that difficulty would be experienced, for he unkindly hints that it will be felt by those who know little of the subject in question. This suggestion is somewhat on the line of the famous clothes in Hans Andersen's well-known story, which were only perceptible to persons well suited for the office they held, and comes with little appropriateness from one claiming for the time to represent the average opinion of ordinary men. But, true or untrue, it does not mend matters. For the difficulty lies not so much in understanding the particular passage of Scripture, nor at all in understanding the zoölogical facts, but in following Mr. Huxley's deductions from them. There are, he says, two kinds of marine creatures—mollusks, echinoderms, and such like creatures, and true fishes which are a much later development. Yet he recognizes as scientific the orders given by the Manuals above quoted, wherein the marine creatures appear but once, and he condemns as incorrect the account in Genesis where those creatures are mentioned in two distinct stages. Now, it is difficult to see how the most perfect attainment of all the knowledge in the world can suffice to render such a criticism intelligible.

One more instance and we must conclude, partly because the shafts in Mr. Huxley's quiver are well-nigh spent, and partly because it is time to finish. What possible meaning, we would ask, is to be attached to the extraordinary argument that he cannot accept the order of birds after fishes as a genuine interpretation of the Pentateuchal narrative, because both of these species are mentioned as being created on the same day? Suppose they are so mentioned—and nobody denies it—what in the name of all that is reasonable is there to prevent him from understanding it to mean that these creatures were created one after the other in the order indicated? Is it absolutely necessary

that everything that is reported to have happened on a particular day must all have taken place precisely at the same moment? Does it follow that if a man says that So-and-so had breakfast on Tuesday and also had dinner on Tuesday he cannot be understood as meaning that dinner was later than breakfast, because he records both as having taken place on the same day? Nor does the absurdity end here; for if he cannot accept the statement that the birds were made after the fishes, so, for the same reason, neither can he accept the passage as stating that fishes were created after birds. Thus we are reduced to this amazing conclusion: that whenever two or more events are recorded as happening on the same day, they must have happened at the same instant; and if we read in the paper that on a certain day the learned president of the Royal Society delivered a lecture in London before a large and delighted audience, and that on the same day he dined with the queen at Windsor, we cannot accept the interpretation that he delivered the lecture before he dined with the queen, or that he dined at Windsor before he lectured in London, but we are to take as the only possible meaning that he lectured while he dined, and dined while he lectured, and that he was talking in London while eating at Windsor. Had Professor Huxley been dealing with anything but an argument in favor of Scripture, it is hardly probable that he would have been guilty of writing that for which all the deference due to his high station, his vast learning and singular powers of exposition cannot find any other name than irredeemable nonsense. Any stick, perhaps, will serve to beat a dog; but if our leaders fall into such ditches on the broad highway, how are we to trust them in the far and difficult passes of pre-historic time?

Such is the indictment against the Mosaic account of the creation drawn up by Professor Huxley, acting, as no one is better qualified to act, in the capacity of "proctor" on the part of science; and the impression left upon the mind after careful consideration of the whole controversy is one of surprise and satisfaction at the paucity and comparative slightness of the charges preferred, although the latter sentiment is somewhat modified by the reflection that the more nearly the Scriptural account approaches to the scientific teaching of to-day, the more, probably, will it differ from that of the succeeding generation.

Still, premature as the discussion has been—for it may be centuries yet before zoölogy can speak with reasonable certainty on the subject—it has rendered the most important service to Scripture by bringing out with great distinctness the most learned of its scientific opponents.

A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER XI.

FURTHER MISLEADINGS.

NEVER had there been more perfect weather for a journey, so far, but on the sixth day a gale met the good ship in the teeth. Bawn made this a pretext for staying in her cabin all day, and the Blue Cap weathered the storm on deck, feeling that he could not ask her to face it with him, and anathematizing the mischance that had lost him some of those hours which he had now begun to count as precious beyond price. Towards evening, when the wind was still howling and the steamer pitching, he could no longer control his desire to see her, and went down to look for her.

"Ask the young lady with the golden hair if she will speak to me," he said to the stewardess. So strictly had he respected her intention of keeping her name unknown to him that he had taken no measures to discover it from any other than herself. He would learn it only from her own lips.

She came to him at the foot of the stair, looking unusually pale, but quiet and unalarmed.

"The worst of the storm is over," he said, looking at her with a glow of gladness in his dark eyes that made her heart beat faster. "You must be tired to death of that cabin by this time. Every one has been sick, I suppose, and everybody cross but yourself. Come up on deck, and I will take care of you while you get a little air."

"Yes," she said readily. Why should she not go? Her thoughts had been troubled with him all day, and she found such thinking a very unwise occupation. Better go with him and brace herself, if not him, by disenchanting him a little more than she had yet done. There were now only two days of the voyage yet to come, and after they were past she should see him no longer.

He drew her arm within his and piloted her to a spot where she could sit in safety by slipping her arms under some ropes, which kept her lashed to her place.

"You have not been frightened?" he said, in a tone which

made her suddenly repent of having exchanged the stifling cabin for the airs, however grateful, of heaven.

"No; I am not easily frightened, I think, and I am not much afraid of death, perhaps because I can never realize it for myself. I am so young and strong that I suppose I hardly believe I have got to die. And just now life seems more alarming to me than death."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Is it because you fear the shops of Paris may disappoint you?"

"The shops?"

"Have you forgotten the shops which contain your heaven?"

"True. Oh! yes, of course. There may be things, you see, in those shops which I may not be rich enough to buy."

"Bawn—"

"Do not so call me, please."

"Why?"

"You said you would not unless I gave you leave."

"And will you not give me leave?"

"No."

"I beseech you to allow me."

"I cannot. It hurts my dignity too much."

"Do you think I am a man who could bear to hurt your dignity?"

"I do not think you are; but, at all events, I will not allow you to be. Do you think any nice woman would allow a mere fellow-traveller, the chance acquaintance of a week, to fall into a habit of calling her by her Christian name? Because I believe you a gentleman I have, being alone and in peculiar circumstances, accepted your kindness—"

"I have shown you no kindness; I have simply loved you from the first moment I looked upon you."

"You must not say so."

"Why must not I say so? I am free, independent, able to give a home, if not a very splendid one, to my wife. Till now I have not cared to marry because I never loved a woman before as I love you. I have told you no particulars about myself, neither my name, nor where is my place in the world, nor any other detail which a man lays before a woman whom he asks to share his lot. I have avoided doing this out of pique at your want of interest in the matter and your persistent silence about yourself."

"That is a silence that must continue."

"Oh! no. Give me at least a chance of winning your love in time. You do not positively dislike me?"

"No."

"Nor distrust me?"

"No."

"Then why should you thrust me so terribly away out of your life?"

"Because I have to go my way alone, and I cannot allow any one to hinder me."

"Those are hard words coming from so young a woman. Do you mean that you have pledged yourself never to marry?"

"I have not so pledged myself."

"You are not engaged to any other man?"

"No."

"You have no mother nor father to exercise control over your actions?"

"I am quite alone in the world, and as free as air."

"Then let me tell you that you are in need of a protector and of such a love as I offer you. I believe you are going to seek your fortune in Paris; for I have made up my mind that you are not rich."

"Why?"

"Do wealthy young ladies travel across the sea alone? Good, noble, and true ones may do so, but the wealthy bring keepers and care-takers in their train. Then, though your dress is neat—as fit, and more charming and becoming than any other lady's garb that I see or have seen—it is not the apparel of a woman of property."

"I do not like seal-skin; it makes me too hot. I am too healthy and vigorous to wear fur."

"You will not admit that you are poor, but it is one of the things about you that I know without your telling."

"I am not a woman to marry a man merely to get out of a difficulty."

"God forbid! I think I should not care for you if you were. You are, rather, a woman to reject what might be for your happiness from an exaggerated fear of being suspected by yourself or others of any but the purest motives for your actions."

"I am capable of making up my mind and sticking to it. And I do not wish to marry."

"Never?"

"I will not say never. I think I hardly seem to believe in my own future. The present—I mean the present of a couple of years or so—is everything to me."

"And your reasons for all this you absolutely will not tell me, not even if I were to swear to devote myself to assisting you in any enterprise you have got on hand?"

"I spoke of no enterprise."

"No, but all you say implies that you have one. There is some difficulty before you, and it is your romantic fancy to meet it single-handed."

"If that is your theory, what becomes of the salons and the shops?"

"It may be a difficulty that lies among salons and shops. How can I imagine what it may not be? Can it be that you think yourself under obligation to enter some convent?"

"No; I fear I am not good enough for that."

"Then what can it be, in which the services of a man might not be acceptable, if not useful? What reason ought there to be why you and I should part as utter strangers part, and never see or hear of each other again?"

"Some of the reasons I cannot tell you, but one may be enough. You would want to persuade me to marry you; and I do not want to marry you or anybody else."

"You could continue to refuse me; or time might change your mind."

"It would be exceedingly inconvenient to me if I were to change my mind."

"You mean that you are afraid of that?"

"I am a little afraid of it."

"Upon what grounds, if I may dare to ask? Do you distrust your own powers of endurance, and dread to be betrayed into marrying for a motive you consider unworthy, the weak desire to escape from a dilemma?"

"Not that."

"Are you afraid you could learn to love me?"

"Yes."

"My God! And after such a confession you expect me to give you up?"

"You will have to give me up," said Bawn sadly.

"O my love! do not speak so hardly. You have admitted too much."

"I fear I have, and you ought not to have wrung it from me. You ought to have been satisfied with my earnest statement that I am doing the only thing that I can do."

"Bawn, you do not know what you are saying. I will say that two people in the flush of youth and health would be just-



fied in casting themselves, hand-in-hand, into the sea to drown together. You would condemn us, with the love and happiness that are in us, to sudden death at the end of this journey which has been so fateful for us both. Do you really desire that we should never meet again in this world?"

"I do not desire it. But I know that it must be."

"Never? Have you considered all that that word 'never' means? It is not absence for a year or for twenty years; it is entire blotting out for evermore."

"It may be," said Bawn, "that in years to come we may happen to meet again."

"And your difficulty may then be cleared away?"

"It may be so, or, on the contrary, it may have deepened so terribly that I shall be glad to see that you have married and made yourself happy in the meantime."

"You are a heartless woman."

"Am I? It may be well for me if I can prove to myself that I am."

Silence fell between them. The gale had abated and the sky had cleared. He could see the expression of her face as she looked straight before her with a downcast, wistful gaze. There was such sorrow in her eyes—those tender and brave gray eyes which had seemed to him from the first moment he had met their glance to be the sweetest in the world—as made his heart ache to deliver her from the mysterious difficulty with which she was so sorely beset. That she had some great struggle before her he no longer doubted; that she was in the hands of people whom she hated and was ashamed of he feared. He did not for a moment question her own individual goodness and nobility of purpose, but his very faith in her made him the more alarmed for her sake. What might not such a girl undertake if she could only get hold of a motive sufficiently lofty and unselfish?

That he should lose her out of his life through her fidelity to some worthless wretch or wretches, in some way bound up with her fate, drove him wild; and yet, even as he gazed at her face, it seemed to grow paler and paler with determination, as, knitting her soft brows, she pushed away her regrets and strengthened her resolution to adhere to her own plans.

How, Bawn was asking herself, could she tell this man that she was the daughter of one who had been branded and banished as a murderer? How could she persuade him to share her certainty that her father had been wrongfully accused? And even

were he to prove most improbably generous, and were to accept her faith and say to her, "Be you henceforth my wife, and nothing more," could she then forget her father and his life-long anguish, and utterly relinquish her endeavors to clear his name in the eyes of the little world that had accused him?

No, she could not bring herself to say, "I am the daughter of Arthur Desmond, who lived under a ban for having taken the life of his friend." And even if she could thus run the risk of being rejected as the child of a murderer, she would not give up her scheme for throwing the light of truth upon his memory.

After all, what was this man to her, this acquaintance of less than a week, in comparison with the father who had for twenty long years been the only object of her worship? Let him take his ardent dark eyes, his winning voice, and the passionate appeals and reproaches elsewhere. She could not afford to yield up her heart to his persuasions.

CHAPTER XII.

LOVERS.

BAWN got up the next morning fully determined that she would not allow herself to love this lover. Her heart might be shaken, but her will was firm. She was not going to give up the prospect for which she had sacrificed so much and struggled through so many obstacles, at the bidding of a person who last week was unknown to her. His eyes might grow tender when gazing at her, his hands be ready and kind in waiting on her, his companionship pleasant, and his voice like music in her ears, but she could not change the whole tenor of her life because those facts had been accidentally made known to her. She should certainly miss his face at her side, and his strong presence surrounding her like a Providence, but none the more was she willing to bestow on him suddenly the gift of her future. And there seemed to her no medium course between surrendering entire fate at once into the hands he was outstretching to her and putting him back into the shadows of the unknown from which he had so unexpectedly and awkwardly emerged to cross her path.

And now she thought, as she finished dressing, there was only this one last day throughout which to keep true to her better judgment. To-morrow the captain expected to touch at Queens-town, and she must give her friend what she feared would be a painful surprise. She would bid him a short good-by and leave

him to finish his voyage as though such a person as herself did not exist in the world.

"People who fall in love so easily," she thought, "can surely fall out of it again as quickly. By next week, perhaps, he will be able to complain of me to some sympathizing friend, and in a month I shall be forgotten as completely as if I never had appeared on his horizon."

Such was Bawn's theory of loving. Love ought not to spring up like mushrooms in a night, but should have a gradual, reasonable, exquisitely imperceptible growth, striking deep roots before making itself obtrusively evident. Her father was the only person she had ever seriously loved, and her love for him had had neither beginning nor end. How could a mere stranger imagine that in the course of a week he had learned absolutely to need her for the rest of his life?

In the meantime the man who called himself Somerled had passed a wakeful night. While Bawn in her berth summoned up all her resolution to resist for yet another day, and thus finally, the fascination which she unwillingly acknowledged he exercised over her, he lay and remembered but one saying of the woman who had suddenly risen up in his life and at once widened his heart and filled it with herself. She had admitted that she feared to learn to love him, and to his fancy the admission meant all that his soul desired. A girl who was afraid to cultivate his acquaintance, lest she should end by loving him, must already, he thought, almost love him; and a girl with so soft and young though so determined a face, having made such an admission, must surely be capable of being won by perseverance. He feared that he had shocked her delicacy by speaking to her so suddenly, but he told himself that the urgency of the circumstances excused him. He chafed to see how his chances of success were lessened by the mysterious difficulties of her position, and he set himself seriously to guess what that position and those difficulties might be. Looking at the case all round and recalling other words of hers besides those few which it made him so inexpressibly happy to dwell upon, he summed up all the evidence he could gather as to her circumstances, and before daylight broke over a foaming sea he thought he had made a tolerably good guess as to her purpose and the trials she felt herself bound to meet alone. For some reason which she believed to be compelling she was making her way to Paris to endeavor to earn money, not, as he conceived, for herself, but for the sake of some other person or persons. And he thought he had hit the truth when the idea flashed

into his mind that it might be her intention to become a singer or an actress.

The idea made him sick. An actress going through training on a Parisian stage! He could not rest after the suggestion came to him, and got up and walked the deck, and was so walking and chafing when Bawn appeared.

He did not know it was the last morning on which he would see the trim, womanly figure, the fair, oval face under the round black hat, the little, strongly-shod feet coming to meet him steadily and gallantly along the windy deck. No presentiment forewarned him that by the same hour next day he should be laboring under the sorrow of having lost her out of his life for evermore.

At sight of her his mind became suddenly filled with the one exultant thought that here she was still safely within his reach, and not to be lost sight of, even at her own most earnest bidding, unless death should lay hold of her or him and frustrate all his hopes. He would throw over the urgent business that had brought him hurrying back across the ocean, and which was waiting for him in London, to be dealt with at a certain hour. He would throw anything, everything else to the winds, follow her to Paris, even (if it must be so) unknown to herself, be informed of her whereabouts and her circumstances, and after that leave the sequel of his wooing to the happier chances of the future.

His face was flushed, his dark eyes shining with the force of his determination to compel happiness, as he came forward with his morning greetings. She accepted silently and meekly the support he offered her in her walk, feeling warmed and comforted by his presence and protection, while thinking remorsefully of the necessary treachery of the morrow.

"Since daylight," he said, "I have been watching for you. I almost began to fear I had frightened you away, and that you were going to spend another day among the babies and the sick ladies."

"I should have been wiser had I done so," said Bawn. "I am not easily enough frightened."

"You would not have been wiser. You are able to take care of yourself—to hold your own against me. When you yield to my persuasion, to my counsel, you will do it with your eyes open with the sanction of your own judgment."

"Shall I?"

"I have been wanting to talk to you."

"You talked so much yesterday that I do not imagine you can have anything left to say."

"You have no idea of my talking capacity when you say so. I could talk for a week, if you would only listen to me. But if deaf and cruel miles were to come between me and your ears, then I feel that I could almost become dumb for the rest of my life."

"Almost? That is, till some other young woman, like or unlike me, should be found willing to listen to you for yet another week—perhaps for months and years."

"Bawn, look at me!"

"Why should I look at you?" she answered gravely. "I know very well what you are like; and I am greatly in earnest in saying I would rather you would talk of something else. After all I said last night you ought not to go on speaking to me like this."

"And after all I said to you last night you suppose I can talk to you of nothing but the weather until the moment for parting with you arrives?"

"It would be better for yourself and kinder to me if you were to do so."

"You think, then, that I am going to lose you so easily?"

"I know you will have to lose me. You had better make up your mind to it, and talk to me for the rest of the time only about Paris and the shops."

"And the theatres?"

"And the theatres, too, if you like. It would greatly amuse me to hear something about the theatres."

"You would rather be amused than loved."

"Anything is better than to encourage the continued offering of what one cannot accept."

"Perhaps you cannot accept what is offered because you have a preference for theatres."

"I do not understand you."

"An idea has occurred to me which seems to throw some light upon your mystery. You are going to Paris, perhaps, to prepare yourself for the stage."

Bawn blushed crimson, and her change of color did not escape her companion's eye. It was caused by vexation that he should imagine her influenced in rejecting him by what seemed to her such an ignoble and insufficient reason, but he took it as a sign that he had hit upon the truth, to her sudden embarrassment and chagrin.

"You are dreaming of going on the stage. This time I have guessed aright."

"I will not tell you," said Bawn, now as pale as the foam-fleck that touched her cheek. Let him, she thought, follow this false scent if he would. It would lessen the likelihood of their meeting again.

"Great heaven! You upon the stage!"

"What do you find so shocking in the idea? Suppose I am what you have taken me to be, a poor young woman with her bread to earn in the world, why should I not go upon the stage? Have not good and noble women been actresses before now?"

"I am not going to allow it for you."

Her hand trembled on his arm, and she turned her head away that he might not see the expression of her eyes. She was unspeakably grateful to him for the words he had just spoken. Good women, greater women than herself, might spend their lives upon the stage, but such an existence would, she admitted, be intolerable to her.

"Pray how do you intend to interfere to prevent me?" she said after a pause.

"I do not know," he said, with something like a groan. "I cannot tell how I am going to find you and save you from such a fate; but I warn you I will leave no stone unturned in trying to do it."

Bawn withdrew her hand from his arm.

"You mean that you will follow me—persecute me?"

"Persecute you? No! Guard you from yourself—perhaps yes."

"Guard me!"

"Save you, may be, from the consequences of your own innocent rashness and romantic daring."

Here he had hit home. The romantic daring was truly hers, and only Heaven could know what the consequences of it yet might be. As Dr. Ackroyd had warned her of trouble as the issue of her wilfulness, so now was this other man threatening her with the dangers of that future to which she was obstinately consigning herself. Yet as she had resisted the lawful authority of the old friend, so much the more would she refuse to yield to the masked counsel of the new one. Her father and his good name and his fair memory were and should be more to her than the approval of either—more than her own happiness, or her own liberty, or her own ease.

But an overwhelming sense of the responsibility she had

taken upon herself pressed on her suddenly, and made her feel more ill in body and mind than she had ever felt since first setting out upon this path of her own seeking, which already she began to travel with so much pain. Why she should be so shaken at this moment she could not tell. Dr. Ackroyd was now more to her than any other person in the world, and yet his representations had not moved her as the entreaties and reproaches of this audacious stranger were moving her. She drew her hand quickly away as he sought to replace it on his arm, and stood aloof by the side of the vessel, looking silently down to the flowing of the water.

He saw that she suffered, and thought she was giving way before the urgency and honesty of his desires. She was acknowledging him in the right, and searching for a path by which she might allow him to approach her. He saw her firmly-closed hand relax and drop by her side, and that stern knitting of the soft, white brows, which at times gave her the look of an angel of justice rather than of tenderness, gradually smooth itself away. Tears gathered under her eyelids.

He drew a step nearer to her.

"What are you thinking of now, Bawn—my Bawn?"

"Not yours, nor any other's," she said, shaking her head sadly.

"I belong, I can belong, to no one."

"Not even in that far-off future which you hinted at once?"

"I ought not to have spoken of any future of my own. My future is in bondage to another."

He drew a long, hard breath. He felt impatient and sick at heart.

"Then you have not always told me the truth."

"Always."

"You were engaged to no other man, you preferred no other man, you had no parents or relations who could control you—have not these statements all been made by you? Did you not tell me you were your own mistress, free as air, unfettered by any other will than your own?"

"I told you all that, and it was true."

"And yet your future is in bondage to another?"

"I cannot explain these things without telling you of matters of which I have bound myself not to speak."

"You are a riddle and a mystery, and you have broken my heart!" he cried with sudden passion. "I wish to Heaven I had never seen you!"

"That is what I have been wishing every day since you first

spoke to me," said Bawn in a low, trembling voice, while she threw back her head with dismay in her eyes and defiance in her gesture. "It is what from the first I have wished to make you feel."

"Good Lord! do you, then, hate me?"

"No; I wish I did."

"O my dear! do you know what you imply by those words?"

"I do not know, and I do not want to know."

"I am going to tell you."

"You must not; you shall not, for I will not hear you!" cried Bawn, and with a little wail of pain she dropped her face upon her hands, leaning over the vessel's side. Then he turned away and left her, and walked about by himself at the other side of the ship, gloating over the admission which her words had again made to him.

He remembered with satisfaction that he had yet some time before him in which to overcome her resolution to work upon that growing inclination towards himself which he thought he saw in her, and which she feared and strove against. Who could this person or those persons be to whom she was so bound, to whom the disloyalty that bought her own happiness could be a crime? It could not be a right or just bondage with so much mystery attached to it; for he was now convinced of the existence of some serious reasons for her silence as to all her circumstances, future and past. He was sure that she trusted him enough to be willing to confide in him, if betrayal of others were not involved in her confidence. That she was going upon the stage he hardly doubted now. She had not denied it. Poor, and anxious to earn money, what so likely as that she, being young and beautiful, should hope to make a fortune by that adventure? He was sure that she was clever, ready to believe she should be able to carry the world before her, and he chafed with impatience as he thought that the next time he saw her she might stand behind the footlights and under the eyes of a too critical or of a delighted crowd.

The bell rang for breakfast, and when he looked up Bawn had disappeared. When he next saw her she was seated by the captain's side, as was usual at meal-times, and chatting to him pleasantly. But her face was unusually pale.

"We are going to have a return of fine weather," said the captain. "We shall probably be in Queenstown in the morning."

"Do many of your passengers land at Queenstown?" asked

Somerled, reflecting with satisfaction that Bawn was not one of the number.

"A good many," said the captain, and Bawn held her breath, expecting he would say something polite to the effect that he was sorry that she was one of those to whom he should have to say adieu on the morrow. But some one addressed him on the moment, and the opportunity passed.

After breakfast she asked herself if it would not be better were she to stay in the ladies' quarters for the whole of this long day, only going on deck for a few minutes in the evening to bid a final farewell to her friend. But no, she could not see that she was called upon to act so harshly, now that the very hours of their friendship were numbered. She would enjoy this one day of companionship. The future would be long enough for separation and silence.

He met her as usual as soon as she appeared, and led her to a retired seat.

"That young pair only met first when they came on board, and I am sure they are engaged," said a girl to her mother.

"They seem to differ a good deal while they talk," said her sister, "and the man often looks disturbed, if not angry."

"She plagues him a good deal, I fancy, though she looks so sweet and smooth," said the first girl.

"She has some trouble, I think," said their mother. "I have seen tears in her eyes when she thought nobody was looking."

"That must be very seldom, for the man is always looking."

"He is a distinguished-looking fellow, and I hope he is not getting himself into any foolish entanglement," said another lady sitting by.

"He is old enough to take care of himself. The girl may be in more danger," said the mother.

"You need not be uneasy about her. She is a young lady who can carry her point, equal to the management of more than a flirtation, and able to carry it to a satisfactory conclusion."

"Perhaps all the more to be pitied on that account. If a girl of that stamp takes her own affairs in her hands too early she sometimes makes a wreck of her life."

"She seems to be quite her own mistress, at all events, travelling from America all alone. For my part, I am fond of girls who try to get under somebody's wing," said the other lady, who meant no unkindness, but who suffered from overmuch conscientiousness, and was accordingly inclined to be censorious.

That Bawn at present felt her own wings strong enough to

carry her there was no doubt, and it was for this reason that she had consented to spend her last day on board in company with the man who had declared her to be so necessary to his life, and yet whom she was quite resolved never to see again. And in the meantime the man, resting on the admissions she had already made him, had begun to hope in earnest, and relied on the many hours that were yet before them to break down at last the barriers she had built up between their future lives.

"Bawn," he said, "I want to say several things to you." He paused, and she did not check him for calling her by her Christian name, though he gave her time to do so. He thought this a sign of relenting, but in reality she was only thinking that he might call her what he pleased to-day. The wind was carrying the sound away from her ears even as it was spoken, and would never return again bearing his voice. Once she was buried in the mountains, this man, who led a busy life out in the world, a dweller in London, a frequenter of Paris, would certainly never stumble upon the paths of her retirement.

"I have been thinking deeply all night about the mystery that surrounds you."

"How greatly you exaggerate! Surely a little reticence need not be magnified into mystery."

"I do not think I exaggerate. I believe your trust in me, which you have avowed, would have overcome your reticence before now if something more than mere personal reserve were not included in your silence."

"What, then, do you think of me?"

"That you are cruelly bound to some other person or persons, and that generosity to them, to him, or to her, whom you believe to have the prior claim upon you, is the cause of your reticence. I am sure that loyalty to some one has sealed your lips and fettered your movements."

"Should I not be unworthy your regard did I forget such prior claims—granted that they exist?"

"Bawn, give up this lonely enterprise."

She started visibly, and looked at him with wide-open eyes. The words struck her like a blow, and it was some moments before she could reassure herself with the remembrance that he knew nothing of her intentions and alluded to a fancied scheme which had originated in his own brain. Her eyes fell, and she was silent. Neither did he speak, being occupied in adding this look which he had surprised from her to the other scraps of evidence he had gathered as to her lot.

"I cannot give it up," she said at last, feeling a certain relief in talking of her own affairs, under cover of a misunderstanding, with this friend of to-day, who yesterday was not, and to-morrow would not be. "I am bound by loyalty, by love, by pity, by the energy and fidelity of my own character. My motive is strong enough and sound enough to bear me through what I have undertaken. It is an older acquaintance than you. God grant it may prove as good a friend!"

"Believe me, it will not," he urged, looking at her expectantly, as if he thought the longed-for confidence was coming at last. "Happiness is not to be looked for from it, comfort it will have none, difficulty and disappointment will follow persistently in its train."

"Ah, you evil prophet!" she cried, with something between a laugh and a sob. "It may be that you are right," she added. "My enterprise is, however, my life; and with it my life shall be overthrown."

A red spot burnt on her cheek, and the look on her face smote him with remorse.

"I would not forecast evil for you," he said, "even if you persist in putting me out of your future. No matter to what shadows you may have devoted yourself, there will still be an escape for you somewhere into the light."

"I shall not be easily crushed, I can tell you. So long as the sun shines and the breeze blows there will always be a certain vigor and gladness in my veins," she answered, smiling one of her sunniest smiles upon him.

"It is getting cold, I think," he said, as a chill from the heart ran through his stalwart frame. It was hardly easier to him to picture her in a future of sunshine which he could never share than to imagine her failing away from all the promises of her young life for need of the protection that he could give her.

"I think it is turning cold," he said abruptly. "Have you any objection to walk a little?"

CHAPTER XIII.

TREACHERY.

DURING all the rest of that day Somerled exerted himself to amuse and entertain his companion. That sob in her voice, that flush under her eyes, when he had predicted evil for her, had frightened him, and he sought to banish unhappy recollections.

He was a man who hitherto had not needed to make much effort in order to be beloved. Now that he was deliberately and earnestly trying to be lovable, he felt some hope that he might not ultimately fail.

Assuming boldly that they were to meet again some day in Paris, he chatted pleasantly of the delightful hours they might spend together there. They would go to the old churches in the mornings and to the theatres in the evenings; in the day-time explore the quaint old quarters so full of interest. How the bells on the horses' necks would ring, and how the animals' hoofs would click on the asphalt pavement! What visits they would pay to the shops, the picture-galleries, the old museums and palaces! Bawn laughed and asked a hundred questions, and as the day went past it seemed as if they had been riding and driving, seeing sights and making purchases together, instead of walking up and down the deck of a steamer all the time or sitting upon two camp-stools facing each other. By evening it seemed to her as if she must have spent a week in Paris, and she could hardly persuade herself she had never been there. This day seemed to have added a year to their acquaintance, so much pleasure, so many experiences had they shared between them.

It was not until the dusk began to fall that Somerled ceased talking and allowed her to find herself again in the steamer, with the waves running beside them, and another day of their companionship fled, bringing them so much the nearer to their final separation. Of how near it had actually brought them he did not dream.

It was an unusually clear, starry night, every one on deck and in the highest spirits. Our two friends sat in a quiet corner facing the breeze. Bawn's hat had fallen back on her shoulders, and her face looked pale and grave under a cloud of ruffled golden hair—not the same eyes and mouth that had been laughing so gaily all day. She was asking herself whether the moment had come for telling him that they must part to-morrow morning.

"You are looking now," he said, "like that statue of Diana in the Louvre. All this day you have had quite a different face. But now you laugh and dimple up, the likeness to the Diana is gone."

"I have always been so very much alive I cannot imagine myself like a statue."

"Bawn, at what door am I to knock when I go—say a fortnight hence—to look for you in Paris?"

"At no door," said Bawn, all the laughter and dimples gone.

"Then I am to give up my business and accompany you to Paris now?"

"Is that the alternative?"

"I think it is. Look at the matter as I will, I can come to no other conclusion."

She shook her head.

"It simply comes to this: I cannot make up my mind to lose you out of my life."

"A week ago you had never heard of me. A fortnight hence your business will fill your mind and I shall be forgotten."

"You do not think so. Your heart must tell you the reverse. A week has done for me what the rest of the years of my life cannot undo."

"What can I say to you that I have not already said?"

"Half a dozen words—the number of a door, the name of a street, the name of a person, all of which you have kept carefully locked up behind your lips."

Bawn turned pale. "If you knew all I could tell you, you would turn your back upon me at once and go your way. But I will not allow you so to reject me. It costs me a great deal to say this, and I had not meant to say it. I had, and have, good reasons and to spare to give you without this one; but perhaps it will satisfy you more than all the rest."

"It does not satisfy me, simply because I cannot accept what you have said as the truth. I must judge of your obstacle with my masculine brain before allowing it to stand. I can imagine no barrier between you and me except such as cannot possibly exist."

"I assure you again that if you knew my story you would part with me willingly. I would spare you a great deal of pain. More I cannot say."

"Then I repeat that I will not be frightened away by something of which I know not the form nor the meaning—a nursery bogie mooring in a dark corner. I refuse to believe that an obstacle is insurmountable unless I have touched and examined it and measured my strength with it. Bawn, listen to me once for all. I am a man who does not make up his mind on a subject without having thought it out. I have made up my mind about you. My judgment approved of you even before my heart desired you. You cannot shake my faith in yourself, and nothing that is not yourself, nothing that does not destroy my belief in you, can influence me to withdraw the claim that I have laid upon you. In addition to this I may say that I am a man who desires

only a few things in this world, but what I want I want quickly—that is, I know very soon when an object has become necessary to my existence. Yours are the first eyes of woman that ever assured me their light was necessary to my life. Because I am threatened with some mysterious shadow behind your back shall I weakly consent to extinguish such a light—”

He broke off abruptly, and Bawn was silent.

“Unless,” he went on, “you tell me that you hate me, that under no circumstances could you think of being my wife, I will exert every faculty I possess to make your future one with mine.”

She wrung her hands together, and still said nothing.

“Bawn, you do not tell me that you hate me.”

“I cannot tell you that, for it would not be true.”

“Then you are going to tell me where we may meet?”

“No.”

“I will not ask you to betray any one. I will not intrude on your privacy or seek to alter your plans. Only let me know where and at what time I may see or even hear from you. The moment may come when you will be glad to call on me for help.”

He took out his pocket-book. “My address is written here—two addresses, in fact, one of which will find me at my club in London and the other at my home. I will give them to you in exchange for a couple of words from you—a number and a street in Paris.”

Bawn suddenly felt all her resolution giving way, and a desire to have that leaf from his pocket-book take possession of her. But her will was not yet overcome. She clung on to her preconceived intention of keeping her own counsel, even while at the moment she could see the force of none of her reasons for so doing.

“How do you know,” she said lightly, “that I shall be in Paris at all? It is as likely that I shall go to London or Vienna.”

Her words and tone jarred upon her own overwrought feeling as she spoke, and nervousness made them seem even more heartless than they were. They had the effect she intended them to have, that of startling her companion and breaking up the dangerous earnestness and persuasiveness of his mood.

He flushed as if he had been struck. “Ah!” he said, “I have misunderstood you, after all. You are a heartless coquette, and your reticence is a mere trick to torment me.”

“Why did you not perceive that before?” said she. “I have not tried to impress you with a high opinion of my character.”

"No, you have not tried, but you did it without trying. The fault was in myself. During the past few days I have forgotten that some time ago I found you an empty-headed and disappointing woman. The idea returns to me—"

"Perhaps in time to save you."

"As you say, perhaps in time to save me."

"If so, I shall rejoice to have freed you from delusion. I shall have done you one good turn, at least, before we part," said Bawn, smiling, though with straitened lips.

"Doubtless you know how to rejoice over the follies of men who are deceived by the beautiful mask that nature has given to your ungenerous soul!" he cried angrily. "I—"

A little gasp from Bawn checked the rush of his words. A bolt had fallen suddenly on her heart, her head. She threw out her hands blindly and fell stiffly back in her seat.

"Good God! she has swooned," he exclaimed in amazement and dismay. He laid her flat upon the bench and flew for an old lady who had shown her some kindness before.

"I thought she would be ill before all was over," said the old lady, bathing her forehead and chafing her hands. "Very few escape. It is nicer to be ill at first and enjoy yourself afterwards. There, she is better. She must get down-stairs at once."

"Will you lean upon my arm?" said Somerled penitently.

"Yes," she said. And together they made their way below.

She turned to him at the cabin-door and put her hand in his.

"After this," she said, "you will promise to think no further ill of me?"

He answered by silently raising her fingers to his lips.

"Never any more?"

"Never."

"Thank you, my good friend. Good-night."

As Bawn slipped into her berth and laid her head on her pillow she told herself that the struggle was over, that this startling episode in her life was finally closed. But the man, who returned to the deck and paced there under the dark heavens till the small hours of the morning, told the wind and the stars jubilantly that this gold-haired, grave-eyed, sweet-mouthed woman was his own, that she loved him in spite of the shackles that bound her and through the cloud that hung around her, and that, with youth and love on his side, he would baffle the whole world to make her queen of his heart and of his home.

The stars paled, the breeze grew colder, the dawn broke and showed the green coast of Ireland lying between sky and

sea. The passengers were all asleep; no one on deck was much excited by the sight of the gray and green, hazy shore except a home-sick sailor-lad who was hoping soon to feel his mother's arms about his sunburnt neck. The man Somerled had flung himself on his berth an hour before, and was sound asleep in the expectation of a happier morrow than had ever yet dawned for him. The stopping of the steamer did not wake him, neither did Bawn's light feet as she passed up the stairs and crossed the deck, selected her luggage from the pile that had been hoisted from the hold, and inquired at what hour the earliest train would leave Queenstown for Dublin. As she walked about, waiting for the necessary arrangements to be made before she could touch land, her eyes turned anxiously towards the stair, as she hoped or feared, she scarce knew which, to see the well-known dark head appear above the rail. Surely the noise, the tramping overhead, the shouting and hauling, would awake him and he would come on deck to see what was going on. If he were to come to her at this last moment what foolish thing might she not possibly say or do? Never before had she found herself so near the undoing in a moment of all that her deliberate judgment had accomplished with so much forethought and pains.

A few words of thanks to the captain and of good wishes from him, a vain effort to frame a kindly message of farewell to be delivered by him to her friend, and then, with the unspoken words still choking her, Bawn was hurried along the gangway and into her cab. She arrived at the railway-station just in time to catch the earliest train, and was soon flying with the birds away across Irish pastures.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IN THE SOUDAN.

WHAT news from the south—from the great Dark Land,
Lit but by flash of gun,
Where tardy England came too late
To save her noblest son?

Oh! that bitter time is all forgot,
And nothing remains but pride;
For English valor and English fame
Burned bright when Gordon died.

But what of the priests who are still fast bound
'Mid the myriad heathen hordes?
Has their path to freedom yet been found,
Cut out by Christian swords?

And what of the delicate women who went
To teach God's little ones,
With hearts as heroic as his who died —
Ere roared the rescue's guns?

They went not forth in the name of the queen,
No nation's praise was theirs:
Their silent lives were the gifts they gave,
Their only weapons prayers.

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The veering fancy of the changeful time
No longer throbs to that proud tale of glory;
Glad to forget a height we may not climb,
To read on smoother ways a softer story.

But God's great angels still keep watch and ward,
And turn to joy the long captivity,
When one by one the glory of the Lord
Is theirs, as one by one the captives die.

And on the hot, dead sand falls the dead seed,
But not to dwell in death; for it shall quicken,
Till from the sowing of these lives that bleed
Some time and soon shall the white harvest thicken.

O ye who heard the Macedonian cry
For faith and help, as in the dream of Paul,
And with your life's whole service made reply,
Unmarked of worldlings and unpraised of all:

Great is the guerdon—"To these little ones
What ye have done, that have ye done to Me."
Long was the toil and hard, but ye have won
With those hard hours a blest Eternity!

SCRIPTURAL QUESTIONS.*

SECOND SERIES.

No. I.

THE NEBULAR THEORY—THE HYPOTHESIS OF LAPLACE—RECTIFIED
NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS OF M. FAYE—NEBULAR THEORY IN ITS
RELATION TO NATURAL THEOLOGY.

ONE series of articles on certain important Scriptural questions was published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD between the months of November, 1884, and February, 1885. The writer had no intention of continuing the discussion of the topics treated in these articles any further when the fourth and last article was published. But, since that time, the perusal of the three works whose titles are given below has suggested the idea of the present series, with a view to supplement and complete, in respect to a few topics, the exposition partially made in the first series.

The first of these works embraces in its scope the whole domain of truth in respect to which the discussion concerning the several relations and claims of faith and science arises. Its title sufficiently shows what is the final object of its author. The work which is put in the third place treats of one special topic embraced in the general scope of the first, and its author aims at the same object at which the aim of the author of the first-named work is directed. Both these writers are ecclesiastics, and have in view the clearing away of the mist hanging over the topics of which they treat and obscuring the connection between that which is rationally concluded from scientific principles and that which is believed on the authority of revelation in regard to the same.

The work mentioned in the second place is purely of a scientific and philosophical character, free from any such ulterior purpose as has just been indicated in respect to the two other works we have mentioned. M. de Saint-Projet refers to it, however, and cites from it, in terms of great praise, as a work which is

* *Apologie Scientifique de la Foi Chrétienne.* Par Le Chanoine F. Duilhé de Saint-Projet, Lauréat de l'Académie Française, etc. Sec. Ed. Paris : V. Palmé. 1885.

Sur l'Origine du Monde : Théories Cosmogoniques des Anciens et des Modernes. Par H. Faye, de l'Institut. Sec. Ed. Paris : Gauthier-Villars. 1885.

Le Déluge Biblique devant la Foi, l'Écriture et la Science. Par Al. Motais, Prêtre de l'Oratoire de Rennes, Prof. d'Écr. S. et d'Hébreu au Chan. Hon. Paris : Berche' et Tralles. 1885.

available for his own purpose. He also mentions with approbation the work of M. Motais, who, in his turn, cites in the same manner passages from the *Apologie Scientifique*. There is, therefore, a certain correspondence between these three works which justifies our placing them together as furnishing in common a basis for remarks bearing on the matter we have proposed for discussion. The reason of this will appear as we proceed further, beginning from the scientific theory of M. Faye on the origin of the world.

M. Faye holds a place among the living astronomers of the first rank. His work, *Sur l'Origine du Monde*, has excited much attention and received high commendation in Europe. It is not only exactly scientific in its method and substance, but also literary and attractive in its style. The exposition of theories in cosmogony advanced by the Greek philosophers is clear, and, though succinct, sufficiently ample to give a correct view of the fanciful systems which preceded the one now universally received. The most interesting chapter of this portion of the book is the one which shows the heliocentric theory taught to a select coterie of disciples and handed down under a *discipline of the secret*, by Pythagoras; who anticipated in this marvellous species of scientific prophecy, by many centuries, the discoveries of Copernicus. About one-third part of the work is taken up with considering the theories of the ancients. The author next proceeds to explain the ideas of modern philosophers respecting cosmogony, and specially of Descartes, Newton, Kant, and Laplace, which brings him to about the middle of his volume. In the latter half there is an exposition of the most recent astronomy. In this portion of his work the main thesis, to which all the foregoing is chiefly an introduction and the remainder an accompaniment, is an original theory of M. Faye, which is a rectification of the nebular hypothesis, proposed by him as a substitute for Laplace's famous and, until recently, generally-received theory. The author begins the "Avertissement" at the head of his work by saying :

"The celebrated cosmogonic hypothesis of Laplace is in complete contradiction with the actual state of science and the recent discoveries of astronomers. It needs to be replaced by another hypothesis."

M. Faye made the exposition of his new hypothesis for the first time at the Sorbonne, March 15, 1884, and published the first edition of his *Origine du Monde* during the same year. We will first attempt a presentation of the theory in a purely scientific view,

reserving the question of its relation to faith and the Scripture until this has been finished.

The term "world" in this exposition is used to denote a single body, or a system of bodies united by a bond of mutual attraction, belonging to the entire collection of worlds visible by the eye alone or as aided by the telescope. The term "universe" denotes this entire collection. Our solar system is one of these worlds. The nebular theory embraces all the worlds of the universe, but is particularly developed in respect to our world. This theory in general supposes an initial chaos of extremely rare nebulous matter diffused through space and finally becoming divided into a multitude of separate masses, the whole and all the parts being subject to the law of gravitation, and acted on by whatever other force or forces, scientifically undetermined or undeterminable, must be assumed as being necessary to impart a double simultaneous movement of translation and rotation. As the result of these movements the genesis of worlds is effected through successive condensations and concentrations of the primordial nebulous matter. Atoms are grouped in different parts of immensity, each group a nucleus of further increase; the spherical form of these masses of condensing matters being a consequence of a well-known law, and their movements of rotation on their axes, and translation in space, being regulated by the laws of those initial forces which have stirred them out of inertia into activity in respect to their directions and velocities. In this process rotating rings are formed, which break up into separate spherical bodies; and these, in the long lapse of time, become, in the instance of our system, a central sun with the planets, satellites, etc., which constitute our world. This is, in a general sense, the nebular theory, first suggested by Descartes, favored by Newton, more distinctly proposed by Kant, and developed into a precise and scientifically-constructed hypothesis by Laplace, who is commonly referred to as its author, and who was confident that all future discoveries would confirm and finally establish its correctness. We have seen, however, that these subsequent discoveries have contradicted Laplace's expectation, that his theory has for some time been generally called in question, and that M. Faye has declared it to be altogether untenable. Some have gone so far as to assert that the nebular theory has been completely exploded. This is a hasty and incorrect statement. M. de Saint-Projet considers the nebular hypothesis, in general sense as explained above, apart from the details of the exposition of Laplace and others, to be one which remains as solidly



intact. He says: "This grand conception, we have said, becomes continually more and more probable; we might have said that it has been demonstrated, that it ought to be classed among scientific certitudes" (p. 142).

Let us now examine more closely the special theory of Laplace in comparison with the facts discovered since his time which run counter to it, and then look into the way in which M. Faye has reconstructed the nebular hypothesis with certain modifications and rectifications. The fundamental idea and principle of genesis remain the same. The rectifications concern only the order and mode of formation of the stars composing our solar system.

In Laplace's theory the sun was first formed by the concentration and condensation of the diffused nebulous matter, which in its central portion became a more dense rotating globe surrounded by a rarer vaporous atmosphere revolving around it in concentric rings, which were thrown off and abandoned successively by its increasing velocity of rotation, and which broke up into planets, some of these by the same process throwing off their satellites. Such a process, by which the planets were all derived from the sun, must necessarily produce rotations of planets and revolutions of satellites in the same direction, from one end to the other of the solar system. In reality these movements are direct in the first half of the solar system, *i.e.*, from Mercury to Saturn inclusively, but—a fact unknown to Laplace—retrograde from Uranus to Neptune. Those who are north of the equator look southward in turning toward the equator, which places the west on the right hand and the east on the left. The revolution of the earth and other bodies from west to east is therefore regarded as a movement from right to left, and direct; the opposite movement is from left to right, and retrograde. Now, Kant and Laplace knew of no rotations of bodies on their axes, or revolutions in their orbits, within the solar system, except direct ones. The movements of the satellites of Uranus had not been calculated and were supposed to be direct. Neptune had not been discovered. The comets, which have such eccentric orbits—some moving in them in a retrograde direction—were not supposed to belong to the solar system. It was inferred, therefore, that all planets and satellites, as well those which might be newly discovered as those which were already known, must have their rotations and revolutions in the same direction with the rotation of the sun—*i.e.*, direct, or from right to left, by reason of a law pervading the entire solar system.

But when it was discovered that the satellites of Uranus revolve in orbits which deviate from this supposed law; when Neptune was discovered with a satellite revolving in a retrograde direction; when it was found that the comets in their most remote aphelia are still carried along by the sun in its rapid movement at the rate of four or five miles a second through space toward a star in the constellation Hercules, and therefore belong to his system—the theory of Laplace was found to be deficient and to need rectification by means of a more complete induction from all the facts which are now known in astronomy.

M. Faye's modification of the nebular theory is briefly this: The opposite directions of different bodies in the solar system contradict the hypothesis of their common derivation from the sun. The planets and satellites which move in the direction of the sun's rotation were formed before the sun, when the atoms of cosmical dust had a velocity proportioned to their distance from the centre of the nebulous sphere. Those which have a retrograde movement were formed after the sun, whose acquired increase of attractive power was then sufficient to invert the order of their linear velocities. This inversion was completely effected in the case of the world of Neptune, while that of Uranus marks the period of transition from the first to the second mode of formation. Moreover, M. Faye considers that it is necessary to revert in a certain sense to Descartes' theory of vortices in order to account for the inauguration of the process of cosmogony which has resulted in the formation of the solar system. The old notion of a primitive state of incandescence of the chaotic cosmical matter having become obsolete through the prevalence of the thermo-dynamic theory, it is by this last theory that M. Faye explains the formation of hot bodies like our sun.

This statement will not be understood by any reader who is not already well informed on the subject. But we hope to make it plain enough to be easily understood by some further explanation.

Let us suppose that the sun was first formed, that it threw off rings, that these rings broke up into planets, and that these again threw off their satellites in a similar manner. Kant supposed that the sun, turning round on its axis with a *direct* rotation, must have imparted a movement both of rotation and of revolution to all the planets and satellites which was likewise direct. That is to say, that there was one cause and one law producing and regulating both the movements of rotation and of revolution, and that these must all be in the direction of the sun's rotation. Faye

points out a capital mistake in this supposition—viz., a confusion of two orders of facts absolutely different, one of which is the direction of the planetary movements around the sun, the other the revolutions of the satellites around their planets. It is true that the planets must revolve around the sun in the direction of its rotation on its axis, and that the satellite must revolve around its planet in the direction of the planet's rotation on its own axis. But the rotation of the sun on its axis does not command a rotation of the planet in the same direction, and consequently not a revolution of the satellite in this direction around its planet. The interior movements of the secondary systems are not determined *à priori* by the movements of the entire system, but by the nature of the interior forces, of which the direction of the movements of the entire system is independent.

Laplace as well as Kant fell into the mistake of confounding these two orders of facts. But he did not, like Kant, overlook one great objection to his theory : viz., that according to his system all the planets ought to rotate, and all the satellites to revolve, *from left to right*—i.e., in a *retrograde* direction. The reason of this is that, in order to produce a direct rotation, the velocities of the rings thrown off ought to increase from their inner to their outer border, whereas they actually decrease in proportion to the distance. Hence something must intervene which inverts the order by retarding the inner and accelerating the outer velocities. Laplace sought for this reason of inversion partly in the friction of the molecules, and partly in the contraction of the ring by cooling. But Faye rejects this explanation, because it supposes the nebulous ring to be animated by a movement of rotation, whereas its movement is a planetary circulation. In the case of a rotating atmosphere, like that which surrounds our globe, the various layers press on each other by virtue of the predominance of gravitation over the centrifugal force. Let the rotation of the central globe become accelerated, the lower layers of atmosphere will receive by contact the same increase of velocity and communicate it by degrees to the others, until the uppermost layer will rotate at the same rate with the lowest, the whole moving together, as if it were a solid, around the central globe. Also, if the central mass contract by cooling, the layers approach each other on account of their pressing upon one another through the force of gravitation, which causes a reciprocal modification of their several velocities.

Faye denies the parallelism between a cosmic ring with a planetary circulation and an atmosphere rotating with a globe.

The concentric layers of a nebulous ring, he says, will not press upon one another, because the gravitation of each will be exactly compensated by the centrifugal force. The ring in its original state will never undergo that inversion of velocities of which Laplace speaks. As a proof of this the ring of Saturn is referred to, which circulates now as it has done for millions of years. Faye concludes, therefore, that the sole fact that a planet rotates from right to left proves that it does not owe its origin to a ring derived from the sun. If Laplace's theory were correct, we would see the stars rise in the west and set in the east.

Moreover, this theory excludes the comets from the solar system.

Besides, it requires that any satellite, however near its planet, should take a longer time to revolve around it than the planet takes to rotate on its axis. But Phobos, one of the satellites of Mars, revolves around this planet three times while the planet makes one rotation.

Let us see now how M. Faye makes an ideal construction of our world, in accordance with the present state of science, by a modified and rectified nebular theory.

To begin with, we must have a vast nebula, of a spherical form, so far isolated in space as to be free and independent in its interior movements. This nebula must be animated by an initial and rapid movement of linear translation in space. It cannot be, like the great nebulosity of Orion, merely gaseous and therefore incapable of being subject to stellar transformation, but must have a chemical constitution, composed of various elements, susceptible of receiving the forms of solid substances.

Next, the movements of the nebulous mass must be accounted for. The force of gravitation will not suffice. For this attraction, of itself, would draw all the particles of the mass together into one condensed, motionless sphere. Our own particular nebula, together with the whole multitude of similar masses from which the other worlds have been formed—all these are supposed to have made up originally one universal nebula, from which they have become separated. This universal nebula, if it had been without interior movements originally impressed upon it, and animated solely by the force of the attraction of gravitation, would have coalesced and become consolidated into one universal globe, without rotation or linear translation in space.

M. Faye develops quite at length his theory of vortices borrowed from Descartes—gyratory movements in different parts of the mass, similar to those of whirlwinds in the air and whirlpools

in the water. We find that want of space forbids anything more than the most succinct statement of this part of his theory. Briefly, our own nebulous mass must have brought with it at its beginning of separate existence interior impulses sufficient to produce rotation, circulation, translation in space, and to regulate these movements.

If the sun had been first formed, as Laplace supposed, the velocity of linear movement in the rings would have diminished in proportion to their distance from the centre, producing retrograde movements of rotation. The rings having been actually formed long before the complete condensation of the central star, they revolved with a velocity which increased in proportion to their distance from the centre, under the influence of the centrifugal force. This is the cause of the direct rotation of the planets nearest the sun and earliest formed—viz., Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, the asteroids, and Saturn. Meanwhile the sun continued to increase, its attraction became more energetic and inverted the order of linear velocities in those rings which were the last to break up and from which the worlds of Uranus and Neptune were formed. This last planet with its satellite thus received a retrograde direction, while the world of Uranus, in which the satellites revolve in a direction nearly perpendicular to the plane of the planet's orbit, seems to mark a period of transition from one mode of formation to the other.

We must reluctantly omit all mention of the formation of comets and give all our attention now to the sun. The general idea of M. Faye's theory is, as we have seen, that all the bodies in the solar system except the sun are derived from some special concentrations of parts of the common nebular mass, produced by particular vortices in which these portions were involved and by which they were controlled, the influence from the centre being at first feeble, but gradually increasing towards its final, dominating power, which at present gives stability to the whole system, radiating light and heat through all its bounds, keeping planets and comets alike to their orbits, and sweeping the entire *cortège* of its attendant spheres in its company with a rapid movement through space.

The sun is supposed to have begun with some nucleus as the centre of the general gravitation of the nebulous mass around it. By its dominant attractive force it has drawn to itself and concentrated into its vast globe all that material which we may call the loose cosmic dust of the system—i.e., all which the planets and

comets have not appropriated. This amounts, in fact, to $\frac{699}{700}$ ths of the whole mass.

The principal and most interesting point about the sun's constitution is the way in which it obtained, in which it keeps up, and in which it radiates its heat and light, especially so far as our planet is concerned.

There are only three ways in which the heat of the sun has been supposed to be generated. One is that of chemical combustion. This supposition is inadmissible. For, under the most favorable conditions which can be imagined, this great stove and lamp in one would consume all available fuel in two thousand years. The second supposition is that of the friction of a ceaseless rain of meteors upon the surface of the sun. This is liable to the objection, seemingly unanswerable, that the increase of the sun's mass by the falling into it of these foreign bodies would disturb the equilibrium of the solar system. There remains only the third hypothesis—viz., that the sun is a vast thermo-dynamic machine, a globe made intensely incandescent by the very process of its formation, by the concentration and condensation of the gaseous nebula which rushed together from its remotest bounds and stored up dynamite enough in the body of the sun to last for millions of years. Such a supply is not, however, unlimited. A sun, by radiating away its heat and light, is on the way to become cold and dark. Stars, at the maximum of heat and brightness, are white or bluish white. After a certain amount of radiation has taken place they become yellow, then red, and finally they become extinct as suns—a catastrophe which seems to have befallen several of the fixed stars already. Our sun has already faded into the class of yellow stars, and astronomers think it probable that it has advanced considerably on the way towards ultimate extinction. Nevertheless there are no scientific data, from the human, historic period, which indicate any observable diminution in the heat and light radiated from the sun upon the earth.

M. Faye regards the tertiary period of our earth as the epoch of the highest grade of incandescence in the sun, which began to relent and diminish at the beginning of the quaternary period. The length of the whole period of incandescence, according to his calculations, is 15,000,000 of years. Several—it is impossible to say precisely how many—of these millions of years have already passed. It would seem that the constant condensation and cooling of the sun ought to show itself in a diminished amount of heat and light radiated upon the earth, even during the few thousand years of human history. M. Faye has an ingenious hypothesis to

account for the fact that the radiation keeps up to an unvarying standard.

The contraction of the volume of the sun itself furnishes for a time a new supply of heat. But the constancy of radiation is chiefly accounted for by a double current of cooled matter from the surface to the centre, where it becomes reheated, and of intensely hot matter from the centre to the surface, so that the formation of a cool crust at the surface is hindered, equality of temperature in the whole mass of the sun is preserved, and, as it were, the whole burns with a more concentrated fierceness as it contracts in volume, and will continue to do so until the equilibrium is destroyed, the forces leading to extinction obtain the mastery, and at last incrustation takes place and the solar system becomes like a room from which light is shut out by the sudden closing of a shutter over its only window.

The wonderful discoveries of the spectroscope have made known the similarity of construction which exists among all the stars of the universe, and all probabilities from all scientific data converge toward the conclusion of their common nebular origin. Several splendid pages of M. Faye's volume are devoted to the exposition of his nebular hypothesis as a universal theory.

One interesting chapter is devoted to the topic of "Geological Concordances." The *Treatise on Geology* by M. A. de Lapparent, a work of high authority in Europe, gives as the most moderate probable estimate of the time required for the formation of that part of the terrestrial crust accessible to investigation, a period of 21,000,000 of years. As M. Faye professes to have proved that the quantity of heat annually expended by the sun multiplied by 14,500,000 expresses the whole amount which the sun has been able to develop by its formation from the primitive chaos, he logically infers that the sun has not been dispensing its present annual amount of heat during 15,000,000 of years. On Laplace's theory that the planets issued successively from the mass of the sun, it is necessary to add all the heat which it expended during the formation of all these planets to the amount expended since the beginning of the primary epoch of our planet. This places the data of astronomy in a contradiction with those of geology, which appears to M. Faye insoluble except by his own theory.

He says:

"Unless we shut our eyes, and reject embarrassing data with the sole purpose of reducing the duration of the grand phenomena of the natural history of our globe, we must conclude that our globe is more ancient than the sun; in other terms, the first rays of the nascent sun must have illumi-

nated an earth already consolidated, already manipulated by the waters under the influence of the earth's central heat alone" (p. 280).

Before Laplace it was supposed that the conditions of perpetual stability were wanting in the mechanism of the solar system, which is, therefore, liable to become dislocated, or entirely englobed into the mass of its central sun. Laplace established the theorem of its mechanical stability. M. Faye proceeds to show, however, with a sombre eloquence, that the sun is rapidly proceeding toward its own extinction, *as a sun*, in the last section of his last chapter, entitled "The End of the Actual World." He says:

"But the world, in order to endure, expends no energy, while the sun, in order to shine, expends an enormous quantity; and since its provision is limited and cannot be renewed, we must look forward to the death of the sun, as a sun, not indeed as near, but as inevitable. After having shone with an equal brilliancy for many thousands of years to come, it will finish by fading and becoming extinguished like a lamp whose oil is exhausted. Moreover, a considerable number of celestial phenomena give us warning of this event; these are the stars whose light vacillates, those which become periodically extinguished, at least for the naked eye—as the star Omicron in the Whale—and those which finally disappear.* . . . We must therefore renounce those brilliant fancies by which some seek to delude themselves into a view of the universe in which it is regarded as the immense theatre where a spontaneous development is progressing which will have no end. On the contrary, life must disappear from the earth, the grandest material works of the human race must be effaced by the action of the remaining physical forces which will outlive it for a time. Nothing will remain, not even ruins" (pp. 306–309).

There are some celestial phenomena which seem like positive traces and evidences of the actual process of world-construction in the universe, according to the ideal plan of the nebular theory. It aids much to a distinct conception of the successive stages of any constructive method in mechanical art if one can inspect specimens of the work in these various stages, from beginning to completion. The architect of the universe seems to have left some specimens of this kind to the inspection of scientific observers. There are nebulosities in the universe which are purely gaseous, as specimens of the cosmic matter in the condition of the most elementary composition of primary constitutive principles. There are others of a more complex constitution, apparently in the way of stellar formation. The ring of Saturn is a solitary remaining specimen in our world of the cosmic rings from which the planets were formed. The crowd of asteroids

* Instances are, a star in Cygnus, one in Serpentarius, and one in Corona Borealis.

between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter may be regarded as the result of a failure in the process of planetary formation from a ring, the ring having broken up in such a way that no part of it was large enough to attract the rest so as to form one large planet. Mitchell's remark that the ring of Saturn was left to show us how the world was made may be applied to all the phenomena we have enumerated under this head.

Having now given a sufficient though not a complete analysis of the strictly scientific part of M. Faye's able and brilliant work, we may turn toward a consideration of the relation between his astronomical theory and the dictates of natural religion or philosophical theism. Questions immediately concerning revealed truths and Holy Scripture will be postponed for future consideration.

M. Faye has not avoided the theological side of cosmogony. His introduction is entitled "*La Science et l'Idée de Dieu.*" The following extract from it will show what M. Faye thinks of the relation of science to theology :

"We contemplate, we know, at least in respect to its immediately apprehensible form, this world, which itself knows nothing. Thus, there is something other than terrestrial objects, other than our own body, other than the splendid stars; there is intelligence and thought. And since our intelligence has not made itself, there must exist in the world a superior intelligence from which our own is derived. Therefore, the greater the idea one forms of this supreme intelligence, the nearer will it approach to the truth. We run no risk of deception in regarding this intelligence as the author of all things, in referring to it those splendors of the heavens which have awakened our thought, in believing that we are not alien or indifferent to him, and, in fine, we are altogether ready to accept understandingly the traditional formula : God, the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth.

"As to denying God, this is as if one should let himself fall heavily from these heights upon the ground. These stars, these wonders of nature, that they should be the effect of chance ! That our intelligence should be from matter which set itself spontaneously to thinking ! Man would then become an animal like others; like them he would play for good or ill the game of this life without an object, and end like them after fulfilling the functions of nutrition and reproduction !

"It is false that science has ever by its own movement arrived at this negation. . . .

"This is what I had to say of God, whose works it belongs to science to examine."

Why should it be thought that there is any tendency in the nebular theory toward a denial of the providence, the creative act, or the existence of God ? A false report has been long and widely

circulated that Laplace said to Napoleon that his theory made it superfluous to resort to the hypothesis of divine power, as Newton had been obliged to do by the exigencies of his deficient system. Faye successfully exculpates Laplace from this charge, and proves that the great astronomer merely asserted that he, by proving the mechanical stability of the solar system, had shown that there was no need of a direct divine interference to correct from time to time its aberrations (p. 130).

This is something quite distinct from the nebular theory. But because some atheists have adopted this theory, and have foolishly attempted to trace the origin of the universe to a primitive nebulous chaos as the ultimate and sufficient reason of its existence, a fear has beset some pious minds lest the theory itself should logically lead to atheism.

This fear is groundless. For the putting back of the direct creative and formative actions of divine power in the cosmogony to a greater distance, so to speak, by interposing long ages of duration, and a long series of second causes, between the present time and the first instant of time at which the creation began; the present condition of complex facts in the universe and the inchoate state which was next to the first cause, and in which second causes first began to act—this process of *recession*, as one may call it, in no way affects the relation of effects and second causes to the first cause.

M. Faye well and justly remarks that the demonstration of the existence of God from the wonders of the heavens does not depend on the exactness of our ideas respecting astronomy and cosmogony. "No one of the systems of cosmogony adds or subtracts an iota from the force of the argument" (p. 2). Cicero's superb argument in his *De Naturâ Deorum* is not damaged by his incorrect astronomy. The argument is essentially the same, as presented by Newton and by Faye, with that of Plato and of Cicero. Newton supposed that the equilibrium of the solar system was unstable and required a divine intervention from time to time to rectify it. It has been proved to be stable through the operation of constant laws. The divine power is just as necessary to found a stable equilibrium as to regulate a system whose equilibrium is unstable. Newton supposed that the Almighty created our solar system, as it were, *out of hand*, as a maker of scientific instruments constructs an orrery. Then he gave it an impulse of centrifugal motion, and impressed the law of gravitation as a controlling force, so that it continues to execute regularly its rotations and revolutions. The nebular theory traces

the reign of law under the controlling force of second causes back to an original constitution and to original forces in the universal cosmic nebula.

Now, as we have retraced the ideal process of cosmogony in M. Faye's theory back to the first elements of cosmic constitution and development, what have we found?

We have found, as the first and necessary conditions to the beginning of this process, an immense mass of primary matter and inconceivably powerful impulses of motive force. Every atom of this matter, in the words of an eminent scientist, bears the marks of a "manufactured article." This is true of the minutest molecule of the simplest gaseous substance. What shall we say, then, of that variety of chemical composition necessary to a nebulous mass which is destined to condense into more or less solid spheres?

Then when we consider how powerful and how regulated must have been the forces which drove the separated nebulous masses into vast distances from each other, when we consider how these forces developed in our world and in other worlds into interior forces, acting so variously and producing such various results, what must we conclude?

Rational thinking must lead us up to the First Cause, the Supreme Intelligence and Power, which has created and which governs all for a wise and good end. The nebular theory is in perfect accord with the dictates of natural, rational theology. What relation it may bear to revealed theology we hope to consider in another article.

FAITH.

THE fire, unfed, in ashes dies away ;
The lamp, unfilled, begets no gentle ray ;
So faith unproved in holy deeds must yield,
While sin, triumphant, guards the much-sought field.

"HAS ROME JURISDICTION?"

II.

THE residence, during seventy-odd years, of the Roman pontiffs at Avignon is certainly a very singular episode in the history of the church. When Bertrand de Got, previously Archbishop of Bordeaux, was elected pope in 1305 under the title of Clement V., there appeared to be no valid reason for a change of residence—nothing, that is, which could counterbalance the evils and inconveniences which must necessarily result to the church from the removal of the seat of the supreme ecclesiastical government from the Eternal City, where, securely imbedded in its own patrimony of St. Peter and surrounded with the prestige of centuries of sovereign independence, it could, as from some commanding watch-tower elevated high above the mists and storms of conflicting nationalities, give laws to the churches and peoples and decide in matters of faith. For the change in this respect was no slight one. However sincere Clement might himself have been in his intention of preserving the dignity and independence of the Apostolic See, it could not be but that he, a Frenchman, living within the borders of France, should be more or less under French influences; and even had he been a man of such firm and self-reliant character (which was scarcely the case*) as to be entirely innoxious to these influences, he could hardly, under the circumstances, avoid being the victim of suspicions which could not but be hurtful to his office and impede its full and free exercise. However, our duty is not at present to discuss either the utility or the morality of the course pursued by this pope and his five successors; we have simply to deal with the legal aspect of the question arising from the position maintained by the *Church Times*, which briefly amounts to this: that inasmuch as, according to the recognized principles of canon law, a bishop who does not reside in his diocese thereby vacates it, "the see of Rome was *ipso facto* void during the long residence of the popes at Avignon," to which the *Church Quarterly* adds the amazing statement that "when the popes went to Avignon they broke

* "Philip," says Dr. Von Döllinger, "already knew what easy compliance he might expect from this man when, by his ambassadors who had gone to Perugia for this express purpose, by his gold, and by the influence of the Cardinal Peter Colonna, who had been deprived by Boniface, he guided the voices in favor of Bertrand" (*Hist. of the Church*, vol. iv. p. 98).

up the Roman succession and established a new primacy at Avignon." *

Now, it is perfectly true that the law of the Catholic Church, as it at present stands, strictly enjoins the residence of bishops in their dioceses. Any prelate who absents himself without just cause for more than three months incurs, according to the Tridentine decree, the forfeiture of one-fourth part of one year's fruits, and if his absence be extended to six months the penalty is doubled. Beyond this it is further enacted that should this absence be still more prolonged it becomes the duty of the metropolitan to denounce the offender to the Holy See, who in the last resort may remove him from his office. But in regard to this matter of the residence of bishops two things are to be noted. First, it was not until the Council of Trent that these enactments came into force; previous to that, as all historians bear witness, the discipline of the church had been exceedingly lax in this respect. And, secondly, the extreme penalties of deprivation, when they were determined, merely possessed force *ex sententia ferenda*—that is to say, *after* the formal sentence of the pope, and by no means *ipso facto* by the commission of the offence itself.† But all this is entirely irrelevant, as we shall now proceed to show that "upon the fundamental principles of canon law" the disciplinary enactments with their penalties relating to bishops have nothing whatever to do with the pope, who is above all ecclesiastical law, its source, and, when occasion serves, its abrogator.

In proof of this fact we cite the following from the learned theologian Bouix,‡ who, treating of the authority of the pope over the canons and the other prerogatives which he possesses by divine right, says: §

"The power of the Roman pontiff over the canons necessarily and evidently follows from his authority over an œcumenical council. It would have been sufficient to refer the reader to that portion of this work which treats upon that point. But having in view the fact that the negation of this prerogative constituted one of the four ill-fated Gallican Articles of 1682, we shall, in order that the falsity of the Gallican tenets may the more

* The weakness of Anglican logic is nowhere better illustrated than in this passage. It is sufficient for a bishop to desert his see and reside elsewhere to become bishop of his new home. *Nusquam cleri eligentis vel postea consentientis aliqua mentio!*

† Cf. Pius IV. in constit. *In suprema*; also Concil. Trident., sess. vi. *De Reform.* cap. i.

‡ We ought, perhaps, to apologize for occupying so much space with excerpts from canonists and theologians; but inasmuch as this is the very ground upon which the *Church Times* has challenged us, these quotations constitute, not merely as regards the arguments and evidence contained in them, but as quotations *in se*, the reply needed. Original arguments would be of no avail here.

§ Bouix, *De Papa*, vol. iii. part v. p. 309.

easily be exposed, proceed briefly to vindicate the pontifical authority over the canons."

The first thesis which he lays down in this connection is as follows: *Authority over the canons pertains to the Roman pontiff by divine right:*

"By the word *canon* is generally understood the decrees or laws both of the Roman pontiffs and also of general councils. When, however, this question is discussed among theologians no question arises regarding dogmatical canons or decrees, but merely concerning canons of discipline—whether, to wit, the power of the pope over disciplinary regulations of this sort extends not only to the abrogation of, or dispensation from, his own canons and those of his predecessors, but also to those of general councils. Nor, indeed, do the Gallicans deny this power with reference to the decrees issued by the pope or his predecessors, but merely regarding those set forth by a general council or established by the universal practice of the church."

The author then proceeds to show that it is of faith that the power given to St. Peter of feeding, ruling, and governing the universal church passes on in its entirety to his successors to the end of time. Therefore, he argues, each successive pontiff possesses at any given time precisely the same power as his predecessors had. But he would not possess the same but an inferior authority if he could not change or abrogate a law enacted by one of his predecessors regarding disciplinary matters in themselves mutable; therefore, he maintains, there is no canon of discipline, mutable in itself, enacted by any pope, which cannot, should change of time and circumstances demand it, be changed and abrogated by his successors. This argument is in itself unanswerable, to all at least who accept the doctrine of the Petrine succession of the primacy, and does not need, as the author observes, further proof—which could easily be given—from the constant practice of the church.

In the next place, the author maintains that *the pope is superior to the canons enacted by a council independently of the pope*. This again is in opposition to the Gallicans. As we are not at present engaged in proving the truth of the theory here set forth, but merely the *fact* that it is the recognized teaching of Catholic theologians, it is unnecessary to quote from the passages referred to by the author.

The third proposition is that *the pope is superior to canons enacted by the pope and council conjointly:*

"Fourthly, *the pope is superior to canons confirmed by the general acceptance and practice of the ecclesia dispersa.*" "It is evident that the authority

of the church at large is not superior to that of the church assembled in œcumenical council."

"Lastly, the practice of the church establishes the fact that the pope is superior to the canons:

"(i.) According to the ancient canons and common discipline of the church, the clergy were ordered to obtain dimissorial letters (*litteræ formatæ*) each from his own bishop, and the bishops from the metropolitan, whenever they wished to travel outside of their diocese. But Pope Zozimus made an alteration in this law as regards the church of Gaul, enacting as follows: *It has pleased the Apostolic See that should any one from any part of Gaul, in whatever grade of the ministry, desire to visit us at Rome or to travel elsewhere, he shall in no case set out without having obtained dimissorial letters from the bishop of the metropolitan church of Arles* (epistolæ R. P. editæ a D. Coustant, t. i. col. 938). Pope Zozimus, therefore, was of opinion that authority had been transmitted to him even over conciliar canons. And it is noteworthy that this was a change of no small moment, which compelled the whole clergy of Gaul, including the archbishops and bishops, to obtain their letters from the Bishop of Arles (who was then constituted vicar of the Apostolic See for the whole of that country) as often as they wished to travel abroad. And the aforesaid pontiff so enacted, not because it seemed good to an œcumenical council, but because it so *pleased the Apostolic See*."

"(ii.) Pope Symmachus, at the Sixth Council of Rome, A.D. 504 (Labbe, t. iv. col. 1371): *We are necessitated by the government of the Apostolic See, and are constrained in order to the due disposition of ecclesiastical affairs, so to weigh the decrees contained in the canons of the Fathers, and to estimate the ordinances of our predecessors, as that, after all due consideration, we may regulate as far as may be, under divine assistance, those things which the exigencies of the times demand for the renovation of the churches*."

"(iii.) Towards the end of the fourth century the bishops of Africa besought Pope St. Anastasius to commute in their favor a certain decree enacted by a transmarine—that is (as they themselves observe), a Roman—council." (See their epistle *apud* Coustant, col. 3734.)

The author mentions among other instances that in the beginning of the same century Pope St. Melchiades in like manner abrogated the primitive canon forbidding bishops who had lapsed into schism and who had subsequently returned to the unity of the church from retaining their previous dignity. St. Gregory the Great, too, dispensed with certain points in the fifth canon of Nicæa prescribing the convocation of provincial synods twice in each year.

While, however, it is perfectly clear from the foregoing that the Roman pontiff possesses the power of changing, abrogating, or suspending the disciplinary laws of the church, there is nevertheless, as our author distinctly states, a certain sense in which he is himself bound to their observance. He explains that an obligation of this kind may be understood in a twofold way:

"Either because he is subject to the law and to the power which made

it, or because, although he is not subject, he is nevertheless, for the sake of good example and of avoiding hurtful changes, bound to the observance of the canons, when neither necessity nor utility prompts a different course."

What we have already said is sufficient to establish the general fact that the Roman pontiffs are in no way bound in the former sense, whereas the latter proposition needs no proof. Hence the author remarks that the question regarding the Roman pontiff in relation to the canons is of the same nature as that concerning the temporal prince in his relation to the laws:

"For inasmuch as the prince is the supreme authority, he can validly change his own decrees or those of his predecessors, *nor is he bound by those laws as a subject*. When, however, a change in the laws, effected without reasonable cause, is harmful, and the example of the prince in not observing them equally so, the obligation constraining the prince to the observance of the existing laws arises from a higher law, to wit, the natural or divine. He will therefore sin and be failing in his office of Supreme Pastor if he should abrogate canons relating to mutable discipline, except in cases of necessity or utility, *or if he himself, who ought to be a model to the flock of Christ, should not observe them*. But since he himself is not subject to them, nor is wanting in the power of abrogating, *the abrogation will be valid.*"

Space forbids us to continue our quotations from this learned and orthodox writer, who proceeds to disprove at considerable length the Gallican arguments, and subsequently to demonstrate in his eighth proposition that this doctrine of the supremacy of the pope over the canons is not merely certain but is *of faith*. For this, however, we must refer the reader to the treatise itself. We shall see in due course an application of this doctrine in regard to simoniacal appointments and ordinations, by no less authorities than Suarez and Ferraris, when we come to consider the case of Alexander VI.

With regard, however, to the bearing of these principles upon the papal residence at Avignon, it will be perfectly clear that, however *sinful* the action of Clement V. may have been, however he may have allowed the interests of country, family, and self to outweigh those of Christ and his church,* however culpably neglectful he may have been of those lofty considerations which should hold the first place in the mind of the Vicar of

* "Personal feelings of revenge, anxiety for the aggrandizement of his relatives and for the interests of the French court, were the principal springs of the actions of this pontiff" (Döllinger, *History of the Church*, vol. iv. p. 99).

Christ, there can be no possible doubt as to the validity of his acts, whether in the creation of cardinals or in dispensing both them and himself from those duties of residence which, as bishops and priests, the canon law required in them.

Were other evidence required we might call in that of Suarez, who asserts plainly that irregularity even in a case of homicide cannot touch the Sovereign Pontiff, "for although he is under obligation to his own laws as regards their *directive force*, he is not, however, as regards their *coercive*";* while the strange theory of the *Church Quarterly Review* that "when the popes went to Avignon they broke up the Roman succession and created a new primacy at Avignon," is thus completely refuted by Ferraris:

"Whence Eugenius IV. at the Council of Florence in the letters of union clearly confirms our opinion: *We define that the Holy Apostolic See and the Roman pontiff hold the primacy over all the world, and that full power of feeding, ruling, and guiding the universal church was confided to it by our Lord Jesus Christ in the person of St. Peter.* Hence the Apostolic See cannot be removed from the city of Rome and transferred elsewhere: and so, notwithstanding that the city of Rome has been so many times laid in ruins, the Apostolic See has always remained fixed at Rome; and although for many years several of the Roman pontiffs resided at Avignon, as Clement V., etc., nevertheless the Apostolic See always remained affixed to the Roman episcopate, and this title the Roman pontiffs used in their apostolical and pontifical rescripts, whence comes the common adage, *Ubi Papa, ibi Roma.*"†

This aphorism the *Church Quarterly*, strangely enough, inverts:

"The popes living at Avignon could no more be considered bishops of Rome than St. Peter, living in Rome, could be considered as still Bishop of Antioch. And Pope Benedict XIV. says: 'No one who is not Bishop of Rome can be styled successor of Peter, and for that reason the words of our Lord, *Feed my sheep*, can never be applied to him' (*De Synod. Dioces.*, ii. 1). Thus the Petrine principle is *Ubi Roma, ibi Papa.*"

These words give the clue to the Anglican position in this matter. Professing to argue upon the "principles of Roman canon law," they proceed, in open violation of those principles, to treat the Roman pontiff as an ordinary bishop. Accustomed as the Ritualists are to be in everything a law to themselves, repudiating alike the decisions of the courts of the Established Church and the rulings of their own bishops whenever they do

* Suarez, *In tertiam partem D. Thomæ, De Irregularitate*, disp. xl. sect. vii. No. 7.

† Ferraris, vol. iii. sub titulo *Ecclesia*, art. ii. Nos. 18 and 19.

not accord with their own fads and predilections, it is not surprising that they should yield to the temptation of handling the jurisprudence of the Catholic Church in the same manner. Authority has no place in their code; the recognized interpreters of legal tradition in the church must make way for their own *ipse dixits*. The pope is a bishop, therefore he is bound by the laws regulating bishops. We have shown that it is an axiom in canon law that the pope, of all men, alone is not so bound. If he were so, if there were any tribunal upon earth capable of judging him, any law ecclesiastical for failure in obedience to which he might be judged, how then would he be *supreme*? Upon the principles of Anglicanism or of Gallicanism, of course, he is not supreme; but our contemporaries should remember that in the eyes of the Catholic Church, upon whose principles they profess to take their stand, Anglicanism is a monstrosity and Gallicanism an extinct and exploded error.

And this brings us to the third argument adduced by the *Church Times*. We have just denied that there is any earthly tribunal which can judge the pope, or any law by which he can be judged by man. What, then, it may not unnaturally be asked, about the Council of Constance, by which two claimants to the Papacy were deposed and a new pontiff elected—*irregularly*, the *Church Times* maintains—in the person of Martin V.? Now, the difficulties connected with this miserable period of schism and its extraordinary termination are not new; they have been treated over and over again in the pages of historical and controversial writers,* and to these we might well refer our readers, were it not that the *Church Quarterly Review*, still harping on its favorite idea that the jurisdiction of the Papacy has ceased to exist, declares that it is "impossible to decide which of the rival popes during this period had a rightful claim to his position, so that, on Bellarmine's principle that 'a doubtful pope is accounted as no pope,' the quasi-occupants of the Roman See during these many years must all be rejected, and the Papacy be regarded as void."

We have already said enough to show that were we to admit everything which is stated in this passage—that Bellarmine, for instance, ever had the intention of asserting that a doubtful pope is no pope in the sense that the see is vacant during his pontificate, and, consequently, that throughout this whole period no true pontiff sat in the chair of Peter—the idea that the succession of pontiffs thereby failed, and could never, under the present constitution of the church, be resuscitated, is an illusory one. There

* Archbishop Spalding's Essays, for instance.

is no reason why a general council like that of Constance should not elect a valid pontiff who should subsequently ratify its other acts and render it œcumenical. The absence of a head is manifestly no bar to such an election, because the mere fact of a papal election presupposes this absence. If the local church of Rome, widowed of its bishop, has the inherent power to assemble and elect another, much more, surely, may the universal church of Christ, assembled in general synod, proceed to the election of a chief pastor necessary for the preservation of unity and the maintenance of sound doctrine. Nor in this particular election does there appear, in spite of the *Church Times*, to have been anything irregular. The council was certainly a general council; it represented the entire church, for the cardinals, clergy, and people of both obediences (that of John XXIII. and of Gregory XII.) took part in the election, and the handful of fanatics who remained with Pedro de Luna at Peñíscola were surely of no account. The possibility of this man being the true pope is of the slenderest kind; there can be but little doubt that whether the election of Urban VI. was forced upon the cardinals in conclave by the threats of the Roman people or not (and these threats appear to have been of a very mild kind *), he was accepted as a true pontiff by the entire church, and the subsequent election of his rival, Clement VII., was undertaken in the face of the emphatic protest of the most renowned canonists in Christendom.† The chances of De Luna, who succeeded him, were rendered still more attenuated by the openly simoniacal practices of his predecessor; he, too, in company with the other schismatical cardinals, took an oath previous to the election, whose conditions he subsequently ostentatiously refused to fulfil; even the sainted Dominican, Vincent Ferrer, deserted him at last, declaring him to have been a perjurer. Against the third claimant—John XXIII.—the crime of simony was conclusively proved before the fathers at Constance;‡ and as there cannot in his case be even any pretence of subsequent *universal* acceptance by the church, the council acted fully within its powers in deposing him. It is of such men as these, doubtless, that Bellarmine asserts that as doubtful popes they were no popes at all,§ while he who was probably the successor of St. Peter, in whose line, in all probability, the succession had been kept up throughout all these trying times, the venerable Gregory XII.,

* "They speak only of prayers and entreaties, of the shouts that were heard in the streets, and of their fear that worse *might* follow" (Döllinger, *Hist. of the Church*, vol. iv. p. 133).

† Ibidem, p. 132.

‡ Ibidem, p. 165.

§ In the sense that a general council might set them aside for the well-being of the church. Neither of our contemporaries give any references.

voluntarily resigned in the interests of the peace and unity of the church. Behold how the true shepherd gives his life for the sheep, while the hireling and impostor live but to ravage the flock.

In dealing, however, with this matter of the great schism, the question may not unnaturally arise as to its bearing upon the rule or canon of St. Irenæus, with which we have dealt at length on a former occasion.* To what authority, throughout these forty-odd years, were the faithful to look for that keynote of Catholic doctrine which the saint establishes as existing in the teaching of the See of Peter? We have said more than once that the church cannot be divided, because her centre of unity is constituted in an individual. Break that up, set up a double popedom, or render doubtful for a long lapse of time which is the true pope, and has not the dreaded calamity actually befallen the church? Has not the rule of faith broken down and left us in darkness blacker than that of the pagans of old by reason of its contrast with the seeming light which we had before possessed? We are bold to say that during the period of history referred to nothing of the sort took place. It is quite conceivable, humanly speaking, that it might have done so. Pontiff after pontiff might have succeeded each other in double or triple line down to the present day; had the church not been divine they very possibly would have done so, judging, at least, from the example of the Oriental schismatics. Each of these three lines might have favored some special school of theology or some pet doctrine—say on the nature and efficacy of divine grace—and its respective pontiffs might have elevated their favorite doctrines into dogmas of faith by *ex cathedra* definitions. It is manifest that in such a case as this the whole economy of the *ecclesia docens* would have been thrown into inextricable and irremediable confusion, the rule of faith would have been lost, Christ's promises to the church proved a delusion, and the Catholic religion itself would probably not have survived that revival of pagan ideas and that revolution in thought consequent upon what is termed the Renaissance. Nor is it even probable that its outward shell would have long remained, as have the outward shells of Nestorianism, Eutychianism, and Photianism in the conservative and changeless East. In Europe the old order was on the point of changing, giving place to new. The seeds of negligence and corruption on the part of the Catholic clergy were producing a plentiful crop of sceptics and scoffers at all ecclesiastical authority; and had the schism but con-

* "St. Irenæus and the Roman See" (THE CATHOLIC WORLD, July, 1883).

tinued till the time of Luther; had there existed, when his hand applied the torch, instead of one united church under the majestic Leo X., a body weakened alike in faith and capacity for action by schism and revolt, who could foretell the consequences? *But nothing of the sort took place.* Not a solitary one of these rival pontiffs meddled with the dogmas of religion in any way or shape; such as they found them, such they left them; and the faithful, consequently, could be in no doubt whatever as to what to believe for their souls' salvation. They may have been, in fact they were, in doubt as to who was the true pope, and so the discipline of the church suffered terribly. But no shadow of doubt, having the schism as its cause, ever crossed their minds in matters of faith and morals. Why was this so?

What was it that restrained these haughty, corrupt, and self-seeking men from thus defiling the fold of Christ and leading his flock astray? *What was it?* Christ's promise registered in the heavens and recorded there eternally: *Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.* Peter's successor might be obscured and hidden from view for a time, but Peter's see was there, and upon it as upon a rock the church rested secure. And when, after well-nigh forty years of storm and tempest, the boat of Peter emerged from the mists of doubt and anxiety which had racked the minds and breasts of its most saintly sons and daughters, then indeed was it plainly and visibly seen that Christ, Peter's master, was himself at the helm; then was men's faith strengthened and their hearts rejoiced; then indeed could the church raise her canticle of praise to God and sing joyfully with the royal Psalmist: *For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, will I fear no evils, because Thou art with me.*

At the conclusion of its second article our contemporary, quoting from the *Church Quarterly Review*, returns to its first argument, declaring with absolute certainty that, even supposing the Roman Church to have weathered all preceding storms, she surely succumbed under the iniquities practised by Alexander VI. at the end of the fifteenth century:

"There is not the smallest doubt that his election was simoniacal and that he was returned by means of purchased votes. It is equally certain that he systematically sold the cardinalate to the highest bidder. Thus not only was his own popedom void by reason of simony, but the cardinals whom he had nominated—and he nominated a great many—were no true cardinals for the same reason."

From these alleged facts the *Church Quarterly* draws the following conclusion :

"The electoral body was thus utterly vitiated and disqualified by canon law at least as far back as 1513, and no conceivably valid election of a pope has taken place since that of Innocent VIII. in 1484, even if every defect prior to that date be condoned, and it be conceded that the breaches in the tenth, eleventh, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries were made good somehow. There has not been any retrospective action taken in regard to this final vitiation by simony, and to Alexander VI. belongs the responsibility of having made any assertion of unbroken and canonical devolution of a Petrine privilege in the line of Roman pontiffs impossible for any honest canonist or historian since his time."

We have simply referred to this final attack in order to lay before our readers the true position of canon law in relation to simony. The absurd conclusion regarding vitiated electoral bodies and permanently usurping and illicit pontiffs of course needs no further refutation than has already been given.

Nothing is more clearly laid down by the great doctors of canon law than the fact that in general, although simony renders all exercise of the functions pertaining to the office simoniacally obtained illicit, *it does not render them invalid*. The first point is thus distinctly stated by Ferraris :

"He who has been simoniacally ordained and is cognizant of the fact, in addition to the excommunication which he incurs *ipso facto*, is suspended from the exercise of all his orders, not only of those simoniacally received, but also of others, although the simony may have been effected secretly." *

But that this suspension does not render the same acts invalid, if the suspended cleric has the temerity to perform them, is equally clear from the following :

"It must, however, be understood that the exercise of orders and other acts prohibited by suspension *are valid*, with the exception of elections. Actions implying the exercise of jurisdiction are also to be excepted, and on this account one who has been absolutely suspended cannot validly absolve." †

This is the law of the church regarding simoniacal clerics in general. It will be observed, however, that the exceptions laid down appear to play into the hands of our contemporaries, inasmuch as the whole question turns upon the validity of elections

* Ferraris, vol. vii. *Simonia*, art. iii. No. 12.

† Ibidem sub titulo *Suspensio*, art. vii. No. 7. Cf. also Suarez, *De Censuris*, disp. xi. sect. ii. 2.

and of the exercise of jurisdiction after election. And, indeed, their case from this point of view would be perfect were it not, as we have already said, that the Vicar of Christ stands in this respect upon an altogether different level from any one else, both as regards his own exemption from the operation of the canons and his power of dispensing others. His position in reference to simony is thus fully explained by Suarez :

"Whether the pope selling a benefice may be regarded as dispensing the purchaser.—This involves another question which is usually introduced at this point—viz., whether the Roman pontiff, selling a benefice to any one and committing simony with him, may be regarded as dispensing him, at all events as regards the legal penalties. For some so deny this as to say that he remains excommunicate and incurs the remaining penalties. This opinion is advocated by Adrianus, etc. The contrary, however, is the common opinion, and this appears to be the most agreeable to reason. For, first, as regards the penalty of nullity in such a collation, this is manifest from what has been said under the preceding heading. Secondly, as regards the penalty of excommunication, that man certainly cannot be called contumacious against the law of the pontiff who, in company with the pope himself, commits an act prohibited by law ; and without contumacy there is no excommunication. Moreover, it is highly improbable that a prince should wish to punish an action in whose performance he himself has shared, or which he has at least encouraged. Lastly, if simony were contrary only to positive law, the pope should be understood as dispensing as regards the sin also, and the subject himself should so regard it, since he ought not to suppose that the pope wishes to commit simony. Indeed, although simony should otherwise seem to be contrary to the divine law, if, however, it could be excused in the pope *per mutationem materiæ*, the subject ought thus to presume and thus in good faith avoid all blame. When, however, the simony is of such a kind that the pontiff can by no means avoid incurring it, *the subject is indeed involved with him in the sin, but together with him is excused from the penalty.*"

We have now discussed the entire argument in its threefold ramification as served up by the *Church Times* for the instruction and profit of its readers. That journal sets out with a mighty flourish of trumpets to announce the immediate demolition of all claims to universal jurisdiction on the part of the actual occupant of the see of Peter by reason of failure in the succession, appealing in proof of its assertions to the fundamental principles of Roman canon law ; and the second article concludes with these words : " As God has not taken care to protect the papal succession from illegitimacy and doubt, it is plain that he cannot have conferred any such charter upon the Roman Church as that which Roman Catholics allege." We have seen

conclusively that, so far from the jurisprudence of the church supplying any foundation for this amazing theory, it is simply the ignorance of non-Catholic writers (and for this, indeed, they cannot be blamed) as to the real principles of canon law which has given rise to this singular delusion. And now, in taking leave of our two contemporaries, we would ask in all charity and Christian kindness, To what purpose is all this bombast? Do the conductors of the *Church Quarterly Review*, who are understood to be clergymen of name and standing, imagine that the reputation of their periodical can possibly be enhanced in the eyes of impartial men of any creed by the use of arguments such as these, which can be accounted for only on the score of culpable ignorance or intentional dishonesty? Of the latter we freely and frankly acquit these gentlemen. We do not for a moment suppose that the editors of either of these periodicals intended to misrepresent the principles of canon law. Having obtained a smattering of the laws relating to simony and irregularity from some source or other (probably some elementary text-book which would not contain the matter which we have extracted from larger works), they imagined that they had got hold of a good thing, and set themselves to work it for all that it was worth. But, alas!

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"

and when men without any theological training and still less knowledge of ecclesiastical jurisprudence undertake so stupendous an operation as the destruction of the Papacy upon the principles of canon law, they and their admirers must not be surprised or disappointed if all that they effect is the making a mild exhibition of themselves, when the pregnant rumblings of the mountain of Protestantism, the birth-pangs of the *Church Quarterly*, and the portentous parturition of the *Church Times* can only succeed in producing such a very ridiculous mouse.

THE SHOONEEN.

I.

ALEXANDER MACALLISTER, of Baremoor, in the County of Wexford in Ireland—familiarily known in his district as “Sandy the Shooneen”—was the impecunious proprietor of a broad, low-lying tract of sterile, marshy land. His tenants were a lot of half-starved, rack rented creatures, who toiled from morn till night to meet the half-yearly “gale-day.” Of Ulster extraction, he was a rigid Presbyterian, a bitter hater of Catholicism, a violent loyalist—as the term goes—and a prominent member of a Southern lodge.

With his wife and daughter, the latter a beautiful young girl just budding into lovely womanhood, he resided in a big, ungainly structure called Baremoor House, which was situated on the only elevated and fertile portion of his property. This shabby-genteel residence was deprived of much of its bleak appearance by a profusion of wide-spreading shade-trees that enveloped it at every side. From the porch fronting the hall-door a gravelled carriage-way led down to the main entrance through a lawn of vivid greensward, in spring and early summer profusely decked with yellow daffodils and silvery daisies.

A large, leaden-colored, iron-barred gateway, a pair of white-washed piers surmounted with bluestone globes, a tenantless lodge-house, and several huge elm-trees, the home of a large colony of cawing rooks, were the main outward characteristics of this abode of struggling gentility as viewed from the public road.

Major Brown, of the County Wexford militia, was a constant visitor at Baremoor House. Gossip said he was paying his attentions to the lovely Flora Macallister, but to the eye of an ordinary observer the cold and unresponsive manner in which these attentions were received told plainly that his suit was not a successful one.

The major, as a rule, met the family every Sunday at church, and then drove home with them to a meagre yet ceremonious dinner, after which his host and himself whiled away the evening over a couple of tumblers of weak whiskey-toddy, discussing the stirring political events of the day, which, he would remark with

great pomposity, "were fast crushing out of existence all the landed gentry in the country."

One Sunday evening, as the major and his host were engaged in this harmless method of entertainment, the latter picked up a copy of the local National newspaper, and, running his eye over the columns, stopped at one particular paragraph, to which he invited the attention of his guest.

"Major," he inquired, "is there any truth in this story headed 'The Duncannon Warrior and the Jackass'?"

"Not that I know of," replied the major, as his streaky, filmy eyeballs bulged out in anticipation of a suspected unpleasant revelation. "I don't know who the blackguards can mean by 'a Duncannon warrior.' Of course I have to attend drill at the fort whenever that rascally scum of papist rebels styled the Wexford militia are called out for their annual training."

"Listen to this," said Macallister, adjusting his spectacles and beginning to read: "'A few nights ago, as a well-known Duncannon major was returning home at a rather advanced hour after paying a visit to a sympathetic Shooneen, one of Shawn Foddher's male donkeys insisted upon entering into a practical discussion with this gallant son of Mars on the much-talked-of subject of physical force. After a few brilliant rounds in the dark the jawbone or the unshod heels of the jackass proved too much for his military opponent, and had not the brisk scuffle attracted the attention of Shawn Foddher, who came quickly on the scene, the consequences might have proved fatal. We understand the owner of this bloodthirsty quadruped will be summoned to attend the next Petty Sessions at Enniscorthy for allowing his donkeys to wander, uncared for, on the public road.'"

"Don't believe one word of it, sir!" cried the major in a violent burst of simulated indignation. "I can't guess who it is the rascals intend to lampoon; but, at the same time, I think it only right that I should tell you I have lodged a complaint with my friend Captain Caldecott against that vile rebel Shawn Foddher for allowing those lazy, starved, wicked-looking brutes of his to wander at large on the public roads. There's one friend of ours," continued the major, "who wouldn't be sorry to see the rascal turned out on the roadside."

"Who's that?"

"Our new rector, the Reverend Silas Lawson."

"Why, what did he do to him?"

"Oh! nothing very much," replied the major, as he reached out the sugar-tongs and dropped a white lump into his tumbler

of toddy. "You know the rector's misguided but still well-meaning craze to bring the light of the Gospel into the hovels of these benighted, priest-ridden papists. Well, sir," continued the major, as he proceeded to crush the fast dissolving sugar-lump, "the rector had the misfortune to meet this lazy rascal Shawn Foddher on his rounds, and from his unkempt and forbidding appearance it struck the innocent clergyman that he would be a good subject to make a commencement on for the spread of Evangelical Truth. He stopped the blackguard and inquired if he had any family dependent on him. 'I have, yer riverence,' said the low scoundrel in a whining, hypocritical tone. 'I have nine in family, sir'—although you and I, Sandy, know the rascal hasn't wife or chick or child save his infernal donkeys. 'Do they ever read the Bible, my good man?' inquired Mr. Lawson.

"'The divil ever—'"

"I beg your pardon, major," broke in the host. "Speak easy. That last word of yours, if it caught Mrs. Macallister's ears, might not be very pleasant. You know this is the Sabbath evening."

"Excuse me, Sandy. I was, perhaps, carried a bit away at the thought of that low villain's cunning, and you know I was quoting the exact words of Mr. Lawson himself, who told me the story."

"All right; go on."

"Well, the rector asked him why his family never read the Bible. 'Bekase,' said the double-distilled ruffian, 'they can't read, yer riverence. They don't know B from a bull's fut.' So, to make a long story short, after further questions on the part of the misguided, unsuspecting rector, and further lying answers on the part of this knowing, deep-plotting villain, Mr. Lawson made an appointment to make a morning call at the rascal's cabin."

"Rather foolish of the reverend gentleman, I should say," said Macallister. "He should have asked some of us about the fellow's character."

"That's just what I said to him, Sandy—my very words. But, as Mr. Lawson told me, the low impostor looked so simple as he scratched his scrubby, foxy poll and asked the reverend gentleman if he knew of any chapter on industry—or indushtry, as he called it—in the Bible, that the innocent clergyman was fairly taken in. As Mr. Lawson told me, quoting the impostor's own identical words, 'it would be a charity fur you, yer riverence, to read a chapter or two on indushtry to these lazy allyawns o' mine, to try an' induce them to do a sthroke or two o' work; for

they'll do nothin' for me,' says the low villain, 'but ait their males and rowl themse'fs in the dirt from mornin' till night.'"

"Well, major," interrupted the host, "your friend was caught in the trap. I presume he visited the cabin prepared to read the lecture?"

"Not only that, Sandy, but he actually did read a large portion of a suitable epistle from Paul; and as his sight is naturally weak and the cabin was so dark, he would have probably gone on reading, I do not know how long, were it not that one of the donkeys indulged in a violent fit of braying."

"You don't mean to say he actually read the Bible to the donkeys?"

"I regret to say that he did. They were inside a kind of low partition, over which their heads alone protruded; and as it was very dark and Mr. Lawson was very anxious to get in some Scripture reading, he did not perceive the deception which had been practised on him until he heard the first roar of the jackass!"

"I am sorry for the reverend gentleman," said Macallister, scarcely able to refrain from smiling. "I presume he won't bother himself much further with fellows of this type?"

"You may bet your life he won't, Sandy. All the benighted papists in the district may go to—well, they may go to Hong Kong, or any other place of worship, before Mr. Lawson will ever again make a single endeavor to effect their salvation. But here is Mrs. Macallister, I declare. Her coming is my signal. 'Tis high time I should be moving for home."

"You seem to have had a very interesting discussion, whatever it may have been about," remarked the lady who had just entered the room.

"Merely a little story I was telling, madame," answered the major, rising and moving towards the hall rack, from which he took his overcoat; "but an end must come to everything, you see. I'm off."

"Good-night, major," responded the host, as he followed his guest out to the hall-door. "'Tis a dark night. Take care you don't knock up against Shawn Fodder on your way."

"The low, dirty scoundrel will keep clear of me, Sandy," replied the major with a hollow laugh, "as long as I carry this loaded stick in my hand. I will light my pipe now; 'twill keep me company on the road."

The major now struck a match, and, having ignited his pipe,

puffed it into a blaze, and then, buttoning his coat up to his chin, started out on his homeward journey.

II.

When Macallister heard his guest slamming the road-gate after him he retired within the house, and barred and bolted the outer door. Then he returned to the sitting-room he had just quitted, and, throwing himself into the easy-chair lately occupied by his friend, proceeded to brew himself another tumbler of whiskey-toddy.

His wife sat moodily by the chimney-corner, gazing into the embers of the now smouldering fire, and occasionally heaving a kind of long-drawn sigh which caused her husband to turn his eyes slowly in her direction.

"Heigho!" she ejaculated, "what a weary, weary world this is when the pocket is not as full as the desires."

"Do you want money, Susan?" inquired her husband languidly.

"Do I want money? Good gracious! Sandy Macallister, do you see a pair of horns growing out over my ears? Of course I want money. I always want money, and that is the very reason I wished to speak to you about getting further time to pay Malone's bill."

"What can I do about it?" replied her husband, as he drained down his glass of punch. "It is in the hands of that young fire-brand lawyer O'Donoghue. He would not do me a favor. You had better call on him yourself; he might not have the courage to refuse you."

"I have been thinking over that very plan, Sandy; but on reflection I deem it safer to send him a note asking him to come out here to-morrow with his client and take an inventory of sufficient articles of furniture for a bill of sale to secure the amount until we can get in some of our outstanding rents. Florry knows him—she was introduced to him at the last fancy fair held in Gorey—and her presence will assist me in the endeavor."

"Very good, Susan," replied Macallister thoughtfully. "I have no objection to your resorting to any means in your power to stave off the immediate payment of this debt, but I must object to Florry having anything to say to this young papist lawyer. Major Brown—"

"Major Fiddlesticks, Sandy!" interrupted the lady. "Do

you think my daughter would throw herself away on him?—a regular sot, who is fully as old as you are! No, no; not if I can help it. Florry has already given him a decisive answer which has settled his aspirations in her regard. I only wish this young lawyer O'Donoghue was not a papist. He is rich, and the alliance would get us out of all our financial embarrassments."

The following day the lawyer and his client drove out to Baremoor House in answer to the lady's invitation.

Desmond O'Donoghue, attorney-at-law, was a handsome, well-built, intelligent young man. He was a prominent figure at all the National meetings in the county, an eloquent speaker, and a general favorite with every patriotically-disposed human being in the district. His client, Dan Malone, was a stout, vulgar-looking old man, whose life might be said to have been entirely spent behind his counter, and who, as he took his seat upon a handsome cushioned chair, seemed ill at ease at the comfort it afforded. After wriggling about uneasily for some time he sought relief in twirling his hat in his big, fat, speckled hands, and, after giving an owl-like gaze about the tastefully-furnished apartment, he turned his eyes in the direction of his legal adviser.

"I wondher, Misther Desmond," he began, in a low, whispering tone, as he inched his chair over towards the lawyer, "is the Shooneen raaly sick, or is id on'y a dodge he's tryin' on uz? You know I can't be hard, daalin' wid the wife."

"I really can't tell you, Dan," replied O'Donoghue. "I take it they want more time, and your permission to withhold marking judgment against them to-morrow. It all rests with you, whether you will force the immediate payment of your account, and perhaps smash them up, or be lenient with them and take chance for your money."

"What do you advise me to do, Misther Desmond?"

"Whatever you please," was the quiet reply. "I have already explained the situation to you."

"Well, then, Misther Desmond," said Malone, "in the name o' God, I won't press him; although I know the blaackguard would on'y be too delighted to ruin me or you, or any of our way o' thinkin'. But, thank God! I can live iddout the money, even if I lose it."

"I am glad you have come to that conclusion yourself. I could not well have suggested it to you. But stay, I hear a step. Here are the ladies."

The door was now thrown open, and Mrs. Macallister, followed by her daughter, entered the room. Both visitors rose

from their seats, and the lady of the house advanced towards the lawyer with outstretched hand and smiling countenance, after which she bowed, in a most condescending manner, towards the burly creditor. Her daughter retired to the extreme end of the room, and, seating herself in an easy-chair with abashed and downcast gaze, seemed awaiting her mother's invitation to lend her aid in the unpleasant interview.

"I am so much obliged to you, Mr. O'Donoghue," began the arch diplomatist, "for your kindness in calling here this evening. I regret very much that my husband's indisposition unables him to attend to this purely business matter. Of course I fully explained his proposition to you with regard to the bill of sale, and if you please we can now begin and make an inventory for the schedule. My daughter will assist me."

"Well, Mrs. Macallister," began the lawyer, as he cast his gaze in the direction of the room wherein the young lady was seated, "my client, Mr. Malone, has been conferring with me on the matter since I read your offer of security to him, and has come to the conclusion that an unregistered bill of sale will give him no better security for his debt than that which he has at present; therefore—"

"He refuses to accede to our offer," interrupted the lady, as a hectic flush mantled her cheek, and she cast a sidelong look in the direction of her daughter.

"Oh! no, madame; you mistake," replied the lawyer, slightly elevating his voice. "Mr. Malone does not intend to direct me to mark a judgment; on the contrary, he is willing to give you all further reasonable time you may require to liquidate his demand."

"This is really very kind of Mr. Malone—very kind indeed." And here Mrs. Macallister turned and bowed towards the soft-hearted, awkward creditor, who twirled his hat between his hands and seemed anything but at his ease at the lady's courtly politeness. "The times have been so very bad of late, Mr. O'Donoghue," she continued, "owing to foreign competition in food-products and the unfortunate political disturbances, that my husband has not been able to collect his rents, and, therefore, our circumstances have been so strained that we really have not been able to keep our engagements."

"That'll be all right, ma'am," broke in Malone, to the evident astonishment of his auditors, "whin we'll get Home Rule."

"Oh! really," replied Mrs. Macallister, turning quickly around and darting a sharp glance at her unsophisticated creditor, "it

may be so, sir; but we ladies do not presume to understand politics."

"Av coorse not, ma'am. But how can the country be ever well off wid one class fightin' agin the other, the landlord squeezin' the poor tenant in the bad times, an' the Protestan' threatenin' to make war on his Catholic fellow-countryman? For my part, ma'am, although, av coorse, I have a private regard for my own—an' who'd blame me?—I wouldn't object to help a Protestan', or even a Prosbytaarian, if I thought they stud in need of it."

"Bravo! Dan," exclaimed the lawyer, with a jocular air, seeking by his simulated hilarity to cover the rude remarks of his client. "Your want of bigotry does honor to your head and heart. But we will be going now. Mrs. Macallister, my client, Mr. Malone, is a trifle outspoken in his manner, but I assure you it is the liberality of his big Irish heart which sets his tongue in motion. You need not further trouble yourself about that account of his, but whenever convenient I will be happy to hear from you. Come on, Dan."

The client rose and, with a kind of half-apologetic bow, moved towards the door. The lawyer fixed his gaze upon a pretty little water-color sketch which adorned the room, and the lady of the house, perceiving the action, moved up towards him, and, adjusting a pair of gold spectacles, proceeded in her turn to study the picture.

"That is one of my daughter Flora's sketches," she said. "She has a decided taste for art, and I regret here, in this country place, she cannot perfect herself in its study. Florry," she called out, turning towards her daughter, "do you not know Mr. O'Donoghue? I think you told me you had been introduced to him."

"Oh! yes, madame," replied the blushing disciple of Blackstone. "I have had that pleasure."

The young lady now advanced, and, lifting her long, silken eyelashes, gave the lawyer a glance from the depth of her violet orbs which set his heart beating with increased tumult; then she extended her hand, which he grasped with lover-like fervor, and said in a quiet, half-abashed tone: "I would have recognized Mr. O'Donoghue before this, mother, but that his visit here was a strictly professional one, and, unfortunately, one paid under very distressing circumstances."

"I am sorry, Mr. O'Donoghue," said the elder lady, "that my husband's views on political and religious matters are so

widely different from your own. He is what you style an Orangeman and a loyalist, and you are a Roman Catholic and a Nationalist. What a pity there should be a necessity for such broad distinctions!"

"Still, madame," replied the lawyer, "mutual forbearance will do much to conciliate conflicting parties. Your co-religionists need not fear the action of their Catholic brethren, even in the moment of our triumph."

As the lawyer took his hat off the hall rack he turned towards the young lady, who stood silently at the parlor entrance.

"Good-by, Miss Macallister," he said, stretching out his hand and grasping hers: "I am sorry my first visit to Baremoor was not made under more fortunate circumstances." Then in a *sotto voce*, meant evidently for her private ear: "I will be at the Long Lane to-morrow evening. Can you meet me?"

"I will try," she whispered.

"*Au revoir*, then," he replied in an equally faint tone, after which, with a polite bow, he passed quickly out through the hall-door to the gravelled path in front of the building, where he joined his burly client, who had been impatiently awaiting his arrival.

III.

The day after the lawyer's visit Mrs. Macallister announced her intention of driving into the neighboring market-town to make some dry-goods purchases. Her daughter Florry, however, excused herself from accompanying her, and stole out as soon as she saw the jaunting-car upon which her mother was seated pass out through the front gate. Then she struck out quickly across the dewy fields for the Long Lane, the hawthorn-bound and primrose-fringed trysting-place wherein she had promised to meet her lover.

With two young and sympathetically-mated human beings who meet to tell each other the old, old story, time flies with wings of speed. It was not until the sun had cast the broad, flat land in cool gray shade, and fired the yellow, furze-crowned summits of the distant uplands, that prudence suggested an immediate homeward journey.

As the lovers emerged from the Long Lane upon the winding high-road the portly form of Father Tom Doyle, the jolly old parish priest, was seen advancing towards them. Although Father Tom, as he was familiarly called, had his hat off and was

evidently reciting from his breviary, still, as all the parish knew, he had a quick eye for everything passing round him.

"By Jove! Florry," exclaimed O'Donoghue, as he recognized the pastor, "what a misfortune! My friend Father Tom, and no way of escape. We must only make a bold front of it, and I can say that I met you casually on the road, and was merely accompanying you as far as your own gate."

But Father Tom was too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and when he approached within a few paces of his young friend and parishioner, and noted the deep blush which suffused his cheeks, he began to suspect there was something in the wind.

He knew, of course, the lawyer's companion, and were she of his own fold there was no one in the entire county he would have been better pleased to have met in the same situation; but a Presbyterian, and the penniless daughter of "Sandy the Shooneen"! Father Tom took a vigorous pinch of snuff and blew his nose with his big red handkerchief.

What was to be done? The characteristic smile of friendly recognition was beginning to broaden on Father Tom's big, honest face, and in another moment they were within speaking distance.

"Father Tom," began O'Donoghue, with ill-concealed bashfulness, "this is Miss Flora Macallister, of Baremoor."

The pastor lifted his hat and bowed.

"I was down by the bog," continued the amatory-disposed lawyer, "merely to see if the young ducks were flying, as I intend having an evening's shooting at them next week, when I met Miss Macallister on the road."

Something seemed to interfere with the sight of one of Father Tom's eyes, as he closed it into wrinkled tightness, while the open one gleamed with a sort of funny knowingness at his young parishioner.

"I think, Desmond," said he, as he pointed towards a path-way a short distance from him, "this passage leads straight up to Miss Macallister's house."

"Yes, sir," replied the young lady in a meek, bashful tone. "I fear I have delayed already too long. Good-by, Mr. O'Donoghue. I am obliged for your kindness in accompanying me so far."

Then she turned her eyes towards the priest, and, stretching out her hand to meet his, said: "Good-by, sir."

"Good-by, Miss Macallister," said Father Tom. "I am very happy, I assure you, to have made your acquaintance."

At this moment Flora's attention was attracted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, looking around in a frightened manner, to her horror she perceived Major Brown, who had evidently been a witness to her handshaking familiarity with the priest. She quickened her footsteps to avoid him, but the major, with rapid strides, came up near her and called out:

"Miss Florry, you seem to be in a great hurry. I am going up to the house to see your father, and I will accompany you. You ought to be as well pleased to walk and talk with me as you were with that ignorant popish priest you have just left. I intend telling your father all about your doings."

"You are a mean, low man to do so," retorted the girl, glaring fiercely at her companion. "An accident caused me to meet that gentleman whom you call a popish priest, and I did not exchange ten words with him. As a lady I could not insult him when I found myself respectfully addressed. You know my father's fierce antipathy to priests, and the misery you may entail within our family by your officious, tell-tale interference. It is therefore that I am forced to stoop, nay, even beg of you not to make any allusion to this purely accidental occurrence."

"The answer you gave me when I pressed my own suit, and the sight of the man whom I have just found in your company, and who has lost me your affection, preclude the possibility of such an infringement of my duty. You have had your moment of triumph, Miss Macallister; I now have mine. As an officer in her most gracious majesty's militia, and as a Protestant gentleman, I cannot conscientiously refrain from acquainting your father of all I have seen this evening. These rebellious priests, with their communistic cries of Home Rule and abolition of the landed interests, are now our bitterest foes. Am I, then, to see the daughter of my friend and brother Mason degrade herself by giving her hand to a vile political firebrand?"

Flora Macallister felt a choking sensation in her throat. It was useless to argue further with this inexorable bigot, this discarded suitor for her hand. So, without another word or comment, she proceeded on her way, and on arriving at the hall-door dashed hurriedly up-stairs to her own room. Meanwhile the major, with his own additions and innuendoes, was telling his story to his "brother Orangeman"; and after a few moments Flora heard a terrible voice, which she dreaded, calling her at the foot of the stairs:

"Florry, Florry, come here at once."

With trembling and trepidation she crept down the stairs and

entered the parlor, wherein her father and Major Brown now sat together.

"Florry," began the now excited head of the family, "what is this I hear about your conduct? Have you determined on disgracing me?"

"I did not disgrace you, father; I could not do so."

"You lie, girl! You did. Has not Major Brown seen you hand-in-hand with a popish priest—the arch-rascal who presides at all the unlawful meetings in the county?"

"I met him accidentally, father, and I could not avoid returning a bare salute when it was given to me in common courtesy."

"And is it not a fact that that blackguard Home Rule attorney, O'Donoghue, introduced you to him?"

"Yes, father, I was introduced to the priest by Mr. O'Donoghue. On his visit to this house yesterday you know he did not prove himself a blackguard; and he is not one either, but a gentleman and a man of honor!"

All this while Major Brown was sniggering and shuffling uneasily in his chair, evidently delighted at the domestic storm which his revenge had been the means of arousing. He looked for a moment at the girl, who, without evincing boldness or defiance, still displayed no palpable demonstration of fear.

"You should make her solemnly promise, Sandy," he chimed in, "that she will never speak to that papist lawyer again."

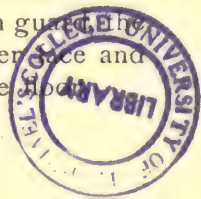
"She shall do so," roared Macallister, as he reached up to the mantelpiece and grasped a large riding-whip. "I will see to it that my orders are obeyed. Do you promise, girl, that you will never again speak or exchange a word with this papist lawyer-fellow with whom you were found this evening?"

"Father," cried the now terrified Flora, throwing herself upon her knees, and with tearful, imploring gaze looking into her parent's face, now wrinkled and distorted with passion, "forgive me if I seem to be disobedient, but at another time, when we are alone, I will give you satisfactory reasons."

"I want none of your reasons, you young Jezabel! Do you promise?"

With head bowed down the weeping girl murmured: "I cannot."

"Then by the contents of this I will make you!" And before his affrighted daughter had time to lift her hands on guard, the heavy whip descended with terrific force across her face and neck, and with a wild cry of pain she fell upon the floor.



IV.

When Mrs. Macallister arrived home she found her husband and Major Brown seated in the front parlor. Their noticeable silence and moody attitudes instantly suggested to her the idea that something had gone wrong in her absence; so, suspecting possibly the quarter from which the trouble might have arisen, she eagerly inquired for her daughter Florry.

"I don't know where she is," replied her husband gruffly, without even lifting his eyes to look at his wife, "and, furthermore, I don't care. Possibly she has some popish priest keeping her company."

"Popish priest!" exclaimed Mrs. Macallister. "Why, Sandy, what do you mean?"

"I mean," replied her husband, rising from his chair, and elevating his voice so that he might be heard by all the inmates of the house—"I mean that if any daughter of mine wishes to cultivate the acquaintance of Romish Mass-singers or rebellious Home-Rulers she had better quit my house for ever."

"This is a strange expression, Sandy. I cannot understand you. Tell me what has happened since I left here!"

"Go and ask her," retorted the husband with a sneer, as he pointed towards the staircase—"your pet daughter. I have given her a lesson she won't forget for some time, and if I ever catch her again disobeying me I will turn her homeless on the roadside."

"It is unfortunately too true, Mrs. Macallister," broke in Major Brown, rising from his chair and moving towards the door, as if to take his leave. "There is no doubt about the matter. I saw her myself shaking hands with that old fire-brand priest Doyle, and smiling at him as if she were one of his most intimate friends."

"And you carried the pleasant news, did you?" inquired the lady, with a tone of voice and a scornful glance at the informant which did not bode well for his future welcome at the Sunday dinner-table at Baremoor.

"I considered it my duty, madame," replied the major, with a profound bow.

"Then allow me, sir, to offer you my thanks for your condescension."

"How, madame? I do not clearly understand."

"Perhaps not. Was it not a condescension that you should

lower yourself from your high military position to become a little, tale-bearing family disturber?"

"Susan," interrupted the husband, "you must not speak in that manner to Major Brown. I think he deserves our best thanks for his friendly interference."

"That is a matter of opinion, Sandy. It is fortunate for Major Brown I was not here when he told his troublesome story. I can mind my own daughter, and I have no need of military spies to track her every footstep."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, madame," rejoined the major, looking palpably discomfited at his unpleasant position. "I believed I was doing you and your husband a service with this intelligence."

"It was one, sir, which was unsought, and which I hope will never be repeated."

"Then, madame, I presume I had better say good-evening."

"Good-evening, sir," was the disdainful reply. "You have given me unpleasant employment enough to incapacitate me from entertaining you any further."

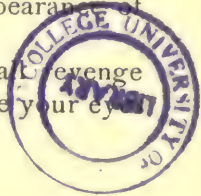
Major Brown bowed coweringly before the irate mistress of Baremoor, and quickly passed out of the room.

After a few ineffectual inquiries to her husband Mrs. Macalister instantly quitted the parlor and proceeded towards the bedroom of her offending daughter. The door was bolted from the inside, and it was not without considerable knocking and calling that it was opened by the fair occupant herself, who presented such a tristful and dishevelled appearance, after her terrible paroxysm of grief and tears, that her mother was terror-stricken at the sight.

"My own dear, darling Florry!" she cried, as she threw her arms around her daughter's neck and kissed her fervently on the forehead. "What, in Heaven's name, has happened since I left here this morning? Your father is wild with passion, and you, my dear—you frighten me with the appearance you present. But stay, what is this? My God! you have been cut upon the cheek—such a blow, too! Tell me quickly how it all occurred."

Through her sobs the girl told her the whole story—of her affection for the young lawyer and his reciprocal feeling; of the appointment in the Long Lane, the walk home, the accidental meeting with Father Doyle, and the unfortunate appearance of Major Brown.

"O that contemptible little tell-tale! This is all revenge at your refusal of his suit. But, Florry my dear, wipe your eyes."



and brush your hair, and come down with me to supper. You know it will be all right when I am at the table. Brown is gone. I gave him a piece of my mind; and had I then known as much as I do now he would not have got off so easily."

Yielding to the kind maternal invitation, Flora arranged the fringe upon her neck-gear so as to hide the dark-red welt which had arisen from the blow, and, with her mother's arm locked in hers, descended slowly down the stairway. The moment the pair entered the apartment there was a violent commotion. The father swung his chair around and then sprang to his feet, and, with outstretched arm and forefinger rigidly extended in the direction of his unhappy daughter, called out in stentorian tones:

"This girl leaves the room, or I will leave it! I cannot sit in company with one who plots designing falsehoods to disgrace my household by associating with the sworn enemies of my friends and party!"

"O Sandy, Sandy!" broke in the wife, "what in the name of wonder is the matter with you? Are you losing your senses, man? Florry is deeply grieved that she has offended you, and she has explained the whole matter to me. 'Twas an accident she met—"

"Another infernal lie of hers!" roared the now excited man. "Was it by accident she met that spouting rebel O'Donoghue, or by accident they both met that popish priest on an unfrequented roadway? Leave the room, leave my presence, girl, or I may rue the day I first called you daughter!"

The poor penitent, thus savagely addressed, could not articulate one syllable in reply; even her garrulous mother was, for the moment, tongue-tied at the sight of her husband's fearful wrath, and releasing her hold of her daughter's arm, which she had grasped at the first moment of attack, she allowed her to recede a few paces, when she instantly rushed back to her room, which she had just quitted.

The moment the young girl disappeared Alexander Macallister arose from the chair into which he had thrown himself after his angry outburst, and, directing a piercing glance at his wife, said in a deep, sarcastic tone:

"I suppose, Susan, you are going to take sides with that rebellious daughter of yours. Don't you know what I am—that I am Orange of the Orange, if by that is meant one loyal to his queen and the integrity of the empire?"

"Oh! nonsense, Sandy," retorted his wife, with marked acerbity in her tones. "I'm sick of all this talk about you Orange-

men. You can be as Orange as you like, but you mustn't strike my daughter with your whip. I'll see that this shall never occur again."

V.

The next morning Macallister arose in no good-humor with the world in general. His outbreak with his daughter had aroused his worst feelings; and then also debts pressed heavily on the "Shooneen." The rents which should be paid him were not forthcoming. A decrease in the value of all farm produce and a wet, unfruitful season had incapacitated his unfortunate tenants from giving him even an instalment of their payments, and in a blind spirit of revenge he determined to invoke the unrelenting ægis of the law to compass their eviction.

One of the most notable defaulters on his property was Mick McGrath—an honest, struggling, poor fellow whom inevitable circumstances had reduced almost to a starving condition. Against this man in particular Macallister had a grudge, and he therefore determined upon making him what he styled a fearful example of his power.

It was a drizzly, cheerless October morning that the measured tramp of marching feet attracted the attention of little Patsey McGrath, and when he had satisfied himself as to the destination of the military he instantly rushed into the house, crying out, as he clapped his hands in the excitement of his grief: "O mammy, mammy, he's de sogers!"

Mrs. McGrath was a delicate, attenuated woman, who for many years had been a victim to heart-disease, and the dreaded announcement, although daily expected, instantly threw her into a fever of excitement. Her husband, who was abroad in the fields working at the time, no sooner perceived the approach of the military than he rushed wildly towards his house, and on entering the door was horror-stricken to find his wife lying fainting on the floor. The strange pallor of the woman's pinched-up features, her closed eyes and rigidity of body, at first glance led him to the belief that she had succumbed to the fell malady which had long threatened her life; so in the wildness of his grief he cast himself on his knees beside her, while the young children, terror-stricken at the sight of their parents, crowded around the motionless form of their mother, uttering piteous infantine cries which might soften the most obdurate heart.

The scene was one of those fearful ones which can be witnessed in many parts of Ireland to-day, and which will continue to disgrace the land as long as London-made laws shall hold their power in the country.

"Halt!"

A loud military command, a cessation of the martial tread, and in a few minutes the light in McGrath's kitchen was almost extinguished by the forms of the Shoonen and the county sheriff standing in the narrow doorway.

"McGrath," began the landlord, as he fixed his gaze on his tenant, "I have been compelled to bring the sheriff here to get possession of my place. You have not kept up to your promise."

"'Twas the bad saison, yer honor," pleaded the poor man, "an' the fall in prices, an' the sickness, that kep' me back. You see my wife lyin' there; I'm afeared the shock ov bein' turned out is afther killin' her."

"Oh! nonsense," replied Macallister. "This is an old trick to gain compassion; but it won't work this time. Out you must go."

When the sheriff had fully taken in the situation of the misery of the poor people whom he was about to evict, he requested the landlord to accompany him outside, and sought to dissuade him from the proceeding.

"I fear this will be a bad business, Mr. Macallister," said he. "I would strongly advise you to leave this man in his holding for the winter. This eviction will be the talk of the whole county."

"I do not care whether it is or not," was the brusque reply. "The fellow owes me rent, the land is mine, and I am determined I will have possession."

"But, Mr. Macallister," said the sheriff, "can't you see you are about to run a very great risk? Should the woman die on your hands her death will be styled 'murder'; and even should she recover sufficiently to walk away from the place her husband may wreak his vengeance on you. My experience tells me it is not safe to trust men in McGrath's unhappy condition."

"I have considered that point also, Mr. Sheriff, and here you see I have come thoroughly prepared." The Shoonen then threw open his overcoat and pointed to an inside pocket, from which the shining mounting of a pistol was distinctly visible. "A British bull-dog, Mr. Sheriff, the contents of which this rascal tenant of mine will get if he dares to attack me with violence."

"Very well, Mr. Macallister, you can do as you please. We will proceed at your risk."

Both men now re-entered the house. Mrs. McGrath was standing upright, surrounded by her little children, whom she was caressing and encouraging to cease their tears, as she was all right.

"We're goin' away, childher," she said, unable to repress the tears that glistened in her eyes, "an' God an' his Holy Mother 'ill take care of us. Don't cry, my launa"—this to a handsome-faced little fellow who burst into a loud lamentation when the sheriff and the landlord approached his mother. "We're goin' to a fine big house, agragh, where ye'll all get yer food an' good dhry beds, an' where I can see ye now an' agen. God knows I never thought the poor-house would see me in it at the end of my days."

"Mrs. McGrath," said the landlord, "you will oblige us by walking outside, and bringing your children with you."

"Oh! yis, sir," said the mother, gathering her little family about her slender skirts as a hen does her chickens. "We're goin', yer honner; you needn't say another word."

As the group reached the door one of the children ran back and clutched its father by the leg as he was sweeping up some Indian meal out of a box and putting it in a bag preparatory to his departure. Macallister turned quickly round and stretched out his hand to stay the little urchin, when Mick McGrath turned upon him with frenzy blazing in his eyes and roared out: "Laave go that child, you black-hearted rascal! He'll go out whin I'm goin'."

"A trick, McGrath, to hold possession. It's not the first child was stowed away in a hidden place to evade the law. But out he must go, here!"

The child sent up a wild howl as the landlord grasped him, and the father with a bound clutched Macallister's arm as in a vise. The Shooneen, though an aged man, was yet a strong one, and with a desperate wrench he rid himself from his tenant's clutch, then quickly his hand disappeared into his inside pocket as he saw McGrath rush towards the smouldering embers of the turf fire on the hearth. The sheriff stood spellbound with terror, and the child managed to make another rush towards its father. McGrath had quickly grasped a rough, murderous-looking iron bar, and in the intensity of his passion caught the little boy up in his arms as he whirled the rude weapon aloft in a defensive attitude.

The Shooneen's blood was up, and the protection which he believed was afforded him by the pistol impelled him to advance a step nearer the poor hunted tenant. The child gave another terrified yell as the men closed together, and before the sheriff or any outsider could interfere there was a loud report, a pistol-flash of fire and smoke, a terrible dull thud of the iron bar, and the Shooneen with a death-groan lay writhing on the floor!

Then the wild shriek of a woman was heard, and a rush was made from without. On the floor of the cabin lay the landlord, the dark blood oozing from his skull; near him lay a little white-faced child over whom his horror-stricken father bent. The bullet meant for the father had taken the life of his little child.

Why proceed further with this terrible picture? It is, alas! the story of Ireland to-day—Orange hate, landlord oppression, unjust enactments; the impecunious landlord on the one hand, the over-weighted, helpless tenant-farmer on the other. Evictions are as rife to-day in Ireland, notwithstanding all the beneficial results which were to flow from the late Land Act, as they were twenty years ago; and so they will continue, and tragedies like this will blur the page of Irish history, until a drastic remedy shall be applied to the numerous ills of that unhappy country, until her own people, on their own soil, shall meet and enact their own laws.

Twelve months after the death of "the Shooneen" Flora Macallister sat with her mother in the parlor of Baremoor House. The violent shock which the latter had sustained had completely silvered her hair.

"It is all arranged, then, Florry my dear," went on Mrs. Macallister, resuming the thread of a conversation with her daughter, "and you will marry him?"

"Yes, mother."

"I am pleased with the intelligence. It will ease my mind to know that you are now safely established in life. Mr. O'Donoghue is rich and kind-hearted, and can afford to keep you above the little harassing wants which oppressed us in your poor father's lifetime. But, Florry, is it true that you are about to change your religion?"

"It is, mother."

"And what have you found in Catholicism which was not within your own?"

"I have found, mother, a peace which passeth all human understanding."

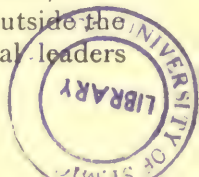
"God bless you, my child!" said the old lady, as she leaned forward and imprinted a fervent kiss on the soft cheek of the fair convert. "May he send us all light in our ways, so that his Divine Truth may to each one be apparent!"

THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

SOME years ago labor advocates succeeded in raising much enthusiasm among the politicians and other professional philanthropists over their strong demand for a sweeping reduction in the hours of labor. Hitherto men, women, and children had worked as many hours as their employers asked or cupidity prompted. From twelve to fourteen hours daily were used by work-people in earning their bread. This was the average. Here and there a State legislature had limited the work-day to ten hours, but only on State works and in State institutions was the limit, with some exceptions, at all observed. Ten hours a day was an object for the great majority. It looked like the baseless fabric of a vision to most work-people, and has remained a vision up to the present moment.

But, with the swiftness peculiar to crude revolutionary methods, the labor advocates picked up the idea of an eight-hour limit and pushed it into the legislatures. The politicians were entranced, in New York State at least. The uprising of the laborers was come, and he who rode its topmost wave might glance without shame at the first office in the country. The law was passed—that is, the letter of it. It can be seen on the statute-book in black and white. But the spirit, the vivifying spirit, not being at the beck of any legislature, has never entered into it. In vain has many a political aspirant Polyphemus-like pursued the principle that promised luck. The eight-hour law is dead as the door-nail whose deadness Dickens doubted.

It has taken our law-makers long to understand that a law must be born of other stuff than their scheming brains and printer's ink. Its necessity must be shown, the people whom it is to benefit aroused, the people whom it is to hurt annihilated, so to speak. Then there is a chance for the law to range outside the statute-book. The time came, of course, when political leaders



were glad the eight-hour law had no wider range. There was a necessity for the law, and the working-people were aroused, but so were their employers. Money was being made then in quantities, and money-makers could not get hours and men enough to pile up their treasures. They kicked with effect against diminishing the hours of labor. Then the boom died away. The strikes began their work of demoralizing all parties. In the struggle to secure decent wages hour-limits have been for the moment forgotten. It is to be hoped they will remain so until a steady and well-managed movement to secure a fair limit can be organized, in behalf of which this article has been written.

A good number of questions bristle around the eight-hour idea like quills upon a famous animal: What do work-people think about it? what do employers say? is it feasible? is it necessary? will it disturb the national economy? There has really been no discussion of a limit to hours of labor, at least none that has enlightened many on the subject. Men were agitating for a ten-hour limit before the public had learned that it was true economy to rest, recreate, and sleep a trifle between work-times. They jumped at the eight-hour bait before the ten-hour worm was nibbled at. So that from this haste a big sum of uncertainty and indistinctness has accumulated in kindly, interested minds—and nobody seems to know anything about particulars—of eight-hour and ten-hour ideas.

The employers, as an interested party, have very precise and strong opinions about them. They are founded mostly upon the state of the market, the cost of raw material, the wages, general expenses, and the balance-sheet, and they amount to this: that if limiting the hours of labor will secure them as high or higher profits as they enjoy under the present system, they will not oppose an eight-hour law. The employer naturally regulates the entire world by the state of his exchequer, and once it is proved that he loses nothing by change you may transfer China to New England without a murmur of opposition from him. Capitalists are in the same state of mind as the general run of people. They know nothing about it except this: that if the laborer expects the same pay for eight hours as for ten, they are going to do their best to disappoint him. They are satisfied with present conditions, but if changes are to be made the party benefiting by the change must bear the expense. This, within limits, is logic and charity combined.

As a rule employers oppose a reduction of the hours of labor, but more because of their present unstable relations with work-

people than from reasons of state; as also, perhaps, from a well-founded idea that they will have to pay as much for eight hours of labor as for ten. This they do not intend to do, but the expense of not doing it will be large. Many employers are neutral on this question, and are waiting, like the public, for further information. In the April number of the *Forum* Mr. George Gunton supplied a reasonable amount of this, and, as far as figures go, made out a fair case for the economic feasibility of an eight-hour law. In fact, his case was chiefly an argument before a jury of capitalists to convince them that their profits would increase under such a limit, and that, far from disturbing the economies of America, the new system would materially strengthen them. To which article interested readers are respectfully referred, as in these pages no more can be done than to illustrate the proposed scheme from the standpoint of the working-man.

To comprehend what his feelings are with regard to the eight-hour idea, a year or two in a coal-mine, a forest, a forge, a cotton-mill, or half that time on a freight-train, an ocean-steamer, or a railroad-section, would open up the understanding and the sympathies of any man. Saint-Simon thought it necessary, in order to formulate a new scheme for the salvation of men, that the scheme should embrace an experience of the heights of virtue and the depths of shame, the depression of pain and the exaltation of pleasure. His theory, in substance, is the highest tribute which socialism has paid to Christianity, whose Founder knew these mysteries as only God could know them. The working-people think and speak of the eight-hour law as Tennyson thought and spoke of "the golden time of good Haroun-al-Raschid." They are sceptical of ever attaining such a height of bliss. A system which would include a place for better things than the mere labor, sleep, eating, and drinking of which their poor lives are made up, has too close a resemblance to heaven to be at all practical. To work from eight until twelve and from two to six, to have an hour for dinner, an hour for preparation and rest, a leisurely evening, a full measure of sleep, and a breath of morning air, are luxuries which the rich, but not the poor, can afford. The working-people, therefore, talk of an eight-hour law as a good thing for the next world. They feel that it is their lot to work hard and live cheaply, thankful if they have health and fair wages to the last. And such Utopias as this they leave to the agitators, whose vocation it is to fight against the nature of things. They have seen the workings of the system under the government, where it is part of a species of fraud practised on taxpayers, and

they have come to suspect that the whole matter is of a fraudulent stamp whose rottenness will shortly be uncovered. They sometimes go so far as to think that it may even be a trap which opens into a deeper depth of poverty for them—an impression strengthened by the employer, who carefully explains that if wages are close to starvation-mark now, these must fall below it after a change. So that, with the workingman as with the employer, notions concerning the eight-hour system are hazy and incomplete.

There are three questions which put themselves forward the moment the new system comes up for discussion: Is an eight-hour system necessary? can the workingman support himself under it? and can employers earn a reasonable profit over expenses? Figures and inferences say yes, decidedly. To the first question it seems to me an affirmative answer must be given. The eight-hour system is a necessity—not pressing, but at least imperative. It may not need universal application, for greedy men will not adopt it, and may be allowed to kill themselves without danger to society; but for certain large interests in our country it is the *only* measure which can secure to the poor the few rights they claim, to live comfortably and to live long.

And now a word as to the wages which the workers may get for fewer hours of labor. There seems to be no way of stopping the descent of wages towards zero except through the violent convulsion of society known as the strike. It is now patent to all that the condition of labor becomes poorer with every year, and from causes which cannot be laid at any man's door. The few amass enormous fortunes, not alone from unjust practices, but also from ability to control big monopolies. The many grow poorer on wages which bear a fair proportion to the profits of employers. There is no more melancholy sight than this in the republic. Fathers of families, thousands of them, are forced to support eight persons on one dollar and ten cents a day. This is the limit. They do it in the country by leasing patches of land on which to grow potatoes and corn; in the city by putting the women and children to work. From dawn to bed-time—light and dark are boundaries which they cannot respect—they sweat for a comfortable living, sweat not only to the extent of the Creator's primal ordinance but their very blood. For these people there can be no lower condition permissible except beggary; and beggary, for the American multitude, means riot and revolution. There can be no lower descent in the wages. The descent *must* stop at the limit of support. Now, this is the position. Having

come to the riot-mark in wages, and it being shown that eight hours' labor in a day is enough for all purposes, it is more profitable for a poor man to take two-thirds of the day to himself than to exhaust his vitality in a wild struggle for pie as well as bread. He may leave it to the corporations to discover a method of getting more time out of him. It is all one to him how they succeed. They cannot give him less wages without risking destruction, and he will not give them more time. This deadlock will be wholly to his advantage, and that it is bound to come any two-eyed individual may see. It will not settle the labor difficulties, but it will leave contestants much leisure to think over the position.

Is the eight-hour system a necessity? Yes. Why? Here are the facts. Every man born into this world has a right to a decent maintenance while he is in it. This is a crude statement, but so the work-people express it. The community to which he belongs should furnish him as payment for his steady labor with a house, food, raiment, and protection, should ask no more from him than he is able to accomplish, and only rarely should strain his abilities. Now, these are the things which society finds most difficult to do, and its incapacity becomes daily more apparent and alarming. Poor housing, poor food, poor raiment, and a grudging protection are the share of the multitude. And, worse than all, the strain put upon their physical and mental forces is heavier than nature can stand. Neither nature, art, nor religion can repair the irreparable damage done the poor laborer in many ways by the long hours of work. For this reason a diminution of the hours of labor is a necessity. And, not to mince matters, the new system must cost employers as heavily as twelve hours at present. That fact may as well be understood now as later.

The eight-hour system is a necessity because the majority of work-people cannot work longer hours and keep in good health. This sounds like rank heresy to men who were born fifty years ago and have remembered the primitive limits of a day's labor. But all things are changed since then. Machinery has nearly destroyed the individual laborer. It seizes him like the raw material upon which it feeds, saps muscle and life from him as long as he can supply them, and then tosses him aside like the refuse of a pulp-mill. The mechanic of a half-century back ran no risk of having his life jarred out of him. I repeat that the majority of work-people cannot work longer than eight hours a day and live.

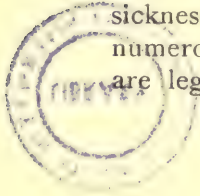
We have mines, forests, and factories, railroads, steamers, and



miscellaneous interests, where some millions of men, women, and children are employed. The mines, to begin with. We all have dim ideas of those infernal regions. The frightful catastrophes peculiar to them chill us, and the death-like life of their inhabitants fills us with dread. The gloom, the daily imprisonment, the danger impress us, but these are really less painful than the social condition of the miner. Once high wages made a compensation for risk and misery; now there is no compensation whatever. For miserable wages the men and boys are buried in the earth twelve hours out of the twenty-four, in cramped attitudes, in poisonous atmospheres, in hourly dangers, in dampness, and in loneliness. The hours that should be given to sleep are the only social hours they may be said to know. The only recreation they enjoy is a brief visit to the saloon and the quick excitement of bad whiskey and drugged beer. For education, for home enjoyment, for the training of children, for a little of that leisure which the poorest ought to possess, there is no time. From childhood to the mine, and from the mine to the grave, is the history of the miner.

The forest employs during the winter months the hardest youth of the country. It is a health-giving employment. The hardships are great, the work severe, but the woodman is everywhere distinguished for his magnificent physique, and also for his rheumatism. His working-hours are from twelve to fifteen a day. At four o'clock of a winter's morning he is at work. Rough food and rough quarters, intense cold, frequent and thorough wettings, are the inseparable companions of his existence, which has only one redeeming feature—that his family do not share his miseries. Like the miner, he has time only for the bad whiskey of the log shanty; unlike the miner, he may live like a civilized being for nearly one-fourth of the year in spite of the rheumatism. His only protection against sudden death is the strength of his constitution. Those precautions which give the body aid in recovering from exhaustion his scanty wages will not permit him to use, nor do his employers dream of supplying them. To work to the utmost, to rest the least, and to be recompensed with a trifle is the condition of the forester.

The factory-people are in many places like an army on continuous battle-fields. Every decade but a tenth remains of those who fought at the beginning. There are no veterans. Death, sickness, and the absolute necessity of change force the lines, in numerous instances, to form and form again. The new recruits are legion, eager to catch the same diseases and to suffer the



same fate as those who went before. One half their lives are spent in rooms with no ventilation, whose atmosphere is charged with various foul odors. For nearly twelve hours all are subjected to the jar of machinery. The spinners in cotton and woollen mills, men, women, and children, never sit the entire day except at meals, while the mule-spinners walk the entire twelve hours, until it would seem as if legs so long a-going could never stop. Weavers have intervals of rest, which saves considerable tissue. Children get no rest whatever. In winter over two hours of work is done by gaslight. The only recreation of these people is the accidental holiday, Sunday, and the space between supper and bed-time. The strain of factory-life proves too much for the majority; they pass into other occupations or into the grave. In factory-towns, among factory-people, there is a painful scarcity of the white hair of age.

Railroad men suffer in the same fashion as factory-people. For those who have the charge of trains the jar is constant and injurious. The passenger-train employees are fairly situated with regard to hours and wages, but the freight-train men and the section slaves are among the most poorly situated people of the country. Not to speak of the danger and the exposure of the first class, the long hours demanded of them are a standing disgrace to humanity. The economy practised by the railroads is the meanest because the most perfect known to civilized man. It is founded on an infallible system. Men may break, but the system never varies an inch from the rut. It is nothing to squeeze eighteen hours a day from employees who are only paid for ten; nothing to call men from their rest two or three times in a night; nothing to break up the meal-hour and the meagre hour of leisure; nothing to make one man do the work of two in seasons of activity because the corporation has beforehand determined to keep no extra men. The economical system will not allow it. The poor slaves who are employed in keeping the road-bed in repair, for the hardest of work receive one dollar a day. In summer ten cents is added. They are exposed to all sorts of weather, and find the winters specially hard. Corporations like the Central Vermont or the Delaware and Hudson railroad, whose territory suffers from stormy winters, need a particular and pressing invitation from the labor powers to treat their men with more humanity. Even in the country districts the lower grade of railroad men find it impossible to support a family on wages. Land must be leased and planted with potatoes and other vegetables after the day's labor is ended. The

children must hoe it and weed it, gather in the harvest, and otherwise assist the parent as soon as their legs can carry them.

The same thread of misery runs through the whole manufacturing system of the time. The iron interests get in many districts twelve full hours from each man daily. The paper manufacturers get the same from their machine-men. The obscure towns and the obscure factories squeeze their work-people as an orange might be squeezed—flat. And, to add to the whole picture the last touch of wretchedness, it must be remembered that not alone are strong, healthy men called on to endure these things, but women and children are subject to the same unnecessary hardships. The most striking feature of our whole economy is the fact that women and children are *rapidly* supplanting men in every occupation where a feebler arm can be used.

I might multiply illustrations—they grow thicker than mulberries—but from these few one can make a reckoning. It is clear that our working-people are overworked. It matters little for our present argument that they are also underpaid. The case would stand if they were overpaid. This multitude of miners, foresters, railroaders, iron and cotton and woollen workers are wearing their bodies away in labor of which the world has no need. Here is the viciousness of it. They die to no purpose. They have no aged men among them, being fast friends of death. Behind them, and in the possession of their employers, they leave heaps of useless gold and surrender their priceless bodies to the dust. Twelve hours' continuous labor is a strain on the strongest man. Under the aggravation of enclosure in bad atmospheres, etc., it is positive torture. Forced upon the young and the old, the weak and the strong alike, it is downright cruelty.

Many who are acquainted with the facts which have been here set forth profess to believe that they shape an argument for shorter hours, but not especially an eight-hour system. True enough. But they do convince men that a diminution in the hours of labor is needed; and when it comes to be asked to what extent are we to diminish, a careful inquiry will prove that no man can safely work more than ten hours daily, while the heavier trades should require no more than eight.

At first sight the eight-hour system, by comparison with its neighbor, looks like child's play. One-third of the day spent in labor and two-thirds in sleep and recreation bears a striking resemblance to the so-called lazy habits of the Italians, who, by the way, for all their habits, can work longer hours on bread and water than any American on meat and potatoes. The hygiene of the eight-hour system, however, and its social, moral, and religious

aspects, change first impressions rapidly. Given the most perfect physical constitution and ten hours' labor of the most favorable kind—farming, for instance—and after it the physical constitution requires absolutely eight hours of sleep daily. Now, from this standard measure the conditions of the work-people described in this article. The miner, the sailor, the forester, the factory-hand, the train-man must either have more sleep or less work when in the best physical condition; the women must have still more, the aged and the young most of all; and as none of these have constitutions of the best, for all their endurance, the hours of recuperation must be lengthened. I consider this argument unanswerable.

All this has been admitted many times by opponents of the eight or ten-hour system. They grant all that the argument demands—nine and ten hours' sleep for the work-people, two hours for meals, Sunday for absolute rest, an occasional holiday. But they maintain that these things can be granted and the old system of eleven and twelve hours maintained at the same time. I do not see how, nor have they yet risen to explain their assertions. Twelve or thirteen hours of necessary sleep, refreshment, and recreation leave no room for any kind of leisure, and without that leisure I maintain no man can live his life out. Statistics prove it and reason supports it. Work-people have duties towards themselves, their neighbor, their children, and their God. What time is left to them for these factors of their earthly and heavenly destinies? From sleep must be snatched the time to attend to them. Fathers cannot look after their children except in the fashion of Congressional committees or State inspectors, once or twice a year. Brothers and sisters make the acquaintance of one another in the boarding-house style—at meals. They were intimate in childhood, but have no chance to renew that intimacy except in sickness or after death. In order to vote a man must be excused from his labor. *To attempt a religious exercise on a week-day he must rise at four o'clock and not retire before eleven.* As for his neighbor in distress, he must assist him after dinner. To improve his mental, physical, or spiritual condition, to look after his own, to cultivate social relations, there is no time. In order to earn a scanty living he must sleep in haste, eat in haste, and, if he falls sick, get well in haste. Such a system is condemned in its utterance.

Men's lives are not to be divided between the two occupations of wage-working and sleeping. Work which exhausts nature so completely that all spare time must be used in daily recuperation is no part of God's scheme in creation. The duties which de-

volve upon men as citizens, fathers, friends, superiors, and children of the Almighty require absolutely that time should be given to them outside the hours of labor for support and sleep. We blame the man who surrenders his whole time to money-getting, yet this is what the working-men are compelled to do. Ten hours in a coal-mine, a factory, a fancy-store, or even an editor's room, unfit the worker for any kind of activity, mental or physical. There is nothing to be done but rest and sleep afterwards, and it is with difficulty these intervals renew the man for the next day's labor.

Hardship does not harden constitutions. It destroys them. Look for gray-haired men among our workers. They are rarer than diamonds. Their presence honors few firesides. Working-men are not sure of seeing their fiftieth year. What long hours of labor do not accomplish sickness and anxiety do, and the exhausted parent, originally blessed with a good constitution which he has not been able to transmit to his children, sees them die at the very moment when they might have been the support and honor of his age. What have such men left them but to die? Death is far more merciful to the poor than any single individual I know of.

I would have the eight-hour system applied to all the heavier trades, and to the occupations of women and children. Ten hours for sleep, two for meals, eight for labor, and four for absolute leisure, to be used in any way which circumstances demand, is the system which the facts set forth in this paper seem imperatively to demand. We have our choice of this system, I think, or of another whose results are quite similar but strikingly tragic. Our work-people must enjoy either the leisure and the rest which common sense dictates, or the painful leisure of disease. The average of twelve hours' daily labor for thirty years, ten years in rheumatic idleness or in a hospital, and ten years in the grave, is wonderfully less than fifty years at eight hours a day—less by twelve thousand hours. Beside this gain of time put the magnificent results to be obtained in other directions, and you have a sum total that would convince the stingiest capitalist in the country.

The one difficulty with the eight-hour system, as Mr. Powderly points out, is that no one understands it. Moneyed men fear it, conservatives suspect it, and the work-people laugh at it. It seems too good to be true, but it isn't. Without being a panacea for labor troubles, it is, however, a key to hundreds of the difficulties that guard the labor problem. Once obtained the working-class can dispense with the strike and the boycott.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE *Reminiscences of the Life of Abraham Lincoln*, collected and edited by Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, editor of the *North American Review*, is one of those symposia in which Mr. Rice delights—a “choir invisible,” each member of it singing at once and with more or less discord. Thirty-three gentlemen give their reminiscences and opinions in this large volume, all of these reminiscences and opinions being laudatory of President Lincoln, except that of Mr. Donn Piatt. There is a marked difference as to Mr. Lincoln’s literary attainments. Mr. Piatt says:

“He had little taste for, and less knowledge of, literature; and, while well up in what we call history, limited his acquaintance with fiction to that sombre poem known as ‘Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?’”

The Honorable William D. Kelley narrates an episode showing that Mr. Lincoln had an unusually nice appreciation of the plays of Shakspeare, and adds:

“It must not be supposed that Mr. Lincoln’s studies had been confined to his [Shakspeare’s] plays. He interspersed his remarks with extracts striking from their similarity to, or contrast with, something of Shakspeare’s, from Byron, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and other English poets.”

General Butler’s article is one of the most interesting in the book, principally because he is a clear *raconteur* and he understands the art of letting people speak for themselves. General Butler tells us that President Lincoln looked with grave disquiet to the consequences of the emancipation of the slaves, as well as to the effects of the disbandment of the negro soldiers. Usually we are given to understand that he felt that the Emancipation Proclamation was the glorious consummation of the Civil War. General Butler shows us how he did feel before the sad event of his sudden taking off. During a conversation on the future of the colored race General Butler said:

“‘If I understand you, Mr. President, your theory is this: That the negro soldiers we have enlisted will not return to the peaceful pursuits of laboring men, but will become a class of guerillas and criminals. Now, while I do not see, under the Constitution, even with all the aid of Congress how you can export a class of people who are citizens against their will, yet the commander-in-chief can dispose of soldiers quite arbitrarily.’”

General Butler went on to prove that an army organization was the best for digging up the soil and making entrenchments, and that the negro soldiers might be sent into the United States of Colombia to open a ship-canal. Later the wives and children of these men might be sent to them and a colony be formed. Mr. Lincoln seemed pleased by the suggestion of a means for getting rid of the colored soldiers, and recommended General Butler to see Secretary Seward, that all foreign complications might be avoided. But the assassination of the President frustrated further consideration of the plan:

"I soon discovered," Donn Piatt writes, "that this strange and strangely gifted man, while not at all cynical, was a sceptic. His view of human nature was low but good-natured. I could not call it suspicious, but he believed only what he saw. This low estimate of humanity blinded him to the South. He could not understand that men would get up in their wrath and fight for an idea. He considered the movement South as a sort of political game of bluff, gotten up by politicians and meant solely to frighten the North. He believed that, when the leaders saw their efforts in that direction were unavailing, the tumult would subside. 'They won't give up the offices,' he said; 'were it believed that vacant places could be had at the North Pole, the road there would be lined with Virginians.'"

Later President Lincoln found out his mistake, and even Mr. Piatt admits that he grew in strength as the strain on him increased. The Honorable Daniel W. Voorhees' paper shows President Lincoln at his best in exercising that prerogative of mercy which so tried the patience of some of the military martinets. Mr. Voorhees' sincerity and entire sympathy with the good qualities of President Lincoln make a foil to Mr. Piatt's reminiscence, which, if not sceptical, is cynical. The book has value for the future maker of history. It is a unique collection which can never be duplicated; and from it one can form a truer idea of President Lincoln than all the rhetoric of a Macaulay could have conveyed. Mr. Charles A. Dana relates an anecdote of a trait of character which led to those sudden lapses from tragedy to comedy that amazed and grieved his friends. Mr. Dana was at the White House on the night of election day. Every effort had been made by Mr. Lincoln's friends to secure his re-election. The returns were coming in, and the suspense very great:

"'Dana,' said he, 'have you ever read any of the writings of Petroleum V. Nasby?' 'No, sir,' I said; 'I have only looked at them, and they seemed to me quite funny.' 'Well,' said he, 'let me read you a specimen.' And, pulling out a thin, yellow-covered pamphlet from his breast pocket, he began to read aloud. Mr. Stanton viewed this proceeding with great impatience, as I could see, but Mr. Lincoln paid no attention to that. He

would read a page or a story, pause to con a new election telegram, and then open the book again and go ahead with a new passage. Finally Mr. Chase came in, and presently Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and then the reading was interrupted. Mr. Stanton went to the door and beckoned me into the next room. I shall never forget the fire of his indignation at what seemed to him to be mere nonsense. The idea that when the safety of the republic was thus at issue, when the control of an empire was to be determined by a few figures brought in by the telegraph, the leader, the man most deeply concerned, not merely for himself but for his country, could turn aside to read such balderdash and to laugh at such frivolous jests, was to his mind something most repugnant and damnable. He could not understand, apparently, that it was by the relief which these jests afforded to the strain of mind under which Lincoln had so long been living, and to the natural gloom of a desponding and melancholy temperament—this was Mr. Lincoln's prevailing characteristic—that the safety and sanity of his intelligence was maintained and preserved."

Japan and the Japanese are becoming more and more fashionable in literature. It is more than a passing fancy. Buddhism—a new caprice of the "cultured"—being no longer the established religion of Japan, the Japanese of the better classes are dropping even the vague and colorless Shinto worship, which, divested of gross superstitions, is simply Western Agnosticism. The government, with true Japanese subtlety, has come to the conclusion that Western civilization is the result of Christianity, and it now aids rather than retards the efforts of missionaries. *A Budget of Letters from Japan*, by Arthur Collins Maclay, A.M., LL.B., formerly instructor of English in the Ko-Gukko-Rio, Tokio, Japan (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son), confirms the impressions that recent correspondents have given of the partiality of the government and press to Christianity as a source of material progress. Mr. Maclay, who has adopted a needless *nom de plume* and created a useless friend to whom to address his letters, is a more serious writer than the author of *Outside of Paradise*—a frivolous but well-written book on Japan lately noticed here. Mr. Maclay is an American who went to Japan to teach English. He seems to have had a comfortable berth, and to have enjoyed himself moderately whenever there was no rumor of the approach of a Catholic priest. He had less fear of a *samurai* running amuck than of the dreaded Jesuit. On page 112 he tells us that the Jesuits and their converts plunged the country into a frightful civil war, and "how, before the obstinate sect could be extirpated, it became necessary to swell the royal ranks to a hundred and fifty thousand warriors, and forty thousand lives had to be sacrificed."

Mr. Maclay insists that, though employed by the Japanese government, his work was a missionary one, and he admits that he spent much of his scholastic time in defending Protestantism against the attacks of the clever Japanese. And yet his indignation is tremendous when he hears that a Jesuit has entered Hiro-saki as a teacher of science and European languages. After the shameless defence of the persecutors of the Jesuits we have quoted, Mr. Maclay writes of this same "sect" in whose extirpation he rejoices:

"Again, it is urged, the native Christians are not really and truly converted; they are insincere; they will not stand fast should persecution arise. Facts prove the contrary. Let the cliffs of Pappenberg and the crucifixions and tortures of Shimambara testify."

Nevertheless, the places consecrated by the martyrdom of the Japanese Christians cause Mr. Maclay to shudder at the horrors wrought by Romanism! It is no wonder that he found himself puzzled by the subtle objections made to his presentation of the doctrines of evangelical Christianity. He made them understand that he was a Christian, but not a "sectarian," and then he proceeded to calumniate the "Church of Rome" in the most bitter and "sectarian" manner. When he referred to the Bible as the groundwork of his faith we can easily understand why the keen-minded young Japanese Agnostics sneered. Who could vouch to them that the Bible was not a forgery, since it had been in the keeping of the atrocious Church of Rome for so many centuries? Mr. Maclay's encounters with the Buddhists—he gives only his side of the argument in the book—are weakly sustained on his part. If the intellectual among the Japanese could meet only such evangelical exponents of Christianity there would be little hope of their conversion.

Mr. Maclay's book has the charm which the fresh impression of a new people on a young man must always have, particularly if the young man is observant and sympathetic. He sketches the every-day life of the Japanese deftly and accurately; for, as an admiring reader of Mr. Greey's translations from the Japanese, we are enabled to judge of the truth of Mr. Maclay's descriptions. He points out the causes that led to the downfall of the feudal system, the deprivation of the *daimios* of their power and the dispersal of their retainers, the *sumarai*, and does not hesitate to touch on the evils caused by the immorality which is unchecked by Buddhism or the various sects of Japan. Most modern writers seem to want to give the impression that Japan-

ese innocence would be hurt by the introduction of Christianity. And even Mr. Greey, in his *Captive of Love*, smoothes, in the interest of public morality, the coarseness, and even obscenity, of certain passages in that romance. Mr. Maclay is sufficiently frank, but not too much so. It is evident that the guilelessness of the Japanese is often a cloak for sins and vices which, since the spread of Christianity in Western nations, have ceased to be recognized as necessary and even commendable parts of the social system. When Mr. Maclay attempts to explain the abstract tenets of Buddhism authoritatively to the Buddhists themselves, he puts himself in the absurd position occupied by so many Protestants when they undertake to teach "Romanists" what they really believe. If the ordinary missionary sent out by the Protestant denominations is at once so ignorant of philosophy and theology, so prejudiced and so illogical, the ill-success of Protestant preachers in Japan is easily explained.

Miss Florence Marryat, daughter of Captain Marryat, whose sea-novels Carlyle devoured in order to plunge himself into a flood of inanity, sends out *Tom Tiddler's Ground* (London: Swan, Sonnenschein, Lowry & Co.) Miss Marryat's volume is the result of a rapid "skim" through the United States. She has, no doubt, seen some Americans at a distance, and viewed them with the curiosity of a superior being. She concludes that, as she has never seen American women drink brandy-and-soda in public restaurants, they must drink that compound in their rooms. She makes it plain that life to her seems unendurable without brandy-and-soda. She was amazed at the impudence of a New England manager—Miss Marryat is an actress as well as an author—who protested against the low cut of her gown. "I am an Englishwoman," she retorted, "who has been used to move in the best society. I know exactly what is the proper thing to wear. But I have come over here to teach the people how to sing and recite. I have not come to teach them how to dress. When I do they will be at liberty to criticise my wardrobe." It is too bad that England should generally be represented in America by men and women whose coarseness and vulgar "provincialism" are taken as traits of the national character. Miss Marryat is no doubt regarded in her own country with the same good-humored tolerance that induces Americans to pardon her imperfections.

Mr. Anstey's *Fallen Idol* (Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.) is cleverer than *A Tinted Venus* and *The Giant's Robe*, and it approaches the inimitable *Vice Versa*. It is a very funny burlesque

on the craze for Buddhism lately developed in the society of the cultured. It is of the same class as Mr. Frank Stockton's delightful extravaganza, *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine* (The Century Co.) It is difficult to characterize the quality of humor which Mr. Stockton diffuses through this story of two good housewives wrecked in company with a young man whom they take under their protection. Mr. Frank Stockton is more of an artist than Mr. Anstey, and has more "staying power." The strict honesty and "capability" of the two women from the Middle States, who in the most extravagant situations are entirely true to life, are drawn by a humorist who has all the delicacy of Mr. Howells and the brilliancy, without the vulgarity and cynicism, of M. Edmond About. Mr. Stockton's humor is a great advance on that of Orpheus C. Kerr and Petroleum V. Nasby. It is indicative of the improved taste of the American people.

Miss Alcott's *Jo's Boys* (Boston: Roberts Bros.) is the last of the series of young-folk books beginning with *Little Women*. And the older folk, too, will take leave of them with regret. Linger over the pleasant pages, we too are moved with regret that no Catholic writer has yet given us a book or series of books for young people that will compare in attractiveness of manner and knowledge of human nature with Miss Alcott's books. Why should the best of our children's books not be founded on a deeper and truer philosophy than that of Emerson? Why should not the beauty of Catholic life be shown through the most powerful of all mediums—the stories loved of the young? We are young during the greater part of our lives, and we return again to our childhood when we grow old.

Old Boniface: A Novel (New York: White, Stokes & Allen) is by Mr. George H. Picard, author of *A Mission Flower*, which was a remarkable American novel. *Old Boniface* is an "international" story. It has no merit whatever, except an easy style.

Mr. Thomas Wharton, author of *A Latter-Day Saint*, has written *Hannibal of New York* (Henry Holt & Co.) It is a hard, coarse caricature of life. The personages are newly rich millionaires, so vulgar and heartless that nobody can be benefited by making their acquaintance. They are not even amusing. There is some force in the picture of the wife of the millionaire deprived of every dollar as a punishment, but her sufferings are not edifying. One of the strongest pleas for idealism in modern literature is the existence of would-be realistic books like *Hannibal of New York*.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's *Bonnyborough* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a worthy successor to *The Wide, Wide World* and other "talky" books, in which the characters made muffins, invented new readings of Bible texts injected into New England slang, and were generally harmless idiots with a mania. "Peace Polly" is the name of the heroine of *Bonnyborough*. A vein of pleasantry is introduced into the commonplace life of this young person by the twisting of her name into "pease porridge." This bit of humor vivifies a good many dreary pages of the four hundred which make up *Bonnyborough*. Mrs. Whitney loses no opportunity to hit those city people who are supposed to astound country people in the summer by their superior *savoir faire*. She tells with gusto of a picnic to which the "country boarders" were not invited: "The ladies with country toilets carefully suggestive of metropolitan art and resource, and the young men with the water-cart whiskers and successful British intonations, took their turn at standing about or sitting on piazzas, to see the equipment and start of the simple, and to stare, as the simple had been supposed to have stared—only they never did—at themselves." But in spite of the queer theology of the book, the twisted applications of Scripture that sometimes seem irreverent, there are signs of a desire to get nearer to the truth and of the conviction that without God and his grace the earth is "earthy."

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is another New-Englander of the "Quietist" school. She has something of the tone of the charming Miss Mitford, whose *Our Village* and *Belford Regis* are classics. Her latest book is *The White Heron, and Other Stories* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) "Marsh Rosemary" is the most carefully written of the sketches that make up the book. It is on the same line as Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." An old maid marries a young and lazy man. After a time he disappears; she mourns in silence, forgetting his bad qualities and glorifying his good ones. Suddenly, after a lapse of time, Mrs. Elton, a village gossip, brings news of the man whom Ann Floyd had believed to be dead:

"Ann was stitching busily upon the deacon's new coat, and looked up with a friendly smile as her guest came in, in spite of an instinctive shrug as she had seen her coming up the yard. The dislike of the poor souls for each other was deeper than their philosophy could reach."

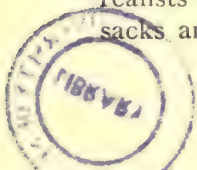
It is remarkable that in most of these New England stories in which the life of the people is depicted with fidelity, religion assumes a hard and repellant aspect. The deacons, the farmers,



the seamstresses—who seem to answer in social position to Miss Mitford's poor English gentlewomen—and even the minister, are in their professionally religious capacity unforgiving and obstinate. Ann, in "Marsh Rosemary," in her trouble is all the more pathetic because religion has no consolations for her. She finds that her husband has "married" another woman. She comes suddenly, unobserved, upon a domestic scene made up of the faithless Jerry, his wife, and the baby. She is pleased to hear that Jerry, who, the neighbors predicted, could come to no good, is thrifty and industrious; but then the sense of her woe and his treachery enters her heart:

"The other woman stood there looking at them, full of pride and love. She was young and trig and neat. She looked a brisk, efficient little creature. Perhaps Jerry would make something of himself now; he always had it in him. The tears were running down Ann's cheeks; the rain, too, had begun to fall. She stood there watching the little household sit down to supper, and noticed with eager envy how well cooked the food was and how hungrily the master of the house ate what was put before him. All thoughts of ending the new wife's sin and folly vanished away. She could not enter in and break another heart; hers was broken already, and it would not matter."

Now, Ann—or Nancy, as Miss Jewett prefers to call her—was a religious woman, according to her Congregational lights; but in this crisis, when it was a question of solving a social problem which she had no right to solve in a sentimental way, her religion offered her neither consolation nor direction. Jerry, evidently a bad and heartless man, was left to his sin, and his innocent partner to the consequence of it. He might desert his new wife as he had deserted his old one. But Nancy, who paid out of her scanty earnings her portion of the minister's salary and never missed meeting, takes no thought of her responsibility as accessory to her husband's crime. Miss Jewett's sketches are slight but artistic, and so true to life that, like Mrs. Terry Cook's *Sphinx's Children*, they have worth as material for the study of New England life. Gogol and Tolstoi, and others of the Russian novelists now so greatly in vogue, have this merit of fidelity. And in *St. John's Eve*, by Gogol (New York: Crowell & Co.), we find a clue to the present position of Russia among novels. In fact, novels are to-day doing what we formerly expected history to do—telling us the truth; we gain more knowledge of the character of the Russian people from the Russian realists than from all the cumbrous historical essays on the Cossacks and Peter the Great yet written.



Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's books, *Thoughts about Art*, *The Intellectual Life*, and *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands*, are deservedly appreciated. It is no reflection on the supremely good taste he has always shown that he married a Frenchwoman. Madame Eugénie Hamerton is the author of *Golden Mediocrity* (Boston: Roberts Brothers), a novel which must have a healthy effect. It is subdued in tone, but in admirable taste. The interest is gentle but well kept up. Madame Hamerton paints a French interior—not the kind of an interior which we usually see in French *feuilletons*, but the inside of a home. Madame Hamerton contrasts the frugal elegance of French housekeeping with the extravagance of the English—and also the American—methods. The French understand that elegance and “mediocrity” of income are not incompatible. In the case of the Marquis de Civray she has an example of the horrible results of the constant intermarriages in noble families. She treats it, not as a moralist, but as a sympathetic observer, and her narrative has the more force. The experience of the young French people when they feel for the first time the shock of English cookery is amusing. Hélène ventures unsuspectingly to eat horse-radish, while her brother tries the Worcester sauce. “Immediately her temples and forehead were pearly with tiny drops of perspiration, which soon covered all her face to the roots of her hair, and, with a trembling, moist hand, she helped herself to a full tumbler of water, which she swallowed hurriedly.” “It’s one of the numerous sly devices of the English to astonish the foreigners,” said Jean; “they choose our mouths as the proper place to explode their fireworks in.”

The astonishment of Hélène’s English friends on discovering that a marquis may be on terms of equality in France with a “simple college master and his daughter” is graphically depicted. The Marquis de Civray acknowledges the status of intellect and goodness, while the amiable English of the upper middle class can think of nothing but the condescension of rank.

But Madame Hamerton does not force her points; she writes with keen perception of lights and shades, but with none of that detestable “smartness” of style which we have already noticed in Miss Marryat’s vulgar book on America. Madame Hamerton’s hero marries an English girl, who, however, is, like him, a Catholic. We have to thank Madame Hamerton—we understand that she does not like to be called “Mrs.”—for a pure and interesting story, which will do much to dissipate American prejudice against the French people and to teach American mothers



that riches and extravagance are not necessary to elegant and contented lives.

Joan Wentworth (Harper & Bros.), by Katharine Macquoid, is a pleasant story of French school-life and Breton manners. It is probably an early work of Mrs. Macquoid.

A new novel from the pen of Mr. W. H. Mallock is sure to make a literary sensation and to be read eagerly by people who know the flavor of that author's previous books. *The Old Order Changeth* is less a novel than a series of dialogues, managed with inimitable grace and exquisite knowledge of those minor traits of social human nature which make the highest comedy. Mr. Mallock's usual tendency to pruriency is not so evident in this work as in his preceding ones. There is, to be sure, a certain divorced Madame de St. Valery, who has an interest for the hero, Carew, and an American girl who "would have gone to her ruin with the same look in her eyes that most girls would have in going to their confirmation," yet much is not made of them. The conflict between Carew's passions, the object being this Miss Violet Capel, and his principles, which tend towards Miss Consuelo Burton, is sufficiently accentuated without any of that over sensuous coloring which is as vulgar as the modern sculptor's habit of chiselling the temptress who appears to St. Anthony with all possible power, and leaving out the expression of that will and grace which made the saint victorious. Some of Mr. Mallock's personages find Thackeray vulgar, and, from the unanimity of their opinion, it seems as if Mr. Mallock agrees with them. But Mr. Mallock, whose eye is very keen for marks of vulgarity, should avoid the trick of pretending to take portraits of living persons of celebrity and putting these weak sketches into his books. What, for instance, can be more vulgar than the use of "Mr. Herbert Spender" for Mr. Herbert Spencer? Mr. Mallock's creations are vivid and vital enough not to need the cheap arts of that most vulgar and meretricious of novelists, Lord Beaconsfield.

Consuelo Burton and her two aunts are Catholics of a very high English caste. The aunts are exceedingly devout; Consuelo, a great beauty and of a firm character, believes all the church teaches, but she has doubts whether the church can reach the poor in this century or not. Carew is reverently in search of truth, and also more or less in love with Consuelo. She thus expresses her feelings to him:

"The world is changing and the church stands apart from the change.

... And what," she went on, with a sound like a stifled sob—"what has the Mass got to do with this? It might have so much, but at present it has nothing. It distracts us from our duty; it does not nerve us to follow it. What right have I to be listening to angels, when outside the chancel-wall are the groans of the crowded alley? Often, often, often, when I have heard the organ playing, 'Hang the organ!' I have thought; 'let me listen to the crying of the children.'"

Of one of her aunts Miss Consuelo says:

"When I watch her trotting off to Mass in the morning, looking as if she were doing the whole duty of woman, I feel as if, myself, I should never be religious again."

Nevertheless she is religious, and Carew, seeing her at her devotions, is astonished by the strange, unearthly brightness of her face. She listens to a dialogue between Mr. Stanley, a priest, and Foreman, a Socialist. The priest shows how absurd are pretensions to the improvement of the human race founded on the theory that all men are capable of the highest sacrifices. And, hearing the priest's presentment of the Christian answer to anti-religious Socialism, she ceases to doubt. Miss Consuelo Burton is an interesting character, but Mr. Mallock has not rightly interpreted what a well instructed Catholic girl of high mind would say if she had a momentary fear that modern infidelity had made a gap between religion and the poor which the church would not bridge. Surely no thoughtful assistant at the unbloody Sacrifice could feel that appeals to the Lamb of God for mercy and peace are not as applicable to the poor as the Sacrifice itself is to the whole human race. Miss Consuelo Burton might have been afraid that the children of the church had failed to grasp her meaning, and to act towards the poor, stimulated by that meaning; but she would not—except in Mr. Mallock's book—talk about the church or the Mass "distracting us from our duty." The most sublime Sacrifice could not make those who understood it selfish or self-centred. The truth is that, in causing his heroine to talk this way, Mr. Mallock has thought too much of the gorgeous vestments and the music, and too little of the divine Fact of which they are only accessories. It is the way even of the most sympathetic non-Catholics.

The conversation between Mr. Stanley, the priest, and Mr. Foreman, the Agnostic Socialist, which converts Miss Consuelo, is very spirited—Mr. Mallock having recovered the art of talking in books, which seemed lost when Walter Savage Landor died:

"If we were all equally clever and equally industrious, your theory would be perfect. The state would be socialistic to-morrow. There is

only one other supposition on which the same result would be possible—if the average race of men were all of them to rise to heights of zeal and self-sacrifice to which saints and heroes at present find it very hard to attain. Will Mr. Foreman allow me to ask one question more? The kind of life you contemplate in your Socialist state is one of enjoyment, comfort, cheerfulness, is it not? It does not, at all events, approach the gloom and the hard discipline of monastic orders? Exactly. I thought so. I have known other men of views similar to yours, and they have all declared that the asceticism of the Christian church is little less than a blasphemy against our healthy human nature."

Mr. Foreman agrees to this.

"You are doubtless aware," continues Mr. Stanley, "that this discipline in its severest form is regarded by the Catholic Church as fitted only for a small fraction of mankind. What I want to say to you is, that the severest discipline ever devised for any handful of monks does far less violence to our average human nature than the change in it which your system would require to be universal. It would be easier, far easier, to make men Trappists than Socialists."

The Old Order Changeth has the brilliancy, the wit, the delightful play of humor—witness the encounters, so entirely well-bred, between the Tory Protestant, Lady Mangotsfield, and the Catholic, Lady Chiselhurst—and the soundness of reasoning, up to a certain point, that make the appearance of each of Mr. Mallock's books a striking feature in modern literature. We say a great deal when we say that it has all the best qualities of *The New Republic*, with only one defect—a plot—which, while it does not make the dialogues and by-play more brilliant, gives a needless vagueness and weakness to the work. Mr. Mallock need not write a story in order to interest his readers; he possesses in a high degree the gift of enchaining attention by his charming style. Mr. Stanley preaches on the necessity of the church's taking humanity more into consideration and her power of doing it. But it is no new thing for a priest of God's church to teach that the church holds within her what is good in all creeds—even in Socialism, and, above all, in what is called the religion of Humanity. Mr. Mallock, unlike Mr. Harrison, Miss Vernon Lee, and the others who prattle so complacently of "the choir invisible," reasons. The saddest thing in all the modern worship of the Goddess of Reason is the unreason of her worshippers.

A SUMMER IN RHENISH PRUSSIA.

A SUMMER afternoon in a little, old-fashioned German town. The sun pours down on the streets paved with cobble-stones, and glistens on the paint of the two-headed imperial eagle over the "Kaiserliches Post-Amt"—the government post-office, and wilting the trees planted on each side of the dusty highroad leading out into the country. Not a picturesque country, Rhenish Prussia, by any manner of means, lying, as it does, in the level plain of the northwest Rhineland, extending, roughly speaking, from Cologne to Düsseldorf. It is mostly flat, with here and there low, rounded hills, covered generally by clumps of beech-trees, which seem to flourish here, and broken now and then by the long, narrow valley of some sluggish stream. It is in such a valley that Odenkirchen lies. The Nier, a very insignificant little stream, runs by the side of the town, and is useful chiefly for turning the numerous flour-mills and for supplying water to the large dye-works just outside the town. It is not at all a pretty place: it is small, ill-paved, not over-well drained, and the Nier in drought-time is not odoriferous; it is very hot in summer and bitterly cold in winter; but it is very quaint. The houses, with their steep roofs and queer wood-work, remind one of some of the old streets in Chester or Heidelberg; the customs seem to carry one back to the middle ages, and to the true, "good old times" before Protestantism was heard of—for most of the people are Catholic in Rhenish Prussia, the "Evangelisch" being few and, for the most part, rationalists. Just now the setting sun, tinging the beech-woods over there on the Berg, or hill *par excellence*, throws a fading splendor on what shows that Rhenish Prussia in general, and Odenkirchen in particular, is Catholic in very deed. It is a huge stone crucifix, standing where the three streets meet, right in the very centre of the Platz. The carving is perfect—as all German carving is—and the golden radiance of the setting sun, gleaming on the still water of the distant river and lighting up the thorn-crowned Face of Divine Agony, seems like a celestial "glory," and tells us that in this little town the grand old faith still reigns supreme in the hearts of its people. As we shall see later, the customs of the people are all Catholic; and so much has the true faith leavened the false that even the Lutheran churches ring their bells three times a day—morning, noon, and

night—little thinking, or little caring, perhaps, that they are ringing the threefold "Angelus."

The three principal buildings in a German town are the church, the Stadthaus, and the post-office. The church in Odenkirchen is well worth a visit; though in this out-of-the-way corner of the world visitors are few indeed. The summer spent in Rhenish Prussia was spent chiefly in the cool, sacred shadows of dusky aisles, in the "dim religious lights" of windows painted, many of them, while glass was almost unknown in English country churches, for Munich was famous even then; and to Catholic readers it will, doubtless, be of interest to have some pen-and-ink sketches of a few of these, with the Old-World customs of the worshippers who frequent them.

The Church "des Heiligen Petrus" (of St. Peter) in Odenkirchen is said to be seven hundred years old. The architecture, as may be imagined, is neither very strict nor very correct in a small provincial town, but it is evidently early Gothic in general design, with pointed, narrow windows and doors. The arches are also pointed and very plain, the church being cruciform, with apse, nave, north and south transepts, and two side-aisles. Across the entrance to the sanctuary is a carved screen of oak, black with age and highly polished, the open work formed of the traditional fleur-de-lis of Our Blessed Lady and the cross-keys of St. Peter. It is perhaps a fortunate thing that the modern Goth has not found his way to Odenkirchen, for the oak carvings of this rood-screen would be worth their weight in gold.

At the back of the high altar is a reredos of carved oak, also black with age, but touched up here and there with a gold edging representing the Ascension. The church is full of banners belonging to different sodalities, and has many votive altars. There is a fine statue of the patron saint, very much like that in St. Peter's at Rome, at the south corner pillar of the sanctuary, just outside the rood-screen. Outside and inside the church is of dark-brown stone. The tower is high and narrow, with a narrow spire, which has a small window high up, from which on saints' days the huge banner of the church waves triumphantly. In the south aisle there is a crusader's tomb, so old that even legend has forgotten the name of its occupant, and over it on the wall two or three rust-eaten fragments of old armor. On saints' days and Sundays all through the year the first Mass is at six o'clock, and in the bright summer morning it is wonderful and touching to see the crowds of townsfolk, mostly poor and almost all in wooden shoes, pouring in through the high western

door. As we are in Germany, it is needless to say that the music is exquisite and the devotion most exemplary. The priest at Odenkirchen is a young man, born and bred in the place and educated in the seminary out on the hill yonder, and his life is full of labor and of good works. During Mass the congregation sing old German chorals in harmony, and after the Elevation a boy's voice breaks the stillness with the "O Salutaris." Low Mass without any music would be incomprehensible to the music-loving Germans. High Mass or solemn Vespers must be heard in Germany to be appreciated fully. We were present at High Mass on the feast of Corpus Christi, when the music was Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*—very barbarous and "tuney," no doubt, but sung by the choir of St. Peter's, Odenkirchen, most heart-stirring and beautiful.

Among the quaint old customs in Rhenish Prussia is one which is very striking to a visitor and which carries the mind back to Scriptural times. When any one meets a funeral he uncovers his head, and turns and walks a few yards in the procession. This is a sure test of a man's faith, and shows him at once to be a Catholic—in this part of the country at least. Another most unmistakable evidence is a man's behavior in passing a wayside Calvary: if he lifts his hat he is a Catholic; if not, he is a Protestant. On days of great processions, such as Corpus Christi or the Assumption, one can generally tell which houses are inhabited by Catholics from the candles burning in the window, often very numerous, and with a crucifix or a statue of Our Lady among them. On Corpus Christi, when we were in Odenkirchen, the whole town was decorated with flags, triumphal arches, and flowers, the procession was very numerously attended, and the crowds that lined the streets all knelt most reverently.

Small pilgrimages from one local shrine to another are very common, and seem like echoes of the "ages of faith." We were walking over the Berg one day when suddenly, at a turn of the road, we met a party of these pilgrims. A man walked in front carrying a large crucifix, and men, women, and children were singing an old choral. Every little cluster of cottages has its Calvary among them, and at every mile or two along the road we found a clump of trees, and there in the shadow, amid the smiling fields of grain, was the Image of Divine Agony. It was most beautiful, and spoke of the one true faith, under whose holy wings the whole land seems to rest in utter peace—a peace which can be felt after all the toil and turmoil and dreary unfaith of the busy, steam-driven nineteenth century.

There are many places of interest within easy distance of Odenkirchen. Rheydt, another small town about three miles east, has a very fine church, and some unusually beautiful windows in the sanctuary. The church itself, which is dedicated to Our Blessed Lady, is very much like that of Odenkirchen in style, except that there is no rood-screen. It is supposed to have belonged to the Augustinian Canons in earlier times—a supposition founded, in great measure, on the exquisitely-carved stalls in the sanctuary, which resemble those at Wimborne Minster in Dorsetshire (England) having the “*misericorde*” or little half-seat to support the form while standing. There is a life-size crucifix over the altar of great beauty, the Figure being of wax, which is capable of marvellous accuracy of representation. The long painted windows in the sanctuary represent passages in the life of Our Lady and of the saints, and are very beautiful. The choir of this church is famous in the whole neighborhood. We were present at Vespers one Sunday evening when one of the Psalms happened to be the “*In Exitu Israel*,” and the “*Tonus Peregrinus*,” as chanted by a choir of over a hundred voices and the whole congregation, was worthy of Solomon’s temple “in all its glory.”

There is a little church a few miles from Odenkirchen which is a perfect little gem of art. It was built by a private family about thirty years ago, and is almost circular. From floor to ceiling it is covered with most exquisite frescoes, and is full of votive altars and statues. The most curious of the frescoes is one of the Crucifixion, where the cross, instead of being straight, as usually represented, is simply a tree with two branches extending upwards, and a lopped head. Our Lord’s arms are nailed to the branches, and his head rests on the limb. It is difficult to give an accurate conception of this curious painting without a sketch, but the cross resembles exactly that on the old Gothic chasuble, from which it was probably copied. Correct or not, the effect is most realistic, and seems borne out not only by the cross on the vestment, for which no valid reason has been assigned, but also by the legend of the aspen-tree. A German priest, to whom I spoke of it, said that it was very doubtful that the Roman soldiers would, on such short notice, prepare an elaborate cross, but that they probably lopped the first tree that seemed suitable. Of course centuries of traditional art have fixed unalterably the shape of the cross, but a picture such as this by its very strangeness seems to startle one into a keener realization of what the Crucifixion means.

Among the many beautiful statues in this church the most beautiful of all is a “*Mater Dolorosa*” in Munich statuary, with

the dead Christ on her knees. The expression of unutterable agony on the face of Our Blessed Lady is wonderfully life-like, and is a justification, if any were needed, of the violation of the canons of Greek art by colored statuary. The dead body of our Lord is startling and almost painful in its accuracy of coloring and detail. There is a lamp kept continually burning, filled with perfumed oil, the sweet odor of which mingles with that of incense which pervades the whole church—for German Catholics use incense lavishly. On the pedestal of the “Mater Dolorosa” are some lines in gold letters, selected from that most touching poem, Marguerite’s prayer to the Mater Dolorosa in *Faust*. A strange selection, truly, some may say, but perhaps none could have been chosen which would have been more appropriate.

German people are proverbially fond of mottoes. There is one over the priest’s house, next door to this same church, which is worth copying :

“GAVDEAT ingrediens, lætetur et æde recedens,
His, qui prætereunt, det dona cuncta Deus.”

Passing on from Lindenkilchen, as this little village is called, we went to what is said to be one of the greatest curiosities of the whole province—namely, Schloss Dyck, an old Flemish castle belonging to one of the most ancient Catholic families in western Germany. The castle itself stands in the very centre of a grove of limes, firs, and beeches, the home of thrushes, blackbirds, and nightingales, which made the whole air musical on the day we spent there. In front of the castle, which consists of an outer fort, two court-yards, and the house itself, is a broad moat full of water and covered with water-lilies, the home of some rare breeds of swans, white European, and black from Australia. At the back of the castle are the grounds, beautifully laid out, and open to visitors five days a week, where the moat widens into a small lake full of gold and silver fish. Inside the first and larger court-yard are the stables and other offices; inside the second, round which the house is built, are the windows of the dining-hall and family chapel. The latter was undergoing repairs, so we were not allowed to see it; but the dining-hall was magnificent, in the true Flemish style, oak panelled and ceiled, with the coats-of-arms of the numerous heads of the house quartered and blazoned on walls, ceiling, and windows. In the side next the court-yard is a large door, said to have been made to allow Charles the Great, from whom the family claim descent, to *ride in* in full armor; but this we concluded must be an anach-

ronism, though we were careful not to say so. In the portrait-gallery we were shown a long line of ancestors, from Charles the Great to the present owner's father, some of them probably as mythical as the famous portraits of the Scottish kings in Holyrood Palace. At all events, whether mythical or authentic, there is a strong family likeness in them all. The line is said to have been direct, from father to son, until the present owner, who is childless. A curious coincidence was pointed out to us on the walls of the gallery: there was only one vacant space left, where the picture of this last of the direct line is to be put. The property at his death reverts to a distant and, unfortunately, a Protestant cousin. The Fürst, or prince—for that is his title—does not often visit his Rhenish estate, but when last here, a few years ago, he entertained the emperor more like an independent sovereign than a subject. We were shown in the gallery that dearly-prized treasure of German (and other) hearts—a family tree. By this it seems that the family can trace their descent to the year 19 B.C., and number among their ancestors the hero Hermann, or Arminius, who defeated Varus.

In the Schloss Dyck property, but some miles from the castle itself, is a little village on a hill, known as Bergkirchen. We walked to it along the highroad, which in Rhenish Prussia, as in France, is bordered with trees, and paved where it passes through the villages or towns. The presence of the Iron Chancellor's power is visible everywhere: every few miles of country are marked off into a "Kreis" or "Circle," every village and town numbered according to its inhabitants, and assessed for so many "Landwehr," or militia, and forced to support so many regular soldiers. On entering a village you see on the wall of the first house a white placard headed thus: "Village Bergkirchen, Circle (district) of Gladbach (a large iron-working town), Regiment of cavalry No. 5, so many men; Regiment of Infantry No. 100, so many men; Landwehr, so many." In Bergkirchen, just outside the village, there is a ruined tower, supposed to have been a border fortress in the disturbed times of the middle ages, "when barons held their sway." On the wall of the church there is a very ancient Calvary, the figures and coloring of which are most rude and quaint, and inside the church an altar-tomb of a mitred abbot, said to have been killed in an affray by a marauding baron, for which the family had to do perpetual penance.

Our whole summer in Rhenish Prussia was quiet and uneventful. Living, as we were, amid primitive people, our only occupation was to drive or walk to some neighboring village and

inspect the church. The most remarkable of these have been sketched ; it would be wearisome and monotonous to enter into endless details. The churches all have some point of interest ; the customs, among which was one which we did *not* see—namely, the lighting of lamps and candles on the graves of the dead on All Souls' day—are most beautiful, simple, and Catholic. Rhenish Prussia is not a country likely to be visited by tourists. Many of their customs the Germans bring with them to this country, but their wayside and churchyard Calvaries, their pilgrimages, their processions and funeral customs, are almost unknown except to those who have lived, as we did, in a quiet little country town in an out-of-the-way corner of the Fatherland.

A FEW MORE WORDS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

“ And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character.”

SOMETHING over a year ago, in the May number (1885) of this magazine, the editor indulged in quite a long talk with his contributors. He set forth his woes, and, in our estimation, gave some excellent advice. Now, this advice has either never been read or has been calmly ignored by many contributors. To all intents and purposes they remain as oblivious to it as did the famous fishes in the legend to the sermon said to have been preached to them by St. Anthony :

“ The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended ;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling.
Much delighted were they,
But preferred their old way.”

Now, many contributors undoubtedly prefer their own way, but to assure their contributions a cordial welcome it would be wiser to prefer the magazine's way. At the end of the last “ Talk ” the editor summed up the magazine's way under four points. They are important enough to be repeated, and were given as follows (the first point is altered slightly, so as to allow a little more latitude in the length of articles—6,000 words, however, should be the very maximum) :

FOUR POINTS RESPECTFULLY RECOMMENDED TO THE ATTENTION
OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS MAGAZINE.

1. *Never let your article exceed 6,000 words.* Only the fiction in a magazine is privileged to exceed this amount of words. Keep the article under 5,000 words, if you can. If it did not run beyond 3,000 or 4,000 words, and were otherwise acceptable, it would be sure of almost immediate insertion.

2. *Never allude to a "series."* If you cannot treat a subject in a single article, devote your article to one aspect of the subject. Let that be a complete article which can stand by itself without dependence on any other. By and by, if you like, send in another article, equally complete and independent, dealing with another aspect.

3. *Never send in an article which is not as perfect as you can make it.* Count on no revisions or verifications.

4. *Prepare your manuscript neatly.* Let it all be written on the same kind of paper. Let the handwriting be as clear as print. A clean, legible manuscript gives an article a great advantage with an editor whose eyes are not of brass, and who has a heart to feel for his compositors and proof-readers.

If contributors would contrive to keep these four points—which should be to them what the four points of the compass are to the mariner—in their "memories locked," the lot of the editor would become a comparatively happy one. To receive, for instance, neat and legible MSS. would be an inestimable boon, and would inspire him with hopes of being able to preserve his temper and his eyesight. Contributors say to the editor: "Oh! but you ought to be able to read anything; I should think that you would be used to it." He may be "used to it," but the mere fact that he repeatedly pores over assorted varieties of hieroglyphics does not furnish him with a key to their meaning. The editor is persuaded that when some contributors find themselves unable to express a thought clearly they write as illegibly as possible, and with many erasures, in the hope that a light will break in upon the editor's brain which will enable him to divine the idea they have been unable to express other than by blots of ink and illegible scratches. But the editor will refrain from again recounting his woes; he could, of course, a tale unfold, etc., but he will generously spare the contributors the infliction, merely referring them, after the manner of circulars, to May number (1885) "for further particulars."

He wishes to call the attention of the contributors to one more

point. On the inside of the cover of each number a hand points to this unvarying inscription: "The editor cannot undertake to return rejected articles unless stamps are enclosed to prepay postage. Letter-postage is required on returned MSS."

And yet MSS. are continually sent without any enclosure of stamps. If they are rejected, contributors wonder that the articles do not return, and sometimes get angry and write murmuring letters. There is no publication in the world that we know of which returns rejected MSS. at its own expense. This magazine has neither the inclination nor the superfluous wealth to wish to shine as the solitary exception to a universal rule. Let there be enclosed with each MS. at least one stamp. This will be sufficient to start it upon its homeward journey if rejected; if accepted, the stamp will be utilized in bearing the news to the sender. Foreign postage-stamps are of no possible service in this country; United States stamps alone should be sent (this is for the especial benefit of foreign contributors). Sometimes MSS. arrive which have not been properly stamped, and upon which postage is due. Such gross carelessness should never occur.

And now, having said his brief say, the editor hopes that it will sink kindly into the memories of contributors, many of whom he has to thank for bearing in mind and acting upon the former "Talk."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR LOW MASSES ON ALL SUNDAYS OF THE YEAR.
By Priests of the Congregation of St. Paul. Volume II. New York:
The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

It is with great pleasure that we notice this second volume of *Five-Minute Sermons* by the Paulist Fathers. The well-deserved popularity of the first issue and the constant demand for a second leave little doubt as to the reception this book will receive from the clergy and the laity.

That there is need of books of this description is very evident. There has been among the clergy a growing custom of delivering short discourses at the earlier Masses on Sundays, and the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore urged the doing of this upon all priests having the care of souls, so that now, if time allow of it, it is matter of obligation.

A book, therefore, of this kind is of no small value to the priest whose other duties are so engrossing as to leave him no opportunity for elaborating these little weekly sermons for his congregation. For, although such discourses are short, they require care in their preparation—indeed, even greater care than if they were longer. They should be the kernel of the divine word. They should be to the point and give a practical lesson. They should be perfect in their way.

It may seem that we are attaching too much importance to such little things as five-minute sermons, but when we consider their end carefully we think it becomes more evident that they are not only of importance, but of the highest importance.

Many of those who generally listen to five-minute sermons in the church form a class who rarely hear any other preaching. They are people who either will not or cannot attend the High Mass, who do not care for long services nor for long sermons, and who not unfrequently are sadly in want of practical piety. The word of God—and the word of God presented in a clear, concise manner—is all the more necessary for them because of this. They need the truth brought home to them; they need arousing and urging to the practice of virtue.

And let it not be imagined that the number of those habitually absent from the regular sermon is small. The contrary is rather the case. The attendants at the High Mass would in many places scarcely be a sixth part of the congregation, and so five out of six of our Catholic people seldom hear any sermon except the short discourses at the early Masses.

This being the case, it is not surprising that the late Council should have declared its wish that the Gospel of the day be read in the vernacular every Sunday and solemn feast-day, at all the Masses, and that, if time permitted, the people be instructed in the law of God for at least five minutes.

These little sermons also serve as suggestions for the regular sermons. Although they are not written with a view to this, still we know in the past that they have served in many cases as skeletons of more pretentious discourses. Brief as they are, they contain thoughts which will suffer development, and the structure of a good sermon.

For the laity, too, they are of value because they put in the hands of people living far away from a church, and unable to assist at Mass except on rare occasions, something with which they may nourish their souls. Although they are prevented from hearing sermons, still they have an opportunity of reading them, and so they are not entirely cut off from the ministry of the word.

NATURE AND THE BIBLE: Lectures on the Mosaic History of Creation in its Relation to Natural Science. By Dr. Fr. H. Reusch, Professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Bonn. Revised and corrected by the author. Translated from the fourth edition by Kathleen Lytleton. 2 vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1886. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Dr. Reusch belongs to the heretical sect of the so-called "Old Catholics." This circumstance may create a suspicion of the orthodoxy of a work proceeding from his pen. His work must, however, be judged on its own objective merits; and, in point of fact, it does not deserve, so far as we have perceived, any censure on the score of orthodoxy. The author wrote it while he was a Catholic in high esteem, and we do not see that his corrections and additions have made it any less worthy of praise than it was before, when it received high commendation and won a place among the best works of its kind. It is written with German erudition and thoroughness. We do not know of any similar work in English which equals it in these respects. The style of the translation and the whole manner of the publication are

excellent. Now that special attention to this class of subjects in seminaries has been recommended and prescribed by ecclesiastical authority, a work of this kind must be very useful to teachers who have to lecture on this branch of study. It is a matter of regret that a man of Dr. Reusch's learning and ability should have fallen from his allegiance to the church into a pitiful schism. We trust that those who profit by his labors in the cause of sound doctrine and science will pray that he may have the grace to return to the bosom of the true Mother Church.

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHERS MARQUETTE, MENARD, AND ALLOUEZ IN THE LAKE SUPERIOR REGION. By Rev. Chrysostom Verwyst, O.S.F., of Bayfield, Wis. Milwaukee and Chicago: Hoffman Bros. 1886.

This unpretending-looking pamphlet is a piece of the most authentic and interesting history. Father Verwyst has the true historical spirit and method, in marked contrast with "the superficial romancing style of historical writing" which he condemns so severely. He tells the story of the labors, sufferings, heroic fortitude and devotion of men worthy to be classed with saints and apostles—a story which would seem almost incredible were it not most certainly proved to be true. It makes one living amid all the comforts of civilization feel almost ashamed to call himself a Christian when he compares his easy condition with the hard lot of these Indian missionaries. If the author makes any money by his little book he will give it all to the missions among the Indians. We hope he will make a great deal.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL for 1887 (nineteenth year). New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

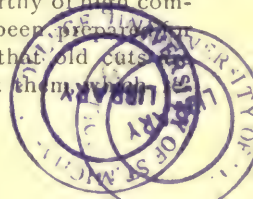
The *Annual* this year presents a most attractive appearance, not only because it is beautifully printed and illustrated, but also because of its interesting and varied table of contents.

The literary portion opens with a historical ballad—"A Ballad of Iscander-Beg," by Mr. Maurice F. Egan, written in this author's charming and finished style, and interspersed with lovely thoughts like these:

"For childish thoughts are life-time's dreams
Within us unto death;
They come upon us when pain seems
To stop our very breath.

"Oh! thoughts of childhood do not die
Like thoughts of man and youth;
They change not like an April day,
They live in lies or truth;
And be they false or be they true,
They work us good or ruth."

Following the ballad come some clearly written and brief sketches of several of the archbishops of Baltimore, each of which contains an excellent likeness of the subject. One sees so many caricatures which pretend to be good likenesses of prominent people in cheap publications generally that it is refreshing to find really good portraits in a book that is sold at a low figure. Indeed, the illustrations throughout the *Annual* are worthy of high commendation, as is also the fact that they have evidently been prepared for the articles. It is often the case with cheap publications that old cuts are bought up and reproduced, and hack articles written to fit them, which



sults in a very unsatisfactory book. Of course illustrations should be made for the articles, not the articles for the illustrations.

There are so many interesting sketches and articles in the present *Annual* that we cannot enumerate them in a brief review; though among the sketches of eminent religious and of noted Catholic laymen we might specially mention those dealing with the Rev. Augustine J. Thébaud, S.J., Cardinals Taschereau and Guibert, Dr. Richard Robert Madden, Right Rev. Thomas Francis Hendricken, D.D., Mary Aloysia Hardey, Murillo, Dryden, Chateaubriand, Gabriel Franchère; these are sufficient to give an idea of the scope of the work. "The Jesuits in China" contains sketches and portraits of Fathers Ricci, Schall, and Verbiest. We note interesting historical sketches: "The Templars," "The Old Mission of San Xavier del Bac," and others. Altogether *The Catholic Family Annual* for 1887 is a work upon which the publisher may justly plume himself. When its excellence is contrasted with its very low price it is hard to see how any Catholic family can afford to be without it.

HISTORY OF CHEVALIER BAYARD. Translated from the French. London: Chapman & Hall. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

In these days of manufactured heroes it is a grateful thing to have our attention called to a real hero; for whatever doubt there may be as to the sentiment of chivalry, there can be none as to the heroic character of its truest representatives, among whom the Chevalier Bayard is the most conspicuous.

This is a history of his exploits in arms, told in the quaint style of the mediæval chronicler. The author—the "Loyal Serviteur," as he calls himself—is rather garrulous and not over-reliable, and we question whether the true greatness of the "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche" does not suffer in his hands. Nevertheless, he glories in his hero, and presents him to us in what he considers his grandest aspect. The translation is very imperfect. It is so fearfully literal that it gives not only the French idioms, but often even the French words slightly modified. The book is profusely illustrated.

EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS OF IRISH HISTORY: 1800-1885. By William Joseph O'Neil Daunt. In two volumes. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

These two volumes of Mr. Daunt are a valuable addition, we think, to the literature already extant bearing upon the question of the government of Ireland. The author is himself an earnest advocate of an Irish Parliament, and his books are written to show that Ireland has a perfect right to have a Parliament.

"The desire of the Irish people," says Mr. Daunt, "to recover their right of domestic legislation is as natural as a sick man's desire for restoration to health. Ireland's vital need is self-government, the exclusive control and development of her own resources. 'The powers of independent existence seemed to be marked in her structure in such bold characters by nature that it required the unceasing efforts of an active and malignant policy to defeat the obvious purposes of creation.'"

"That active and malignant policy was never more perniciously exercised than in its effort first to corrupt, and then to suppress the Irish legislature. To emancipate our country from its deadly influence is the purpose which has never been absent from the Irish mind for eighty-five years. It is a purpose consistent with the most devoted loyalty to the crown. Its achievement would give strength and stability to Irish constitutional loyalty by removing that fruitful source of discontent—the denial to Ireland of her indefeasible right of self-government."

To the intrinsic value of information afforded by these two volumes there is added the charm of a very pleasing style. The author knows how to entertain his readers as well as how to instruct them. Pleasanter historical reading than *Eighty-five Years of Irish History* can hardly be desired. It reminds us forcibly of Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, which had for us almost the attractions of a brilliant novel, and made us as eager for the succeeding chapter as if we were in the midst of the plot of a story and anxious to know the issue.

THOMAS GRANT, FIRST BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK. By Kathleen O'Meara. Second edition. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1886.

The great ability and saintly character of Bishop Grant are well known and generally recognized. Miss O'Meara's reputation as a writer, especially of biography, has long since been established. A second edition of her life of the distinguished English prelate, prefaced by a very warm eulogium and commendation from Bishop Ullathorne, is opportune and welcome. The work itself has already been appreciated at its true and high value by the Catholic public.

CHRISTIAN PATIENCE THE STRENGTH AND DISCIPLINE OF THE SOUL. A Course of Lectures. By Bishop Ullathorne. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The aged and illustrious author of this book gives it to us as his last work, with a beautiful dedication to Cardinal Newman. Every reader who knows the character of Bishop Ullathorne and his works will expect to find this treatise admirable. He will not be disappointed, but will find his expectation amply fulfilled.

THE WATCH ON CALVARY. Meditations on the Seven Last Words of our Dying Redeemer. By the Right Rev. Monsignor T. S. Preston, V.G., LL.D. New York: R. Coddington. 1886.

These Meditations for Lent are published in a form of remarkable beauty, and the interior contents correspond well with their attractive exterior form.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS OF NOTED PERSONS. Compiled by Justin S. Morrill. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

The book is a compilation of the opinions which various noted persons have entertained of themselves. Of course a great deal of egotism is recorded, and some instances of unbounded conceit. Voltaire's preposterous and ridiculous saying is perhaps the sublimest piece of conceit given: "I am tired of hearing it repeated that twelve men were sufficient to found Christianity: I will show the world that one is sufficient to destroy it." It is needless to add that Voltaire is dead and that Christianity lives. From Whitman, never much given to modesty in any sense of the word, this gem of egotism is selected:

"I conned old times,
I sat studying at the feet of the great masters;
Now, if eligible, oh that the great masters might return and study me!"

Of Nelson it is said: "It may not be generally known that Nelson's last signal was not 'England,' but '*Nelson* expects every man to do his duty.'" It has been asserted that the officer to whom the order was given affected to have misunderstood the egotistical direction, and substituted the sound-

ing rhetoric which was then, and has been ever since, received with so much enthusiasm by Englishmen."

Looking through the book at random, one is forced to confess that humility among noted persons is a very rare virtue, and that, as Young has it,

"The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart."

It would perhaps have been better had the "noted persons" been arranged in the book with some regard to their chronological order. It is somewhat startling to find Alexander the Great and Benjamin Franklin almost hand-in-hand, and Jean Froissart succeeding to James A. Garfield.

RELIGIOUS UNITY AS PRESCRIBED BY OUR LORD; or, Grounds of Faith and Morals. By I. Van Luytelaar, C.S.S.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1886.

This is a compendium of the doctrine of Christian unity. The subject is treated with learning, and especially with a view to furnish a statement of the grounds of the unity of the church which shall be complete. It is a useful hand-book both for study and reference.

OTHER BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

MURAL PAINTING. By Frederic Crowninshield. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

A LECTURE ON CATHOLIC IRELAND. By the Rev. J. P. Prendergast. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER, from the German of Goethe. THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, 1660-1661. VOYAGES IN SEARCH OF THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE. LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS, by Samuel Johnson. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.

SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE CITY OF NATCHEZ, MISS., on the occasion of the consecration of its cathedral, September 19, 1886.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, Treasury Department, for the Three Months ending June 30, 1886. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD, and other Poems. By John J. McGirr. Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son. 1886.

WILLIAM PENN UNMASKED; or, His Enmity towards the Catholic Religion clearly shown from his own writings. By Rev. William P. Treacy.

THE ROSARY OF THE SACRED HEART. By Mrs. Frances Blundell. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

MAXIMS AND COUNSELS OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. Translated from the French by Alice Wilmot Chetwode. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

TO-DAY'S GEM FOR THE CASKET OF MARY. Compiled from various sources by a member of the Ursuline Community. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

SHORT MEDITATIONS ON THE HOLY ROSARY. Translated from the French by a member of the Order of St. Dominic. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

THOUGHTS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Translated from the French by Miss Margaret A. Colton. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros. 1886.

INSTRUCTIO SPONSORUM LINGUA ANGLIA CONSCRIPTA AD USUM PAROCHORUM. Auctore Sacerdote Missionario. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1885.

A MEDITATION UPON WHISKEY. By Rev. B. Loison. Translated from the German by Rev. J. B. Maus, of Allentown, Pa. Philadelphia: The Catholic Total Abstinence Archdiocesan Union. 1886.

SISTER SAINT-PETER AND THE WORK OF REPARATION. Historical Notice by M. L'Abbé Janvier. Translated by K. A. C. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

NEW AND OLD SERMONS. Edited (in conjunction with many other Clergymen) by Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B., Elizabeth, N. J.

HUNTING AND FISHING-GROUNDS, AND FACILITIES FOR HEALTHFUL SPORT.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

MICROBES, FERMENTS, AND MOULDS. By E. L. Trouessart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. By A. Wilmot, F.R.G.S. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.





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